Book No.
B M459h

Accession
215565

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

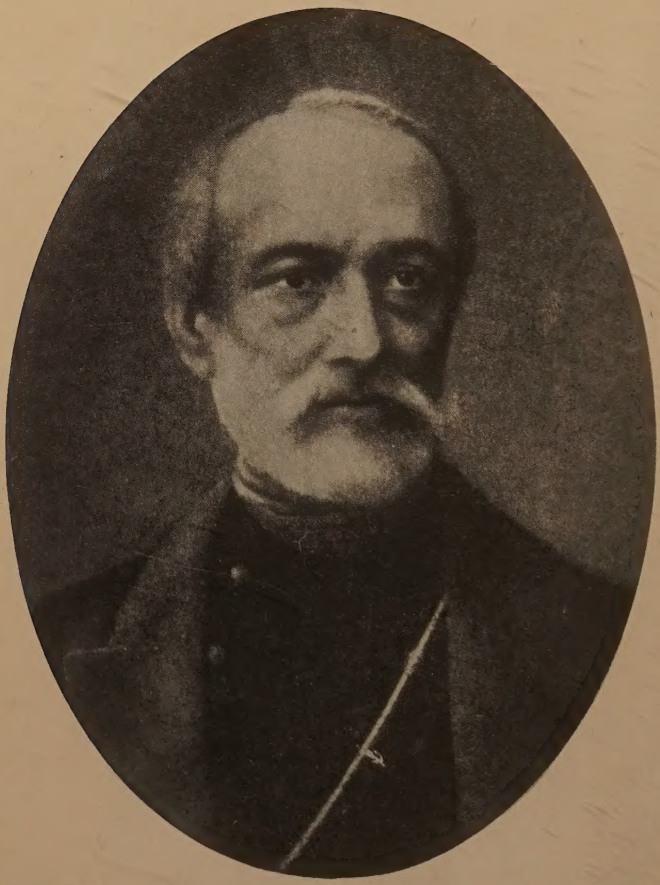
VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

Form 16 30M-6-29

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 02597 3679

FRA CO PUBLIC

Due 1/12/99



MAZZINI IN HIS LATER YEARS

From a photograph by G. Bragi, Florence

MAZZINI

THE STORY OF A GREAT ITALIAN

BY

EDYTH HINKLEY

"The soul beloved beyond all souls alive"
SWINBURNE

G. P. PUBLIC LIBRARY

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON
1924

(*All rights reserved*)

B
M459h
215565

Printed in Great Britain by
UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND WOKING

3 1223 02597 3679

To my Son

PREFACE

ALTHOUGH the author has been a lifelong student and lover of Mazzini, the final stimulus which is responsible for the writing of this book was supplied by the added insight into his character and life given by the three volumes of his *Letters to an English Family*, edited by Mrs. Richards, and published at The Bodley Head. To her my grateful thanks are given for that long labour, for the kindness which placed unpublished letters and papers of Mazzini's at my disposal, and grudged no help or information that she could give. As the close personal friend of Emilie Venturi her assistance has been specially valuable. For permission to quote from the *Letters* my warm acknowledgments to her and her publisher, Mr. John Lane, are due, as also for permission to reproduce the photograph at the beginning of the book. I wish also to express my thanks to other living writers from whose works I have—with their kind permission—made occasional quotations: Mr. Bolton King, Mr. George Trevelyan, Professor Thomas Okey, Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco, Signor Alessandro Luzio, and Mr. Julian Huxley; also to Mrs. Baily, who has allowed me to quote from letters to her mother, Mrs. Hamilton King. Quotations from these writers, from others who have passed from us, and from *Letters to an English Family*, are acknowledged in the text or in the footnotes, except those taken from Mazzini's own autobiographical notes, or his writings. Mr. Fisher Unwin has also permitted me to give extracts from *The Birth of Modern Italy*, compiled by Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese and edited by Mrs. Richards, from the contemporary English records by Signora Mario, to whose Italian work, *Della Vita di Mazzini*, I am also much indebted. The reproduction of a hitherto unpublished

letter of Mazzini to a child is from a photograph kindly lent me by Mrs. Richards.

I would like to add that the following pages are by no means the result of an exclusive study of the works of Mazzini's admirers—hostile opinions also have been carefully read and weighed—nor have I tried to set forth a flawless character. That they express a deep faith and reverence will be obvious, but I am quite aware that he shared the reformer's difficulty of giving due weight to contrasting views of the situation. But what seems clear is that this difficulty was caused by the strength and purity of his convictions, and not, as some writers affirm, by prejudice, partisanship and personal resentment. I cannot share his earlier conviction that Italy was ready for a republic in 1870, or that under existing human conditions republicanism is necessarily the best form of government. If his idea of it could have been realised—yes, indeed—for Italy, and for us all! But however unready humanity may be at present to evolve a state more nobly and more beautifully conceived than even the Republic Plato dreamed of, we can sympathise with the urgent hope and love that gave this man no respite in his long toil of seeking to prepare the human spirit for a day in which "the progress of all through the co-operation of all, under the leadership of the best and wisest," should cease to be a Utopian dream.

EDYTH HINKLEY.

CONTENTS

PAGE

PREFACE 11–12

CHAPTER I

Introductory Note—The Governments of Italy in 1805—Mazzini's home and childhood—University life—Early literary work—Imprisonment at Savona—Plans for *Young Italy*—Exile—Life and efforts in Marseilles—Smuggling of literature into Italy—Banishment from France 17–34

CHAPTER II

Letter to Charles Albert—Plans for Piedmontese revolt—Discovery and savage reprisals—Methods of inquisition—Death of Jacopo Ruffini—Life at Geneva—The Savoy expedition and Ramorino's treachery—The Alliance of the Peoples—Spiritual crisis—Departure for England 35–48

CHAPTER III

Giuditta Sidoli and Maddalena de Mandrot—Early struggles with poverty and loneliness in England—The Ruffini brothers—Mazzini's practical application of the doctrine of human brotherhood—Founding of the Italian School in London—Working Men's Societies . 49–66

CHAPTER IV

Mazzini and the Carlyles—Signora Ruffini—The Bandiera brothers, and their expedition—Violation of Mazzini's correspondence by the English Post Office—Carlyle's letter to *The Times*—English sympathy with Mazzini and with Italy—The Ashursts—Mazzini and Lloyd Garrison—Accession of Pius IX—The Moderates—Gioberti, Balbo, d'Azeglio—Mazzini's position—The Italian National Association—The International League and the League of Nations . 67–91

CHAPTER V

A year of revolution, 1848—Establishment of the Republic in France—Expression of French sympathy with Italian freedom—Rising in Sicily—The "Five Days of Milan"—The Austrians retire from the city—Charles Albert declares war with Austria—Mazzini again in Italy—The Provisional Government and the volunteers—Disaster to the royal army—Annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont—Mazzini in Milan—Popular preparations for war and the Piedmontese *veto*—The King re-enters Milan—The city surrendered to Austria—Siege and downfall of the Venetian Republic 92–108

PAGE

CHAPTER VI

Mazzini with Garibaldi—In Switzerland—Tuscany and the Papal States revolt—Flight of the Pope to Naples—" Bomba "—Mazzini's message to the Roman Assembly—The Romans proclaim a republic —Mazzini in Rome—Novara—The Triumvirate—Character of the Government—Its enemies—France attacks Rome—French policy in Italy—Defeat of Oudinot—Lesseps and negotiations—Garibaldi's victory at Velletri—French treachery—Siege of Rome—The French enter the city 109–131

CHAPTER VII

Mazzini travels to Geneva—" The modern Nero "—Georges Sand and Mazzini—Austrian revenge in Milan—Papal tyranny in Rome—The exiles in Lausanne—Mazzini in Paris and London—Death of Eliza Ashurst—Mazzini's conviction of Human Survival—Letters from Switzerland—London again—Contemporary witness to his personality—*The Society of the Friends of Italy*—The Ashursts and Signora Mazzini—Her death—Her son's attitude to it . . . 132–146

CHAPTER VIII

Mazzini and some of his English friends, Swinburne, Jowett, Arnold Toynbee—Life in London—His love of children—Impression produced on Felix Moscheles—English sympathy with Italy—Rising in Milan—Failure—Kossuth's proclamation—Personal slanders—Some unpublished letters—Physical and spiritual strain—Continued efforts to rouse his countrymen—Death of Mrs. Ashurst—Illusoriness of death 147–161

CHAPTER IX

Count Camillo Cavour became Prime Minister of Piedmont 1852—His character—The hunt for Mazzini in Switzerland—His later influence in Italian affairs—His distrust of Louis Napoleon—His letters to Emilie Ashurst—He goes to Genoa—His views on " a permanent Association of Nations "—Policy and practice of Cavour—Pisacane and the Sicilian expedition—French calumnies—Cavour's pious hope—Fruitless search for the exile by French and Piedmontese police—Dall' Ongaro's verses—" Where is Mazzini ? " . . . 162–177

CHAPTER X

Mazzini in London—Orsini's attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon—Professional forgers of Mazzini's writing—The Emperor and Cavour at Plombières—Cavour's denial of the Treaty—War declared with Austria—Victory of Magenta—Successful revolt of the Central Provinces—Victory of Solferino—Villafranca—Italian anger at French abandonment—Cavour resigns—Ratazzi made Premier—Louis Napoleon's Italian policy—Duel between him and the Central

PAGE

Provinces—Mazzini in Florence—Encourages resistance to French schemes—Murat—Jerome Napoleon—Plans for revolt encouraged for a time by Victor Emmanuel—Cavour's hostility—Change of policy—How Mazzini was handicapped as a leader . . 178–194

CHAPTER XI

Cavour again Premier—Public cession of Nice and Savoy—Mazzini in England—Letter to Garibaldi—Sicilian expedition—Rosalino Pilo the Pioneer—Garibaldi and the Thousand—Sicily free—Cavour's diplomacy—Mazzini's efforts to equip volunteers—Could Rome be won?—Naples free, and the South annexed to Piedmont—Mazzini in Naples—Protest to European Powers—Cavour and the Pope—"A Free Church in a Free State"—Louis Napoleon and the promised evacuation of Rome 195–210

CHAPTER XII

Ricasoli replaced by Ratazzi in the Premiership—Government's Dalmatian scheme and Garibaldi—Sudden change of front—Aspromonte—The Greco plot—Victor Emmanuel and Mazzini—His sympathy with Poland—His views on human solidarity, on the Woman question, and the European influence of America—Garibaldi in England—Mazzini on friendship—His readiness for service—The September Convention—The Papal Syllabus—Lanza's revolutionary schemes—Prussian and Italian alliance against Austria—The conduct of the war—Custozza, Lissa, Sadowa—A new Villafranca—Venice ceded—Peace signed 211–229

CHAPTER XIII

Louis Napoleon and Italy—The King and Ratazzi encourage the popular demand for Rome—The French *veto*—The King yields—Ratazzi resigns—Garibaldi's march on Rome—French interference—Mentana—French army of occupation again in Italy—Italian anger—Menebrea and reaction—Growth of republicanism—Mazzini seriously ill—Franco-Prussian War—The Emperor seeks Italian help in vain—Declaration of Papal Infallibility—Entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Rome—Mazzini's political attitude since the Convention—Rising in Sicily—Arrest of Mazzini and imprisonment in Gaeta 230–244

CHAPTER XIV

Mazzini's later years—The Balkan Emancipation Society—His correspondence with "Daniel Stern"—Swinburne—Death of Carlo Venturi—Joe Stansfield—Maurizio Quadrio—A letter to Mrs. Hamilton King—Emilie Venturi goes to Gaeta—Release—His feeling about Rome—At Genoa—In England—Returns to Italy—The last phase—*Roma del Popolo*—Working Men's Societies—Anti-materialistic campaign—Socialist abuse—His last letter to Mrs. Hamilton King—Illness and death—His last message to the working men of Italy 245–258

CHAPTER XV

MAZZINI'S POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS FAITH

PAGE

The charge of atheism made by his enemies—His repudiation of scepticism in a letter to Melegari—The necessity of Faith to man—The divine revelation not closed—The supremacy of Christ—The significance of His promises of the coming Spirit of Truth—Mazzini's views on the Fall of Man, the Miraculous, Grace—His belief in Prayer and Love as effective spiritual agents—The divine law of progress—The same law obtains after death—The survival of love—Two letters to bereaved parents—Faith and Action—The divorce between these two disguised atheism—His insistence on duty—The identity between thought and action the soul of religion—The individual and national obligation to embody the idea of progress—M. Loisy on the same themes—Mr. Julian Huxley on the testimony of science to the fact of progress—The continuous life of Humanity—Mazzini's democratic hopes—The nature of his republican faith 259–278

INDEX 279–287

MAZZINI

CHAPTER I

Introductory note—The Governments of Italy in 1805—Mazzini's home and childhood—University life—Early literary work—Imprisonment at Savona—Plans for *Young Italy*—Exile—Life and efforts in Marseilles—Smuggling of literature into Italy—Banishment from France.

The Past is a reservoir of incalculable forces; we have no instrument for measuring its power. . . .—BRIERLEY.

One man soweth and another reapeth. . . .—PAUL.

THERE is much talk to-day of the future being in the hands of youth—youth with its faith, its initiative, its unconventional outlook; of the older generation being a back number, its theories exploded, its ineffectiveness revealed; of the past as something discredited, to be repudiated, escaped from, if the hopes of the young generation are to be realised and the dawning promise of the new era is to deepen into the steady glow of fulfilment. Sometimes this is proclaimed with audacity by the young, sometimes with apologetic self-depreciation by the old; sometimes, with Sir Philip Gibbs, those who had embraced this *credo* of youth and the future, confess sorrowfully to a certain degree of disillusionment. Although perhaps it may sometimes be a cloak for self-assertion on the part of youth and for laziness on the part of middle age, there is no doubt that beneath it lies the strong and widespread conviction that in the present, not in the past, we must see the fertilising idea, the regenerating inspiration.

In a sense this is obviously true—the future is always in the hands of the young; in another sense it is but a very limited view, for the later generations are reaping what the

earlier generation have sown, and the whole "social psychic inheritance" which has moulded and inspired them (the good, be it remembered, no less than the evil) is the gift of the past. It is the task of the youth of to-day to distinguish the true light from the false, and to hand it on more brightly burning, with wider and more effective radiance, than they received it. For in all the ages, as far as history can inform us, there has always been a true light somewhere; not always, alas! set on a hill, sometimes smothered under current contempt, or almost extinguished under current cowardice, very often struggling hard to live in the opaque mists of ignorance, indifference, or traditionalism. Nevertheless, the light has been there—in the past we are so ready to condemn, for it is an ageless light, and our deepest wisdom, whether we are young or old, is to discern it, to open our hearts to it, and to readjust in its beams the varying complexities of our modern life. To the eager young generation, so sure of itself, so indifferent to the past, so confident of being in a more advanced stage of evolution than its predecessors and of possessing a juster claim to wisdom, its message is surely (if I may wrest to another application a line of a very perfect little poem) :—

I have no past, no future. Look at me.

Progress in all departments lies in discovery before it reveals itself in creation, and in creation simply as applied discovery. And others before ourselves perhaps—nay, most probably—have made the very discoveries that seem to us so new, so original, such proofs of singular wisdom. If this were deeply felt, at least three most desirable results might follow. We should not so often have to regret the scorn of the past, which sometimes mars the vigour and enterprise of youth. To find that its thoughts, though foreign perhaps to its present environment, have been thought before, that its visions have been perceived and its hopes anticipated by fearless and illuminated spirits in the past, will not only contribute the added grace of gratitude to the eager reformers of to-day. It will also bring to their efforts a more tenacious vitality and a more vivid inspiration, as they realise that their aim is not merely the aim of to-day,

but of all the yesterdays, their light no twentieth-century flare, but the steady beam that has never been wholly extinguished since the human spirit took the stage; that they are the inheritors of the sacrifice and the serving of all the ages, bound in honour to guard and to increase that splendid bequest, and to transmit it to succeeding generations a still greater and more glorious legacy, freed from its ancient handicaps and augmented by the faith and the travail of their own spirits.

Not only will the sense of the agelessness, the immemorial validity of the quenchless light they follow, strengthen and uphold them in the antagonisms and obscurities that will so often threaten it, but the realisation of those souls who long ago lived by it and loved it, laboured and suffered for it, often in the extremes of loneliness, will bring a sense of radiant fellowship that will be a perennial stimulus and joy. These vanished toilers may have seemed to fail, but the forces of the spirit do not really fail; they operate in hidden channels, as the stream may run underground for a while and emerge far from the original spring. How little we know of our indebtedness to the steadfast thought and devotedness of past lovers of man and believers in his spiritual destiny; yet from that forgotten source how much of the faith and love of to-day may have sprung! If we seek to be inheritors of their tradition and their task, may we not gladly and gratefully claim fellowship with them, fortify ourselves with their experience and—who knows?—with their sympathy and their companionship? For they have but "passed from the sight of men."

It is with the hopes indicated here that I am trying to increase the knowledge of the great Italian, Giuseppe Mazzini. Though as patriot his work was crowned with a large measure of success, his pursuit of wider aims and persistent faith in them seemed—like a corn of wheat—to fall into the ground and die. But to-day they live. And the ideals of human brotherhood to which one of the noblest of exiles in history devoted his whole life in loneliness, suffering and danger, are not only inscribed on the banners of the vanguard of humanity, but are in some measure, at any rate, the property of the man in the

street. This book is an attempt to acknowledge an undying debt, to communicate a living inspiration, and to share a great fellowship.

The condition of Italy at the time of Mazzini's boyhood was piteous ; it was no exaggeration when statesmen declared that the name "Italy" was merely "a diplomatic expression." Except in the minds of a few extraordinarily advanced individuals, the mere conception of a possibly united Italy was non-existent. In Lombardy and Venetia in the North, in the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily in the South, the Austrians and Bourbons respectively maintained a stifling and cruel despotism ; in the Centre, Papal rule was even more penetratingly evil because to political and domestic absolutism it added wholesale religious tyranny and espionage —like an inescapable psychical octopus, clutching with its far-reaching tentacles any still faintly struggling impulse of intellectual or spiritual freedom in the humanity it sought to enslave. Piedmont was governed by a narrow and superstitious reactionary, and its atmosphere of privilege, of perverted justice, of unashamed despotism was, in many respects, that of the Middle Ages. The Duchy of Parma was ruled by an Austrian princess, that of Modena by the son of an Austrian archduke, Tuscany by a member of the House of Lorraine. They were all absolutists, but the Grand Duke of Tuscany was a comparatively benevolent and tolerant one, while he of Modena embodied everything evil generally included under the name.

The necessity for insurrection will become clearer if a few more facts are given about the existing governments.

Austrian rule in *Lombardy and Venetia* was carried on by Metternich, a fit instrument for his imperial master. His one idea was the complete suppression of everything that was characteristically Italian. What this meant to the enslaved people in humiliation and suffering can be guessed. It was the cultivated classes who first, and most keenly, felt the shame and hurt of the foreign despotism, and before long secret political associations were formed by the nobler spirits of the day, their object being to prepare the way for revolt when the time should be ripe. Soon Austrian suspicion fell on the confederates ; an accidental clue led to many arrests, and Venice and Lombardy were filled with the first consignment of the noble army of martyrs to Italian liberty. From the beginning every kind of barbarity and cunning was employed against the victims ; the

Government sought to extort confessions and the names of confederates or sympathisers through cruel tortures, through lying statements of the betrayal of the cause by leaders, by drugging the prisoners until their faculties were no longer under the control of the heroic will, by inducing mental collapse through the forcible prevention of all sleep for long periods together, and so on. The tyranny of the Austrian, surely almost unique in its petty completeness, followed these men to their prisons. Count Confalonieri, imprisoned for thirteen years in a dungeon eight paces long by four wide, dark but for one narrow barred window (artificial light was never granted even through the long winter), with eight pounds of iron on his waist and a chain from one leg to another, was deprived by his Imperial Majesty of the leather cushion belonging to his wife which softened his miserable couch. From a fellow-prisoner, Bacchiega, the same royal order took his one comfort—a little sparrow that he had trained and loved; from Maroncelli his spectacles; and from Silvio Pellico the whole of the contents of a letter from his father, allowing only the address and the signature to reach the lonely captive. This brutality, this stupid cruelty, was typical of Austrian rule in Lombardy. Even Metternich confessed that the Austrian aim was "to turn Italy into Germany at any cost," adding frankly, if cynically, "though I do not believe that anything exists that less resembles Germany than Italy."

In *Venetia* for some years from 1817 Austria seemed to have crushed out popular aspirations for freedom, but in 1821 a large number of Italians were brought to trial, many of whom were condemned to death for high treason on no other ground than that of belonging to secret societies; all books that could be suspected of liberal tendencies were condemned, and the possession of a Bible translated by Deodati meant, if detection ensued, incarceration in the terrible State prison.

In *Piedmont* Victor Emmanuel, also Prince of Sardinia, Nice and Savoy, and his Austrian Queen, were both despots, and their rule was marked by the repression of all liberal tendencies and by great public corruption; an added and serious abuse was the absolute control over education possessed by the Jesuits, whose privileges had been completely restored after the cessation of Napoleonic rule.

In 1821 some of the most conspicuous public men of Piedmont pressed the King to grant necessary reforms, but in vain. Public discussion being prohibited here, as all over Italy, it was natural that secret organisations should spread. An abortive effort at revolution, crushed by the Austrians, followed. Victor Emmanuel fled, and the two next kings repeated the worst traditions of earlier days, and this in spite of the fact that at one time Charles Albert had sympathised with the Liberals and had pledged his word to assist them. Far from doing this, his vacillation and cowardice—if indeed it does not deserve the name of actual treachery—had betrayed their cause and the men who trusted him. Fearful for himself, time-

serving, a stranger to the meaning of loyalty and resolution, " the wobbling King," as he was called, became as savagely reactionary as the most virulent antagonist of popular liberty could desire. " The conduct of the King repeated the worst type of the despotism of the past governments of Italy; none of the aggravations of political oppression—prison, torture, death—were lacking, and some of the executions remained signalised in the history of Italy as amongst the worst deeds of despotic Governments." [1] Bolton King tells of twelve executions of youths whose only crime was having read some publications of *Young Italy* without denouncing the writer, these youths being also tortured before they were killed. " The King egged on the judges to strike hard, and decorated them, while Europe was aghast at the cruel tale. Whether from fanaticism or fear, Charles Albert remains the real criminal in one of the worst pages in the history of Piedmont." [2]

Of the three Duchies of Central Italy, *Parma* was governed by an Archduchess of Austria. Personally she was less brutal and cruel than her compatriots in Italy, but the Government was careless, corrupt and immoral, and clerical tyranny incensed the people. In *Modena* the rule of Francesco IV, son of an Austrian Archduke and Maria d'Este, exemplified the worst traditions of Austrian rule. The general unrest in the Duchy, though unaccompanied by revolt, started Francesco on an inquisitorial course of fiendish cruelty. Liberal documents were discovered to be in circulation, and many arrests were made by the Government, who devised a special machinery for extorting confessions and lists of those who sympathised with liberal ideals. Stillman writes: " Torture was inflicted by privation of sleep or of food, or by long endurance of extreme physical discomfort; one method of extorting confession was ingenious, if devilish—the administration of drugs which produced delirium in the patient, whose ravings were recorded as testimony against him." Of the three Duchies, *Tuscany* was the best governed; but though the administration was slack and tolerant, the laws mild, taxation light, and a certain amount of Liberal thought and discussion was permitted, there were no free institutions, and the Grand Duke, however benevolent, was an autocrat. The Civil Service was notoriously corrupt, monks and clergy ignorant and too often debased, education backward and neglected, and earnestness or conviction in any department absent. " Tuscany was perhaps the most prosperous State in Italy . . . but the fair structure was built on an unsure foundation. Alike in the better and the worst sides of Tuscan life, there showed the same fatal want of moral energy, the same lack of the finer virtues. As Gino Capponi lamented, it was 'a Garden of Paradise without the tree of knowledge and without the tree of life.' " [3]

In the *Papal States* the government was incredibly brutal, cruel and degrading. Ecclesiastical law—ever encroaching on ordinary

[1] *Union of Italy*, Stillman. Cambridge Historical Series.
[2] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King (Nisbet & Co.). [3] *Ibid.*

law: a tyrannous and ubiquitous police system, with an almost fabulous capacity for espionage and power of executive: the "Holy Office of the Inquisition," to carry out with quite unlimited power its dual function of intellectual and religious coercion: a Government that devoted its energies to crippling education in order to minimise the danger of Liberalism and stamp out "the class called thinkers" (for whom special police surveillance was ordered): and a special organisation which "collected the secrets of the confessional" [1] and used them as a basis for arrest and punishment—all these agencies were incessantly at work to stifle any breath of freedom in the unhappy states under Papal jurisdiction. Every now and then, however, there were abortive risings against the intolerable tyranny. Long lists of prosecutions followed, with the punishments of death, life-long slavery in the galleys, or permanent confinement in the Papal prisons. It is a fact that political criminals (and to be present at the meeting of a secret society was to be included in that category) were often chained for life to the walls of their cells, and for the members of such societies death was the regulation punishment. In all this the Papal government was underpinned by Austria, who supported it in every way, and was thankful to escape public odium by finding so enthusiastic a proxy to carry out its desires. The accession of Leo XII brought hopes of reform, as he was known to be of a mild and frank temper. But his elevation to the Papacy seemed to change his disposition, and he became the avowed antagonist of liberal thought and movement. Things became worse with every successive Pope until the reign of Gregory XVI, when the persecution of all men having Liberal tendencies reached such a climax that "atrocities scarcely to be described" were committed by the Papal commissioners. Political prisoners died in the agonies of starvation, and others from the sufferings inflicted on them by the brutal *gens d'armes* of the gaol. All popular rights were unflinchingly opposed; the Papal Court was a plague spot, the Papal administration either a farce or a crime. Small wonder that sedition increased.

In the South the Bourbon King of *The Two Sicilies* (Naples and the island itself) repeated the story of bigotry, tyranny and shameless prostitution of justice, with the characteristic Bourbon additions. "Everything—law, local government, education—was tainted with the corruption that had eaten through the public service. . . . The Government was a pyramid, with priests and police for its base and the King for its apex, and from top to bottom reigned the same callousness to the commonwealth. The Bourbon Court treasured all the vices of the family. Under Francis courtesans ruled it; under Ferdinand II priests. One of Ferdinand's brothers worried a creditor to death with his mastiffs; another's bravoes carried to his harem his neighbours' wives and daughters. In Francis's reign justice, titles, high offices were brought to the hammer. 'The man who pays for

---

[1] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King.

a post,' said the King, 'wants to keep it, and is loyal.' Ferdinand's Jesuit confessor kept an open sale of offices. Assassinations in full day went unpunished if the criminal had friends in office." [1] In 1821, as the consequence of an unsuccessful rising against the Austrians, political trials increased; prisoners were flogged, tortures were encouraged, eight hundred prisoners were sentenced to death, and the prisons—"gulfs of hell" as they were named by a contemporary historian—were crowded with miserable victims.

Into such an Italy, broken, outraged, enslaved, Mazzini was born. This book cannot do more than describe the historical environment of his life and its most salient events as they are necessary to the understanding of his character and teaching. Recently published letters of an intimate nature extending over twenty-eight years of his life have added much to our personal knowledge of him,[2] and can but deepen our gratitude that we belong to the same race as he did, and may call him brother.

Giuseppe Mazzini was born in Genoa, the birthplace of Columbus, on June 22, 1805. His father was an honoured citizen of Genoa, a Professor of Anatomy at the University, and a physician. Signora Mazzini was a woman of unusual and exalted character, a devoted mother to her four children, but also keenly alive to the great political movements that were stirring Europe in those days; she bequeathed to her son not only the democratic sympathies in which her husband shared, but a moral passion and a tenacious loyalty of personal affection which were two of his most dominant traits to the end of his life. He grew up deeply loved and loving, sensitive, thoughtful and brilliantly gifted, but with a delicacy of constitution that gave his parents much anxiety. He early showed the quick and deep sympathy with others which is pre-eminently associated with his name, and an extract on this subject from the short memoir by E. Venturi (now out of print) paints in moving colours the birth and early growth of what became the master-passion of his life:—

Mazzini was a delicate and fragile child, and was nearly six years old before he could walk firmly. The first time he was strong enough

[1] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King.
[2] *Letters to an English Family*, edited by E. Richards. 3 vols. (John Lane The Bodley Head).

to walk beyond the garden boundaries was rendered memorable to his mother by the following incident. They had gone but a short distance when the child suddenly stood still, gazing intently at an old beggar seated on the steps of a church. So transfixed stood the boy that his mother, fearing he was frightened at the venerable white beard and picturesque rags of the old man, stooped down to carry him away; but he broke from her and, running impetuously forward, threw his arms round the poor man's neck, kissing him again and again, and crying out to her, "Give him something, mother, give him something." The old man was affected to tears; he tenderly returned the child's caresses, and said to his mother: "Love him well, signora; he is one who will love the people." Signora Mazzini termed it a symbolical incident, as indeed it was. She added that the sympathy and tenderness to which the boy was moved by the sight of poverty and suffering were frequently shown by sudden and impetuous caresses bestowed upon outcasts from whom others turned away in indifference or disgust, and that even before the incident related above, if a servant entered with a tale of distress told by some poor beggar at the outer door and she ventured to say she had nothing to give and ordered that the applicant should be sent away unrelieved, the child would burst into a passion of tears, crying, "No, no, mother—no! Give something, give something to the poor man!" Nor would he ever be quiet until she had yielded to his entreaties and sent out either money or bread and wine, when he would kiss her hands or her gown, and laugh with delight while the tears were still running down his pale cheeks.

And when the ardent and pitiful child grew to manhood the prophecy of the Italian beggar was more than fulfilled, for he loved and believed in the people as few have ever done; giving himself utterly for them, and to the end believing that in their hands, joined in noble comradeship, the destiny of his beloved country and of all humanity would be more worthily, more greatly fulfilled than it could be in the hands of kings. "The cry of the poor, unheard by most Italian statesmen from his time down to yesterday, was ever with him," writes one of his biographers, quoting from his writings the following passage:—

I see the people pass before my eyes in the livery of wretchedness and political subjection, ragged and hungry, painfully gathering the crumbs that wealth tosses insultingly to it, or lost and wandering in riot and the intoxication of a brutish, angry, savage joy; and I remember that those brutalised faces bear the finger-print of God, the mark of the same mission as our own. I lift myself to the vision of the future and behold the people rising in its majesty, brothers in

one faith, one bond of equality and love, one ideal of citizen virtue that ever grows in beauty, ungoaded by wretchedness, awed by the consciousness of its rights and duties. And in the presence of that vision my heart beats with anguish for the present and glorying for the future.

Intellectually as well as spiritually, the child gave evidence of his future, being unusually thoughtful and devoted to reading; like any other child he would beg all who came near him to tell him stories, but unlike other children he would never listen to the same story twice.

When he was five years old he was visited by a cousin of his mother's, a colonel of artillery, who found him on his little chair-bed surrounded by books, and the impression left on his mind by the strange and gifted child is shown by a remarkable letter written two years later by him to Signora Mazzini in answer to a request from her that he would advise her as to the course of study to be pursued by her little son. In this he says :—

Believe me, that dear child is a star of the first magnitude, one day to be admired by the whole of enlightened Europe. All men should therefore regard him as something belonging to them, and it is for the interest of all men that the extraordinary gifts lavished upon him by nature should be turned to the best account; it is your duty to make every conceivable sacrifice for that child's education.

The last passage in the colonel's letter is so prophetic as to be very noteworthy: after counselling her to confine her child's studies to the acquisition of pure knowledge and learning, and to avoid giving him books containing theories, systems or opinions, he concludes by saying: "A genius such as his will easily select for itself or create these in its own good time."

As Madame Venturi remarks, the colonel himself must have been a man of unusual penetration to see so much in a child of five.

During the tedious confinement of his early years, when he lived upon a little chair-bed in his mother's room, his patience, gentleness and gaiety were extraordinary, and the ordinary self-centredness of a delicate and tenderly cherished child seemed wholly absent.

There was much political talk in his home, but it was not till 1821, just after the Piedmontese insurrection had been crushed, partly by the Austrians, partly through the duplicity of Prince Charles Albert, partly through the weakness of its leaders, and Genoa was crowded with refugees for whom funds were being publicly collected, that the boy was brought face to face with the idea of personal duty in connection with the liberation of Italy. "The idea of existing wrong in my own country against which it was my duty to struggle, flashed before my mind on that day for the first time, never again to leave me." [1]

His University career was a brilliant one, and in his twenty-first year he graduated as a Doctor of Law, much rejoicing his parents, who looked forward to a useful, happy, and prosperous career for their son. In those days it was the custom in Italy for a young advocate to plead the causes of the poor—for whom then, as now, the ordinary procedure of justice was too expensive—for two years *gratis*. During the time given by Mazzini to this work he greatly distinguished himself by the attention and enthusiasm which he devoted to the cases of his poor clients, not less than by his logical acumen, his wit—always keen and ready—and his unusual eloquence; to these gifts was added the deep human sympathy which stamped all his activities with the shining hall-mark of genuine service. His reputation for success and for marked kindliness was so great that any poor man in Genoa who had a cause to be pleaded hoped that he might be defended by "the little advocate," as he came to be called, owing to his slender youthfulness. Records left by his fellow-students at the University give us characteristic glimpses of a fearless, high-hearted and singularly selfless boy and youth, who lived, even then, by an inner light and a secret standard underived from his surroundings, which won for him a natural and undisputed ascendency amongst his fellow-students :—

"Giuseppe Mazzini was loved by his companions alike for his gifts of head and heart. His tutors had often to

[1] The quotations introduced without further acknowledgment are in every case Mazzini's own words, either from his own too scanty autobiographical notes (Smith, Elder & Co., 6 vols.) or from his writings.

reprove him because he could not or would not conform to the innumerable ceremonies and formalities then in vogue. His influence over his companions was truly astonishing. They all acknowledged the sweetness, loyalty and generosity of his nature, and the unconquerable love of justice, which impelled him to protect any comrade victimised by the ill-will of either students or professors. Simple and economical in his own habits, he always found a way to help those who were in need, and would go to extreme lengths in this generosity. Not content with distributing his books and his money to his poorer companions, he would even give them his clothes. His purse, then always full, and his richly furnished library were at the disposal of his friends.[1]

He was the most fascinating youth I have ever known. His head was very finely modelled, with a broad and commanding brow, and his dark eyes at times flashed lightnings. His expression was grave, almost severe, but it was softened by an extraordinarily sweet smile, and blended, I hardly know how, with a suggestion of keen humour. He was an eloquent speaker, and when warmly discussing any question his eyes, gesture, voice—his whole air, was irresistibly attractive. He was retiring and studious, and the amusements common to youths of his age did not attract him. The stainlessness of his own life purified the atmosphere around him ; if any of his companions permitted themselves an expression or a joke of doubtful character, they were reduced to silence by a single word that never failed of its mark, such was the influence of the purity of his nature and the incontestable superiority of his intellect. . . . Good, warm-hearted, generous, his counsel or his services were at the disposal of any who needed them."[2]

His home was the rendezvous of all that was best in the University, and his musical as well as his other gifts made him a popular guest in the homes of his friends. He was an omnivorous reader and a great walker ; these two pursuits, together with long hours devoted to music, were his chief recreation, and cigars and coffee apparently his only dissipation. In later days he looked back upon these years

[1] *Della Vita di Mazzini*, J. W. Mario (Sonzogno, Milan). [2] *Ibid.*

of full and happy activity lived against the background of devoted home affection as the joyous prelude to the long minor movement of his life, although already the dominating *motif* of the main theme lurked with a brooding menace beneath youth's glad and confident music.

His real and strongest inclinations were literary, and in this field he distinguished himself at a very early age. Dante, Alfieri, Shakespeare, Shelley, Byron, Goethe, Schiller, and countless other great poets and writers were his familiar associates. To Dante he paid a deep and life-long homage. But a more imperious voice was calling him. "The ideas awakened in 1821 still burned within me and determined my renunciation of the career of literature for the more direct path of political action. And this was my first great sacrifice. A thousand visions of dramas and romances floated before my mental eye. The natural bias of my mind was very different from that which has been forced upon me by the times in which I have lived and the shame of our degradation."

In those days, however, the path of action was closed, and it was through persistent literary efforts directed against the exclusive and paralysing Classicism of the day that the gifted boy first expressed himself. Beginning very modestly, these attempts soon attracted the attention of the Sardinian Government, hostile as ever to any expression of independence, literary or political; and the small journal which embodied the views of Mazzini and his friends was extinguished by a governmental *veto* at the very moment of success, when its increased circulation had justified the announcement of its enlargement. Even a revolt against conventionalism and stagnation in literature was a dangerous symptom to the Governments of Italy. No doubt they were wise in their day and generation, for freedom of thought anywhere leads at last to freedom of thought everywhere. Mazzini continued his efforts in another paper at Leghorn conducted much on the same lines, whose editor had asked him to send contributions; but in a year it, too, was prohibited by the Censor. However, he had now got a footing on the *Antologia* of Florence—the one Italian Review at that time of international importance—for which he wrote

three articles, "On the Historical Drama" and "On a European Literature." He was at this time twenty-three or twenty-four, and we are told that "every page has the mark of the strong, original thought which made him one of the greatest critics of the century." [1]

It was then that he joined the secret organisation of the Carbonari, the only revolutionary society in the country, and though he disliked much both of their principles and practice, he was impressed by their courage, their readiness for sacrifice, and their persistence, and felt strongly the need of some organisation that should be ready for action when the time came. His writings had already drawn upon him the suspicion of the authorities, and this, coupled with the betrayal by a spy of a mission on which he was sent by the Carbonari—the affiliation of a new member—caused his arrest and imprisonment. Nothing definite, however, could be proved against him, in spite of a rigorous search of his person and his home, for he had succeeded with his usual presence of mind in getting rid of all that would have been incriminating; and when his father asked the Governor of Genoa of what he was accused, the only answer he could get was that "the Government did not approve of young men of talent, fond of solitary walks, the subject of whose musings was unknown to them." He was therefore condemned to solitary imprisonment for six months in a little cell at the top of the rock-fortress of Savona on the Riviera. Of this time he says: "The cell looked upon the sea, which was a comfort to me. The sea and sky, two symbols of the infinite, and, except the Alps, the sublimest things in nature, were before me whenever I approached my little grated window. The earth was invisible to me, but when the wind blew in my direction I could hear the voices of the fishermen." He had as only visitor a little bird, full of pretty ways, of which he was excessively fond. Some strange attraction lured birds to Mazzini; the wildest made friends with him, and they always haunted his rooms. During this imprisonment he was allowed but three books—a Bible, a Tacitus, and a Byron; but the enforced solitude and leisure, if his captors had but known it, were the best means they

[1] *Life of Mazzini*, Bolton King.

could have employed to root more deeply what were to be the inspirations of his whole life, and to mature the ideas which were later to vitalise into a free and united people that Italy which was then considered a mere geographical expression, and branded as the "Helot nation" of Europe. He is not the only great spirit in history in whose exile and silence have been born the visions and forged the instruments destined to inspire or regenerate humanity. Of this time he writes: "It was during these months of imprisonment that I conceived the plan of the Association of *Young Italy*, and meditated deeply upon the principles on which to base its organisation and the aim and purpose of its labours, which I intended should be publicly declared." This Association, "which grew to be the terror of tyrants all over Europe, and was the very soul of the Italian *Risorgimento*," [1] had for its objects "Liberty and Unity: liberty in all things for all men, philosophic and literary freedom as well as political; unity, an end to the multitudinous divisions in the Italian family, the creation of one strong and sovereign State fitted to become the missionary of a religion of progress and fraternity . . . to link earth and heaven, right and duty, and utter, not to individuals, but to peoples, the great word Association, through which liberty and equality are destined to be realised here on earth, and to render it what God meant it should be—a stage upon the path towards perfection, a means given to man wherewith to deserve a higher and nobler hereafter. This association of the nations to promote the organised and peaceful progress of humanity is only possible on the conditions that these nations first have real and recognised existence. Hence the banner of the Association will bear on one side the words Unity and Independence, indicating the national mission of Italy; on the other Liberty, Equality and Humanity, indicating her international mission. I became convinced that the labour to be undertaken was not merely a political but above all a moral work, not negative, but religious; not founded upon any theory of self-interest, but upon principles and upon duty. I was not merely influenced by the idea of elevating the condition of

[1] *Union of Italy*, Stillman.

the single people I saw thus dismembered, degraded and oppressed; the parent thought of my every design was a presentiment that regenerated Italy was destined to arise the initiatrix of a new life, a new and powerful unity to all the nations of Europe, the missionary of a religion of progress and fraternity. At that time even the immature conception inspired me with a mighty hope that flashed before my vision like a star."

Assured that great revolutions are the work rather of principles than of bayonets, and are achieved first in the moral and afterwards in the material sphere, Mazzini conceived at this time the idea of a Journal that should gradually educate the spirit of the people of Italy, and indeed of Europe, in the "immutable first principles of things which lie at the root of real freedom and progress."

"Such were my thoughts," he wrote towards the end of his life, "in my little cell at Savona, and I think the same thoughts still, on broader logic and maturer grounds, in the little room no larger than that cell wherein I write these lines. During life they have brought upon me the title of Utopist and madman, together with such frequent disenchantments and outrage as have often caused me, while yet some hopes of individual life yearned within me, to look back with longing and regret to my cell at Savona between sea and sky. But the Future will declare whether these thoughts were visionary or prophetic."

After six months' imprisonment he was banished, and went first to Geneva and then to France. This was the beginning of "that hell of exile, that lingering, bitter, agonising death which none can know but the exile himself." At Geneva he saw Sismondi, who received him with the greatest kindness. Amongst the Italian exiles he met in this place he was disappointed to find not one single man who dreamed of the possibility or even desirability of the union of all Italy, and that their political ideas, like those of the Governments they wished to overthrow, were based on diplomatic calculations and opportune compromises, in which neither belief nor morality had any part. At Lyons he found Italian patriots of another stamp: they were, however, trusting in the promises of Louis Philippe (then

unrecognised by the other governments of Europe), who, as soon as he had used them and their projects of insurrection to intimidate these governments into recognition of his rule, abandoned them, banishing the refugees, and threatening any who should remain with dire penalties. Mazzini escaped to Corsica, which he left after a short sojourn, returning to Marseilles, where, living in retirement, he started, with a few like-minded and devoted friends, the Association and the Journal of *Young Italy*, projected in exile at Savona. They were two years of the severest labour and privation, but of real happiness. Of this he wrote after: "Pecuniary means we had none. I economised as far as possible upon the quarterly allowance sent me by my family. My friends were all exiles without means. But we risked the attempt, trusting in the future, and in the voluntary subscriptions that would reach us should our principles be accepted. We were nine or ten in number and lived together, true equals and brothers, working alone without any office, without subordinates, immersed in labour the whole of the day and the greater part of the night; writing articles and letters, seeing travellers, affiliating the Italian sailors, printing, correcting, folding, tying up bundles, alternating between intellectual labour and the routine of working men. I never saw any nucleus of young men so devoted, of such strong mutual affection, such readiness in daily, hourly toil as were those who then laboured to meet every expense; we were reduced to the extreme of poverty, but we were always cheerful. Those two years, from 1831 to 1833, were two years of young life of such pure and glad devotedness as I could wish the coming generation to know."

No wonder that waters springing from such a source possessed fertilising and vitalising power upon the youth of Italy. In a year—such was the demand for these writings—*Young Italy* was established throughout the whole peninsula as a working organisation. Difficulties there were in abundance, and the story of the smuggling of the Journal and other papers into Italy was rich in romance. One artifice—"one of a thousand"—was to send them inside barrels of pitch packed by themselves, forwarded through commission agents ignorant of their contents, and

addressed to others equally in the dark. On arrival, an Associate of *Young Italy* would present himself as a purchaser, taking care to select those barrels with numbers previously indicated to him.

Gradually the Government became aware of the propaganda, and Mazzini, already exiled from his own land, was banished from France at the demand of the infuriated rulers of Italy. Of this he writes: "As however it was very inportant to me to continue the publication of our writings in Marseilles, where I had organised a system of communication with Italy, I decided not to obey, but concealed myself." Meanwhile Charles Albert issued orders commanding the denunciation of any who should read *Young Italy*, and condemned those guilty, not only of reading the Journal, but of non-denunciation of any reader known to them, to a fine and two years' imprisonment, promising to the informer secrecy and half the fine. Unable to capture or even to trace their quarry, who then began the life he "led for twenty years out of thirty, of voluntary imprisonment within the four walls of one little room," the government of Louis Philippe started a campaign of atrocious calumnies against him. They were disproved to the hilt, but were revived later on by unscrupulous foes in England. At last his asylum was discovered, but with his usual resourcefulness he evaded capture and remained another whole year at Marseilles.

CHAPTER II

Letter to Charles Albert—Plans for Piedmontese revolt—Discovery and savage reprisals—Methods of inquisition—Death of Jacopo Ruffini—Life at Geneva — The Savoy expedition and Ramorino's treachery — The Alliance of the Peoples — Spiritual crisis — Departure for England.

In April 1831 Mazzini published an open letter to Charles Albert, then freshly crowned King of Piedmont—who in his earlier years had professed Liberal sympathies which he had later abandoned—urging him to wear a nobler crown than that of Piedmont, to put himself at the head of the whole nation, and lead it to freedom and unity. It was a glowing and earnest appeal, and assured the King that all Italy would rally to him if he would but take the field against Austria, if he would " draw his sword and throw away the scabbard." " Do this and we will gather round you, we will give our lives for you, we will bring the little states of Italy under your flag. But if you will not, others will do it without you, or against you." This appeal, which was perhaps not much more than a forlorn hope, was met by Charles Albert with renewed and severer instructions to arrest the writer should he attempt to cross the frontier, and Mazzini turned to practical preparations for a rising.

By April 1833 the organisation of *Young Italy* had become very powerful. All its schemes seemed to prosper. Its publications flooded the Peninsula. In Lombardy, Piedmont, Tuscany, the Papal States and Naples, conspicuous men directed bands of devoted patriots. The smuggling of arms and ammunition into the Italian seaports went on steadily, and in every province preparations were being pursued for a general rising against Austria.[1] This was

[1] Charles Albert was to be invited to put himself at the head of the movement, and if he refused was to be accompanied to the frontier and expelled.

planned by Mazzini to begin in the two most important centres of the Sardinian States, Genoa and Alessandria, the points where the Association was most numerous and powerful, and where in Genoa Jacopo Ruffini—Mazzini's *alter ego*—incarnated the spirit of his chief. Victory seemed within measurable distance.

"The influential positions, the names, the members of the party afford ample proof not only of the possibility but of the probability that success awaited them."[1] The temper of the army was tested; many subalterns and non-commissioned officers were enrolled. Methods of contact were established with nearly all the regiments, and centres of action in some of them. Certain generals promised to join the movement should it prove a strong one. "No doubts then beset the young leader; he felt as certain of success as did Moses, and believed that he would get more than a Pisgah view of the Promised Land into which he wished to lead his people. If he should fall fighting, death would, he believed, open up a new life where fresh work would await him, the connection with life 'here-down' not being entirely severed; for faith in immortality was not only an instinctive but an intellectual certainty for him."[2]

But the ubiquitous Government spy had not been idle. Documents containing the secret cipher and its key, sent from Marseilles in a box with a hidden receptable, were abstracted by the Piedmontese police, copied, and replaced. Shortly afterwards a quarrel between two artillery-men (one of whom, belonging to the Association of *Young Italy*, had invited the other to join it also) resulted in threats of betrayal which came to the ears of the authorities, thus furnishing a clue by which to trace the secret of the conspiracy from one man to another. Suddenly at midnight hundreds of arrests were made in the homes of Piedmont, desolation spread everywhere; courts martial, tortures, and executions followed, and the movement was stamped out in blood. Twelve youths were publicly executed, having first been tortured to induce revelations, an effort that proved vain; their only offence was having read some publications

[1] *The Birth of Modern Italy*, J. W. Mario. [2] *Ibid.*

of *Young Italy* without having denounced the writers. Charles Albert, in a frenzy of rage, complained of the humble station of his victims and clamoured for men of higher rank. "You must," he ordered, "contrive to find some officers." A young lieutenant, therefore, whose only crime was having been seen with a seditious book in his hand without denouncing the same to his superiors, was condemned to death and executed. Not content with physical weapons, the Government next tried the too familiar instrument of lying calumny to weaken the dreaded influence of Mazzini over his countrymen, and the *Official Gazette* announced that the papers seized by the government proved the conspirators to be professed atheists determined upon the destruction of the altar and the throne by any means, however foul, from the assassin's dagger to the torch of the incendiary; that a quantity of poison had been found in the rooms of two of the officers arrested; that mines had been prepared to blow up the powder magazine adjacent to the barracks in Chambery; that the City of Turin was to be devoted to the flames, and that *Vespers* were to be proclaimed in Genoa against the Piedmontese soldiery. It was only a foretaste of the bitter cup Mazzini was to drink to the dregs; for forty years he was to see every device of unscrupulous falsehood used against him; but even this was less bitter than the strange misunderstanding and misrepresentation of his ends and motives that later on he had to suffer from those who were once his trusted friends.

It was during this orgy of slaughter that the blow was struck from which the young leader never recovered, and under circumstances of such diabolical cruelty that to the end of his life the memory of it had power to shake and almost shatter the dauntless fortitude of his soul.

Amongst the first to be arrested by Charles Albert was Jacopo Ruffini, of whom Mazzini writes in the latter years of his life: "He was my friend—my first and best. From our early years at the University to the year 1831, when first a prison and then exile separated me from him, we lived as brothers. He was studying medicine, I law; but botanical rambles at first, then our mutual love of literature, the

battles of Romanticism and Classicism, drew us together little by little, until an intimacy succeeded the like of which I have never found and never shall find again. I do not believe I have ever known a soul more completely, more profoundly; and I affirm with grief and consolation that I never found a blemish in it."

When the arrests began Ruffini instructed all those who were affiliated to *Young Italy* to seek refuge in France or Switzerland, but he himself refused to fly, saying that "the standard-bearer must hold the flag aloft or fall with it in his hand." He was soon arrested. "Tormented by interrogatories, he contented himself with smiling in reply." In vain his persecutors tried every art they knew to extract information; that contemptuous silence guarded well the secret of Ruffini's soul, and neither horrible threats nor specious promises availed to break it. But one day the tormented but resolute man was confronted with a document in which every fact and detail of the conspiracy was described, the key of the last cipher[1] given, and some names hitherto unsuspected by the authorities written out in full. Ruffini recognised the dear and honoured signature—it was Mazzini's.

We may hope that he saw with instinctive and victorious scorn the apparent proof that his own familiar friend had betrayed him, and but for our knowledge of the fiendish cunning which deadened the higher brain-centres by subtle drugs administered in the victim's food and drink, and of the terrible effects of solitary confinement only varied by maddening inquisitions designed to entrap and bewilder—but for our knowledge of these things and their effect upon a sensitive and finely wrought temperament, we might well suppose that Jacopo's consciousness of the utter nobleness of the friend he loved would have enabled him to meet that last and vilest injury, too, with a silent smile of contempt. Whether it was the case we can never know. He read the document so damningly complete, and in answer to his judge's demands for further information, more comprehensive lists of names, replied simply: "You shall have my answer to-morrow." When the morning dawned he was found dead in his dungeon,

[1] The cipher was changed every month.

a vein in his neck opened by a piece of iron torn from the door and sharpened on the stones.

For a time the anguish of this experience seemed as if it must unhinge Mazzini's mind and end his life; the love and care of devoted friends—including Jacopo's mother and probably Signora Sidoli—eventually saved him, but his biographer writes:[1] "The iron had entered his soul never to be withdrawn, for nothing could remove from his mind the certainty that his own signature had been forged, and that his first, dearest, most trusted and most trusting friend, believing him the betrayer, had, fearing to be overcome and turn traitor also, desperately ended a life void of all trust and hope, a life, which shorn of these, would be worse than useless." For long he was subject to periods of overwhelming grief for his betrayed and murdered friend, periods when he could neither eat nor sleep, nights when his friends heard him feverishly pacing up and down his room, groaning to himself: "Jacopo, Jacopo—I did not betray!"[2]

So—temporarily triumphant, but covered with blood and steeped in undying shame—did Piedmont emerge from her encounter with the first organised attempt made by her greatest son to liberate Italy from Austrian tyranny. So, in a fire of anguish, was Mazzini baptised into his life-long consecration. It was prophetic. For this man, who loved his country with a singular and most moving passion, was to spend his life away from her; he, to whom family affection[3] was more than it is to one man in ten thousand, was to renounce its consolation for ever—as far as this life's opportunities go; fitted, as very few are fitted, to give and to inspire supreme devotion, he was to adopt for Italy's sake a life of such deprivation, danger and loneliness as to make the formation of the closest and tenderest ties impossible; generous in love, in hope, in faith, he was to meet disillusionment after disillusionment; defeat after defeat, abandonment

[1] J. W. Mario.

[2] The real betrayer was a trusted confidant of Ruffini, a man who had received great kindness from his family, and whose treachery was neither suspected nor discovered till after Mazzini's death.

[3] The relation between him and his mother and sister Francesca, especially, was one of profound sympathy and tenderness.

by comrades was to become an old story to him, and all the way the road was to "wind up hill, yes, to the very end."

Meanwhile tracked from one hiding-place in France to another, in 1833 he left Marseilles for Geneva. Here he became the centre of a group of gifted and single-minded patriots. The growth of popular indignation, aided by many other causes impossible to enumerate here, led to a position from whence it seemed not only possible but highly advisable to make a fresh attempt at united and speedy action, and by the end of the year a movement was organised for the liberation of Savoy. Every detail was carefully prepared, time, places, and manner of rendezvous arranged, transport, commissariat, ammunition provided, and all seemed to promise a successful *coup*. Of this time Mazzini writes: "We worked together in glad and untiring harmony." Then, alas! came the little rift within the lute. On the question of leadership he and his fellow-workers differed, more particularly the Italian Committees, far removed, unfortunately, from the sphere of his magnetic personal influence. They wanted a name and military prestige, and their choice fell on a General Ramorino who had won some renown during the Napoleonic Wars and the Polish insurrection. Mazzini protested; he held different views from his colleagues both as to what was required in an insurrectionary leader and as to the character of Ramorino, but he was overruled,[1] and the chosen leader proved the undoing of the whole enterprise. "I afterwards learned," writes Mazzini, "that yielding to the threats of the French Government and to their offer to pay all debts, he had pledged himself to them, not exactly to betray us on the field of action, but to contrive to prevent any action from taking place." This he did by a series of treacherous expedients which hampered, delayed, and finally disintegrated the insurgent force. His tactics resulted in the loss of the opportune moment, in the alienation of friends and the failure of promised co-operation, in the fruitless consumption of sorely

[1] For a more detailed account of the causes of the tragic failure of the expedition of Savoy, the first volume of Mazzini's *Life and Writings* should be consulted (Smith, Elder & Co.).

needed funds, and in the gradual discovery of plans by the Swiss police. Impossible as it was at this stage to surrender the enterprise, Mazzini, perplexed by the mysterious *contretemps* which seemed to be "undermining his edifice and stopping his machinery," and ignorant at that time of the cause, worked with superhuman energy at the exacting toil of reorganising and reconstructing, met and overcame difficulties that seemed insuperable, and at last succeeded in launching the expedition on the 1st of February. "I reached the camp, where all was gladness, enthusiasm and confidence. But a terrible series of deceptions yet awaited us." It must suffice here to say that Ramorino, after arranging that one contingent should be met and captured by the Swiss police, and that another, separated from their arms and ammunition, should be taken prisoner by Swiss soldiery who had joined the force, "led the remainder an aimless and tortuous march round the lake for twenty-four hours so as to dishearten, tire out, and destroy all sense of discipline among the men." When Mazzini, who had joined as a foot-soldier, fell unconscious on the march from fatigue, anxiety, and fever,[1] Ramorino, rejoicing in the temporary removal of the one man whose character, wisdom, and resolution he dreaded, "read the order of the day dissolving the column, called for his horse, and rode away."[2] Mazzini awoke from a long spell of unconsciousness to find himself in a barrack surrounded by foreign soldiers. "My friend Angelo Usiglio was near me. I asked him where we were. He answered in a voice of deep grief, '*In Switzerland.*' And the column? '*In Switzerland.*'"

* * * * *

A period of terrible mental strain and suffering followed this experience. Many of his friends, dismayed by the

[1] "I had presumed too much upon my physical strength. The immense fatigue I had gone through during the last three months had completely prostrated it. During the whole of the last week I had never once gone to bed, and the only sleep I had was such as I could snatch for a quarter of an hour at a time in my chair."

[2] Ramorino's subsequent conduct brought him, fifteen years later, to an ignominious death, when, as a commanding officer in the Piedmontese Army, he was shot for treachery in the Battle of Novara.

ferocity with which the first attempt had been crushed, and the treachery which had caused the failure of the second, alarmed, too, at the general vituperation which followed, urged Mazzini to withdraw from a struggle so unequal. Extreme poverty, suffering, disappointment, and petty persecution by the opportunist government of his day were embittering the little group of exiles in Switzerland, and sowing the seeds of dissension and recrimination in what had been so close a brotherhood; the news from Italy brought "nothing but discouragement, flights, desertion, imprisonments, disorganisation; darkness and gloom were on every side," and Mazzini's task of rekindling courage, fortitude, and hope was infinitely difficult.

"Was I to retire from the arena, renounce all political life, wait patiently till men more capable or more daring than myself should have matured the destiny of Italy, silently pursue the path of my own individual development and concentrate myself on those studies most congenial to my nature? Many advised me to do this, some because they were convinced that Italy, radically corrupted by long servitude, would never accept our ideal, others because they were already weary at the beginning of the struggle, and terrified at the tempest visibly darkening above our heads. More powerful upon me than any advice or any danger was the exceeding grief and anxiety of my poor mother. Had it been possible for me to have yielded I should have yielded to that." But the vision splendid of a regenerate Italy had been too clearly seen to be lost for any failure, and the quest too whole-heartedly undertaken to be abandoned. For Mazzini the star of Savona still shone, above howsoever stormy a sea, and by its beams he was to steer his course in all the years to come, undismayed and undiverted by any extremes of fortune, captain of his soul to the end. He has given us the secret of his strength: "*I regard the self as an active force called upon to transform the medium by which it is surrounded rather than passively to submit to its influence.*" "What," he asks, "is defeat to men who are seeking to found a nation, to create a people? Was it not a part of our duty as educators to teach our party a lesson of calm endurance in adversity? Would not our renunciation have

been received as a new argument proving the impossibility of unity? I shook off my doubts and determined to persist." [1]

The daring though unsuccessful attempt to free Savoy had made a strong impression upon exiles of many nationalities, and a group of conspicuous men gathered round Mazzini and his friends. It was then that he "determined to sow among these exiles, before persecution should scatter them to different centres, the first seeds of the *Alliance of the Peoples, the organisation of free peoples for progressive development.* And in this progress there will be neither conquest nor threat of conquest, but only an association of brothers whose interests and aims are identical. The law of duty openly acknowledged and confessed will take the place of that disposition to usurp the rights of others which has hitherto governed the relations between people and people, and which is in fact nothing but the foresight of Fear. The ruling principle of international law will be no longer to secure the weakness of others, but the amelioration of all through the work of all." These and kindred considerations led to the founding of the Association of *Young Europe*, a purely educative society which rapidly gained adherents all over the continent, and became a medium for the spread of Mazzinian ideals. Meanwhile, alarmed at the continued circulation of the Journal and other pamphlets, absolute Governments all over Europe sought to coerce the Swiss Republic into fresh persecution of the exiles; diplomatic notes fell "thick as hail," threatening dire consequences to Switzerland if she continued to tolerate "the enemies of the repose of Governments," and demanding that their teaching should be stopped and themselves expelled. False accusations were again launched against them, and disgraceful schemes invented to discredit

[1] "It was evident that our work in Italy was unavoidably retarded. Some time must be allowed to elapse in order that our men might recover themselves and that our masters might believe their victory secure and sink again into repose. But we might meanwhile make up for our losses at home by exertion abroad, and endeavour to ensure for our next rising the support of European opinion. I conceived that we might prepare the way for the only idea I believed to have power to resuscitate the peoples—the idea of nationality, and for the initiative influence of Italy in the coming movement."

them.[1] The Swiss Government bowed to the insolent demands, and after arbitrarily imprisoning many of its refugees, expelled them from its frontier in perpetuity and set a price on the heads of some of the most conspicuous. Mazzini, however, remained there for several months, though searched for on every hand, hoping to re-establish the cohesion of Italian patriots, and most unwilling also to leave the land where he had at least the consolation of gazing upon the Alps and remembering that just beyond them lay his country and his home. But the mode of life that the hunted men had to adopt threatened injury to the health of the two friends for whom he had made himself responsible—the brothers of Jacopo Ruffini—and in January 1837 he decided to leave Switzerland for England, the only European country where no price lay upon his head.

It was during the latter months of his stay in Switzerland that he battled through the most terrible experience of his life, a desolation of loneliness, of spiritual doubt and darkness, which all but overwhelmed him. Of this period he writes: "I speak of it now with reluctance, and solely for the sake of those who may be doomed to suffer what I then suffered, and to whom the voice of a brother who has escaped that tempest—storm-beaten and bleeding indeed, but with re-tempered soul—may perhaps indicate the path of salvation. It was the tempest of Doubt, which I believe all who devote their lives to a great enterprise, yet have not dried and withered up their soul beneath some barren intellectual formula, but have retained a loving heart, are doomed—once at least—to battle through. My soul was overflowing with and greedy of affection, as fresh and eager to unfold to joy as in the days when sustained by my mother's smile, as full of fervent hope, for others at least, if not for myself. But during those fatal months there darkened around me such a hurricane of sorrow, disillusion, and deception as to bring before my eyes, in all its nakedness, a foreshadowing

[1] The people of the canton where he lived were favourable to him, and in order to obtain some pretext for their injustice the French and Italian Embassies concocted an imaginary regicidal plot in which he was declared to be implicated. The base deception was, however, unmasked by some of the Italian exiles, who seized upon the agent of the Government and compelled him to give up his papers and instructions (*Life of Mazzini*, Venturi).

of the old age of my soul, solitary in a desert world, wherein no comfort in the struggle would be vouchsafed to me. It was not only the overthrow for an indefinite period of every Italian hope ; the dispersion of the best of our party ; the series of persecutions which had undone the work which we had done in Switzerland and driven us away from the spot nearest Italy ; the exhaustion of our means and the accumulation of almost insurmountable material obstacles between me and the task I had set myself to do—it was the falling to pieces of that moral edifice of faith and love from which alone I had derived strength for the combat ; the scepticism I saw arising around me on every side ; the failure of faith in those who had solemnly bound themselves with me to pursue unshaken the path we had known at the outset to be choked with sorrows ; the distrust I detected in those most dear to me as to the motives and intentions which sustained and urged me onward. The adverse opinion of the majority was of little moment to me, but to see myself suspected of ignoble motives by the one or two beings upon whom I had concentrated my whole power of attachment—this prostrated my soul in despair. And these things were revealed to me in the very time when, assailed as I was on every side, I felt most intensely the need of comforting and retempering my spirit in communion with my brothers. Precisely at this moment they withdrew from me. When I felt that I was indeed alone—except for my poor mother, far away and unhappy also for my sake—I drew back in terror from the void before me. Then in that moral desert doubt came upon me. Perhaps I was wrong, and the world right. Perhaps my idea was indeed a dream. Perhaps I had been led not by an idea, but by *my* idea, by the pride of my own conception, the desire of victory rather than the purpose of victory, an intellectual egotism, an ambitious spirit drying up the spontaneous impulse of my heart which would have led me to the modest virtues of a limited sphere and duties near at hand. I felt myself not only supremely wretched, but a criminal, conscious of guilt, yet incapable of expiation. The forms of those shot at Alessandria and Chambery rose up before me like the phantoms of a crime and its unavailing remorse. How many mothers I had

caused to weep! How many more must learn to weep should I persist in the attempt to arouse the youth of Italy to noble action, to the yearning for a common country? And if that country were an illusion? If Italy were destined to remain subject to more vigorous nations, without a name or a mission of her own, whence had I derived the right of judging the future, and urging hundreds, thousands of men to the sacrifice of themselves and of all that they held most dear? Had this state of mind lasted but a little longer I must either have gone mad or ended with the death of the suicide. Whilst I was thus struggling and sinking, I heard a friend whose room was a few doors distant from mine answer a young girl who, having some suspicion of my unhappy condition, was urging him to break in upon my solitude, by saying: 'Leave him alone; he is in his element, conspiring and happy.' How little can men guess the state of mind of others unless they regard it—and this is rarely done—by the light of a deep affection.

One morning—instead of waking to unutterable misery—I awoke to find my spirit calmed, as one who has passed through a great danger. The first thought that came to me was: *Your sufferings are the temptation of egoism and arise from a misconception of life.* I set myself to re-examine—now that I was able to do so calmly—both myself and surrounding things. The great question of a true or false conception of life dominated all the secondary questions which had roused that hurricane of doubt and terror. The materialism of the eighteenth century had gone back two thousand years to repeat the pagan definition of life as a search after happiness, instilling the spirit of egotism into the souls of men under various disguises; hence the spectacle of whole classes rising to do battle in the name of the happiness of all men only to withdraw from the struggle and abandon their allies as soon as they had achieved their own; hence the instability and inconstancy of the most generous impulses, the sudden desertions whenever suffering overbalanced hope, and many other results, which still endure, of that false theory. I perceived that though every instinct of my soul rebelled against that fatal and ignoble definition of life, yet I had not completely freed myself from

t ; I had combated the evil in others, but not sufficiently n myself. In my own case, as if the better to seduce me, hat false definition had thrown off every baser stamp of naterial desire and had centred itself in the affections as n an inviolable sanctuary. I had unconsciously made of hese the condition of the fulfilment of my duties, and had een unable to realise the true ideal of love—love without arthly hope. I had unknowingly worshipped, not love tself, but the joy of love, and, when this vanished, had espaired of all things, as if the joys and sorrows I had ncountered on the path of life could alter the aim I had spired to reach. I had been false to that faith in the im- ortality of life, and in a progressive series of existences, hich transforms our sufferings here into the difficulties of ne who ascends a steep mountain at the summit of which ; God—a series of existences which are linked together, nd gradually develop all that on earth is but a germ or romise. I had been a coward without knowing it.

Life is a mission—every existence is an aim. And that im is *one* : to develop and bring into action all the faculties hich constitute and lie dormant in human nature and cause em harmoniously to combine towards the discovery and plication of the law of Progress, which all are beginning recognise as the law of life. But individuals, according the time and place in which they live, have various condary aims, all of which should be under the direction and governed by that one permanent aim. In the com- ehension of that mission lies our means of future progress, e secret of the stage of existence into which we shall be itiated at the close of this earthly stage. Life is immortal ; t the method and time of evolution through which it ogresses is in our own hands. Each of us is bound to rify his own soul as a temple, to free it from egotism, to t before himself the problem of his own life, to search out e most urgent need of the men by whom he is surrounded, interrogate his own faculties and capacity, and resolutely d unceasingly to apply them to the satisfaction of that ed. We are each and all of us bound to strive to incarnate humanity that portion of eternal truth which it is granted us to perceive, to convert into an earthly reality so much

of the Kingdom of Heaven—the Divine conception per meating life—as it is given to us to comprehend. Thu doing we are slowly elaborating in man the angel; failin to do this we shall have to retrace our path. When onc our mission is conceived and determined within our sou we are cowards if, in spite of sorrows and delusions, we d not pursue it to the end.

I came to my better self alone, through the help of religious conception which I verified by history. From th idea of God I descended to the idea of progress; from th conception of progress to a true conception of life; an having reached that faith I swore to myself that nothin in this world should again make me doubt or forsake it."

Thus fortified and "re-tempered" in spirit Mazzini lef Switzerland for his long English exile, taking with him th two Ruffini brothers, Giovanni and Agostino, for whom fo years he cared with the utmost self-sacrifice and devotion.

CHAPTER III

iuditta Sidoli and Maddalena de Mandrot—Early struggles with poverty and loneliness in England—The Ruffini brothers—Mazzini's practical application of the doctrine of human brotherhood—Founding of the Italian School in London—Working Men's Societies.

T was during this period of his life that Mazzini met and oved Giuditta Sidoli, the daughter of a noble and patriotic ombard house, and a widow of five years' standing. Her usband, to whom she was married when little more than a ild, had himself been a patriot and an exile, and belonged to wealthy and conservative Reggian family. On his death-bed e promised him to remain true to the cause of Italian freedom, d faithfully kept her vow. She had two young children, parated from her alike by the hostility of her father-in-law, ho had obtained charge of them on her banishment from aly for political reasons, and the brutal cruelty of the Duke Modena, who refused to allow her to set foot in the Duchy here the little ones were being brought up.

Meeting first at Marseilles and afterwards in Switzerland, e and Mazzini were drawn together by common aims and e common suffering of exile, and the feeling between them on grew into love. When he was obliged to leave Switzer- nd for England in 1837, on account of the inability of the o exiled Ruffini brothers—with whose well-being he had arged himself—to bear the privations of a hunted and lden existence, it was a heavy blow to Giuditta. She wrote this time to Mazzini's mother that she was "smitten with emediable grief."[1] "Ever since this fresh separation re sound in my heart voices of presentiment so desolating t I can get no peace," she told the friend to whom she sent he greetings of a loving daughter." Her presentiments re only too well justified. Whatever hopes they may have

[1] The following quotations are taken from the *Epistolario* and *La Madre iuseppe Mazzini*, the latter by A. Luzio.

cherished as to their union when they first loved each other, every year that passed showed them how serious were the obstacles in the way. Mazzini felt that the duties of family life could not be undertaken by a homeless exile, whose whole life and first devotion were vowed to a cause that demanded any and every sacrifice. And Giuditta also was conscious of a prior claim—that of the children kept from her by a refinement of political cruelty, whom in order to see even for a few hours she ran all sorts of risks, always hoping that by some means she would be able to evade the watchfulness of Duke and Jesuit; for her father-in-law had fallen under the influence of the latter body, who were interested alike in the children and in their fortune; she knew also that a marriage with the exiled revolutionist would hopelessly prejudice her claim in the eyes of the authorities.

So it was a strangely tragic love between these two hearts yearning deeply for each other, but separated by a call more imperious than the voice which would have united them, and it was not at once or easily that they accepted destiny's cold denial of their hopes. Even before Mazzini went to England, the children's need had taken Giuditta from the possibility of companionship which meant so much to them both, and plunged her into dangers the thought of which were a daily torture to him, as he realised the risk of arrest and the ducal prisons. Fresh terrors oppressed him: cholera broke out in the neighbourhood of the children's residence, and she insisted on being there in case it should attack them. His letters to his mother at this time are full of the deepest anxiety. To her he confided how close and sure was the sympathy between Giuditta's mind and his, that except to herself there was none to whom he could open his soul so freely; he knew that next to her children she loved him above all living beings: "But there is cholera where her children are, and she has gone to share their danger for her a far too serious one, weakened as she is and shattered by moral suffering. A mother's duties are sacred, and I understand the religion of sacrifice better than ever now But may God remove this cup from me."

Cholera did not attack Giuditta. Gradually, however, he schooled himself to think of her life's fruition as apart from

is own—no easy task for one of his ardent and tenacious mperament. Letters of his to her give us a glimpse of an sorbing and concentrated attachment: and it burned with flame of such steadiness and intensity that one hardly ows whether most to grieve at the pain its renunciation ust have brought, or to rejoice that he was initiated, even such cost, into one of the most controlling of human crets. "I never love you more," he told her in one of his tters, "than when I am least able to tell you how I love u." So we know he had won the freedom of the city.

But to his mother it seemed for a moment—only for a oment one is quite sure, remembering the unbroken devotion her own son which filled her life from his babyhood to her ath—that the woman who loved him ought not to have t herself out of the reach of any need of his, by returning the land whose frontier raised a hopeless barrier between exiled son and her. He would not, however, hear a rd of this; his mother must not accuse her of anything t "a sublime uprush of motherhood": "I know her, d she merits no blame. . . . I have not a single reproach her either in word or in my heart; I have merely, d it could not be otherwise, said to myself; 'See, it not possible that you should find anyone in this rld who will love you above all else.'" He goes on say that it is well that it should be so, for if there were h an one how could he make her happy, vowed as is to Italy? "It is better so," he wrote to his mother their parting, in spite of the pain it caused him, for felt himself doomed to bring sorrow to those who loved most dearly and whom he most loved, for whose happiness would have gladly given his life; there were times when s fear made him dread their companionship, even that of beloved mother herself, lest again he should be the grief-nger.

One hears in the melancholy words the echo of sorrows ose wounds time had not healed, could never heal: the ter pain of his father's rock-like alienation; his mother's ly grief and renunciation; Jacobo's tragic death; Signora ffini's sonless home; and now a fresh pang in the heart of woman he loved. Would not Giuditta's lot have been

easier if this new love, destined after all to be a new pair had never entered her life? "Better for her if I had never seen her. I have involved her in my own destiny, for which I feel a true remorse." In a letter to a friend, a colleague of the Marseilles days who had known and esteemed Signora Sidoli, and who asked him if he still loved her, he replied with emphasis in the affirmative, and added: "I shall probably never see her again, therefore life is finished for me. But all my thoughts, all my dreams, which at one time revolved round the hope that some day we should re-embrace each other and live united, are concentrated now on the desire that she should re-embrace her children and on the possibility of an amnesty. . . . Do you not think that some day the Duke will grant one, for the women at least?" This this hope of her future happiness with her children he hence forth dedicated all the strength of his baffled love. It was conceivable that the hostility of her father-in-law might abate, that the Duke might relent, that she might be restored to her children and to the regard of her relations, and in view of this possibility he thought it best that they should cease to correspond except occasionally and with the greatest precaution, in case it should prejudice her even more in the eyes of the authorities. He urged that she should regard herself *only as a mother* (i.e. not as a sympathiser with revolutionary projects) and be accepted as such by everyone. Their earlier correspondence, as well as his letters to his mother were intercepted by the Tuscan and Piedmontese police, examined and copied [1] at Florence and Turin, sealed up again and forwarded to their original destination; in some cases not forwarded. Of one long letter to Giuditta the Police Commissioner, on the look out for "treason, strategy, and crime," reported rather disgustedly that it contained nothing of political importance, being all about "feelings and tender abstractions." For some years his correspondence with her was carried on largely by means of messages sent to her through his mother—occasionally a rare opportunity for a direct letter presented itself: "Tell her I love her more

[1] These copies must often have been difficult to make, Mazzini's writing being notably obscure; in some places blanks are left, and in others one suspects the police imagination may have been called in to supply deficiencies

an I can express, and shall to my last day, though I have adually ceased to hope for this individual life of mine. . . . et her always remember that all her sorrows and evils are ine too. . . . My abandonment of hope does not lessen my ve for her; it is undiminished and undiminishing, . . . e is graven in my mind, and from afar I speak, think, e with her. . . . I beg you to write a few lines to my or Giuditta. I want her to have a New Year's [1] Greeting m you, as my mother. My heart will be with her ways."

In 1839 her father-in-law died, having left a will perpetuating his profound antagonism to the unhappy mother, d handing over the care of her children, with their fortune, three persons extremely hostile to Signora Sidoli. In vain ring the past years she had wandered from place to place, king in Rome, in Naples, in Modena and Parma, to move authorities on her behalf. On one occasion she was ested and confined in her own house in Tuscany, and was ped to escape by the English Consul; on another she wrote the Duke of Modena: "I will see my children, arrest me ou choose." On this occasion she was allowed to see them a few hours. The boy was then sent to a Jesuit Military lege, and the girl to a convent. But at last, in 1841, we rn from a letter of Mazzini to his mother, her struggles ved successful, and her children were restored to her. As had suffered with her in the bitter years of hope deferred, e now rejoiced with a full heart in her reunion with them. two never met again till 1849 in Florence. It is said that then lent him her only son for Italy, that he fought vely for the defence of the short-lived Roman Republic, —one is glad to know—survived. If this is so, how much must have had to tell his mother that she must have been ud indeed to hear. In later days she and Mazzini met e often on his various secret visits to Italy, and a true and p friendship united them till she died, a year before he His last letter was her consolation on her death-bed.

Shortly after he left Switzerland for England we have tence in his correspondence with Luigi Melegari, an old nd and colleague since the Marseilles days, and still in

[1] 1839.

exile, that destiny, with a tragic irony, had falsified his conviction that he would never be supremely loved; and at the same moment seemed to confirm his bitter sense that to love him would always bring sorrow to the lover. During his stay in Switzerland he had been the inmate for some time of the home of an excellent Swiss advocate who was in touch with the Italian refugees. One of the younger daughters of the house, still a child, was an enthusiast for Italian freedom, and gradually extended her enthusiasm to embrace its champion until she became dominated by an absorbing devotion, quite unguessed by its object, who when he left Switzerland for England was thirty-two, while she was fifteen or sixteen. She seems to have been beautiful, emotional, and intelligent, though evidently lacking in the stronger elements of character.

Melegari, a close friend of the family, and later a connection by marriage, wrote to Mazzini relating the whole affair to him, and imploring him to return and save her life as her health, always very delicate, was suffering seriously from the unreturned attachment. It was a complete surprise and profound distress to Mazzini. For every reason, he told Melegari, the idea of marrying her was an impossible one. First and last was his unchanged love for Giuditta, and her love for him. Even if this had not existed, his life was vowed to Italy, and must remain unfettered by the closest home ties. Had this also not been the case, was it conceivable that he, sombre with grief and disillusionment, fighting with disappointment and despair, could be a suitable mate for a girl "so young and capable of so much happiness?" But all this was beside the mark, for he and Giuditta loved each other. "Why," he wrote to Melegari, "do you inflict useless tortures on me? Why propose my writing to Maddalena, and why do so with the words: 'What do you mean to do for this unfortunate child'? You ask me if my intentions are in accordance with the only possible ending to such a pure love, and other things of the sort. Good Heavens! Am I in any way able to console her? Can I have any intentions? Am I free? God knows I am not. I am free in the eyes of society and of men, who only recognise *de facto* ties, but before my own heart and

efore God, who takes cognisance of promises, I am not. o you not know that Giuditta loves me, that I love her, nd have sworn to love her? Do you not know that she o, poor woman, is alone in the world, constrained to wander out the gates of the town where her children live without ing able to penetrate inside? Do you not know that ere the only person by whom she considers herself really loved to deal her such a blow, it would be a cruel betrayal? . . Why urge me to do what is impossible? Why compel e to realise that I am alone, shall probably always be one, yet that it need not be? . . . Do you suppose that do not have to endure long endless hours of loneliness— urs so desolate that they fill me with terror, so painfully arisome that they make me long for death? Do you ppose that during such hours I would not, if I could, seek t a heart on which to lean my head? . . . But I can do thing for her, and this is not the least of my sorrow. My art is greatly troubled, yet I have not the slightest conso- ion to offer." Her unhappiness, her health, his responsi- ity, continued to weigh on him, and he urged Melegari strip him of the qualities with which she had invested n, to point out his faults and not his few virtues. "Per- ps the blankness of soul caused by ruining me in her nion, which might at first give rise to suffering no less te than her present sorrow, would hereafter lead to her ming other interests."

Melegari, however, persisted in his appeals that he should ne out and save her life, and meanwhile should write to . To meet again, responded Mazzini, might revive a timent that would otherwise gradually fade; and if it e possible to carry on a correspondence based on fraternal sisterly relations, might it not embarrass her later on if found happiness elsewhere? A year later, when it was lent that her health was still declining and her feeling hanged, he wrote to Melegari in deep distress begging to urge her to live, to take care of herself, to wish to be , for the sake of her mother, her sisters, all her family, nd for me too, who am her brother." "God is my ess that I give all I can. . . . Why should she not give all that our fate allows? Why should she not be a

sister to me? I had three sisters,[1] and one only remains. The family into which she has married and the stamp of her own character[2] prevent her from understanding or sympathising with the faith that inspires me, or the cause of my sufferings. Why should not Maddalena be the sister who understands me, the sister of my exile? Let her assume the position of a being who knows that we shall meet in the beyond, and who watches over me meanwhile, so that I may not become unworthy of that other life. The affections of earth represent a single moment; if the end is not found in this world, it is found elsewhere. We both of us believe that this life is but a journey, a day of the soul's great journey; let us perform it with resignation. Why does she wish to leave this world while I am here? . . . Our union can only be a mystical and spiritual one, but this is much. We are indeed exiled from one another, yet her tender heart will feel what it means to a banished man to know of a being who thinks of him, whose good wishes follow him, who understands his duties, and prays that he may succeed in accomplishing them." With these and similar arguments he sought to win her from the listless weariness of life which threatened to hurry her away from it. One is amazed, if she was at all what he believed her to be, that she did not rise to his conception of her, and become the friend, the sister, on whose comprehension and sympathy he could rely and whose affection and comradeship would not fail him; that she did not for his sake rise from her melancholy obsession with her own denied hopes, accept and rejoice in the relationship he offered her, and seek to lift from his tortured spirit the remorseful fear that he had spoiled her life. That she could not, or would not, do this, proved her calibre. For Mazzini to have mated with a woman incapable of spiritual heroism would have been an irony of fate even worse than those he was called upon to endure. At last Melegari's accounts of her health, and persistent endeavour to persuade him at any rate to grant her one more interview, resulted in a promise that he would, if possible, do so, but it

[1] Francesca, a most beloved and comprehending friend as well as sister, had just recently died—a desolating shock to Mazzini.

[2] She was a rigid Roman Catholic Conservative.

was against his better judgment: "I know, however, as I have already told you several times, that it will do us no good to meet again; on the contrary, we shall suffer the more. Still, I will come, but solely for her sake." But at the last moment the journey to Switzerland was rendered impossible by the absolute lack of money, and for once one cannot regret his poverty. Six months afterwards he received news from Melegari that Maddalena was better, and wrote his gratitude and joy. Now he hoped she would forget him: "God knows the need I have of pure souls who will love and pray for me. Still, if she could but forget me!"

To his mother, with whom from first to last he maintained the closest and tenderest intimacy, he wrote of the fresh problem that was perplexing him. Never, he told her, had he given a thought of this nature to the daughter of his hostess, and "had no more imagined inspiring her with affection than of becoming Emperor of the Indies." Except for an impression that she was very beautiful, he did not even remember what she was like; he was deeply touched by her devotion, but that was all. He had written to her to explain that the dream was an impossible one, that he grieved profoundly to have caused her unhappiness, and that he loved another woman. One hopes that Signora Mazzini's exceptional fund of common sense, as well as her keen mother-wisdom, helped to lift the exaggerated feeling of responsibility from her son's sensitive heart and conscience. How the three years' episode ended we can only guess; it seems probable that with better health, wiser and stronger counsels prevailed in the young girl's mind. The correspondence between Melegari—once the Vice-President of the *Association of Young Italy*—and Mazzini, gradually died a natural death, for their opinions, religious and political, became more and more divergent. In 1848 Melegari became converted to monarchical principles, was amnestied, returned from exile, and from that time on filled conspicuous posts in the Moderate party and ministry. Already in 1837 he had begun to consider Mazzini's religious views "heretical," and his charge of irreligion against the man whose whole life was a deliberate yet passionate service of the religious idea, show how far he had moved away from the ideals which were common to them

both in their early friendship. In a later chapter, devoted to Mazzini's religious belief, will be quoted part of a noble confession of faith from a letter he wrote to Melegari in answer to this charge of irreligion.

These years from 1837 to 1840 were probably the most desolate and unhappy of the exile's whole life, and but for the spiritual convictions he had won for himself in the stress of his conflict in Switzerland, he would have succumbed, not to their material but to their moral attack. The former were, however, serious enough. He came from Swiss space and silence and splendour to a miserable London Street ; [1] here, and in his later lodgings, he lived for some years with other exiles in an unremitting struggle with the severest poverty. His devoted mother sent him regular remittances from home, but these were exhausted too soon, partly by the needs of the Italian cause, partly by " expenses incurred for others," by which casual notice he alludes to the steady dedication of the greater part of his income to the support of the other Italian exiles who were largely dependent on him. He writes but slightly of this interval : " I struggled on ; I pledged, without the possibility of redeeming them, the few dear souvenirs, either of my mother or others, which I possessed ; then things of less value ; until one night I found myself obliged to carry an old coat and a pair of boots to one of the pawnbroker's shops, crowded on Saturday evenings by the poor and fallen, in order to obtain food for Sunday. After this some of my fellow-countrymen became security for me, and I dragged myself from one to another of those loan societies which drain the poor man of the last drop of blood, and often rob him of the last remnant of shame and dignity, by exacting from him forty or fifty per cent. upon a few pounds, which he is compelled to pay back in weekly payments, at certain fixed hours, in offices held in public-houses or gin and beer shops, among crowds of the drunken and dissolute. I passed one by one through all these trials and experiences, bitter enough at any time, but doubly so when they have to be encountered by one living solitary, uncounselled, and lost amid the immense multitude of men unknown to him, in a country where

[1] Goodge Street, Tottenham Court Road.

poverty—especially in a foreigner—is an argument for a distrust often unjust, sometimes cruel. I, however, did not suffer from these things more than they were worth, nor did I feel either degraded or cast down by them. I should not even allude to trials of this nature were it not that others condemned to endure such, and disposed to feel humbled by them, may perhaps be helped by my example." He adds some wise advice to parents on the need of so bracing and fortifying the character of their children by their early training that they will be able to face the vicissitudes of life undaunted, and closes his allusion to these years of stress by a tribute to Signora Mazzini: "My own mother—blessed be her memory—with the earnest, deep-sighted love that looks forward to the future, had prepared me to stand unshaken in the midst of every misfortune."

As a matter of fact, Mazzini's sufferings at this time were so severe and so prolonged that his health was permanently affected by them. He was not only obliged to pawn his mother's ring, his watch, his books, his maps, for food and rent, but his winter coat, which he was unable to redeem during the whole season, a serious loss to a Southerner in our colder climate. His mother sent him regularly a small allowance which would have been enough for his own modest needs, had he not undertaken to help three other exiles beside himself. Not only were his scanty funds always at their disposal, but the very clothes his mother sent him from Genoa during the early years of extreme privation had to serve the needs of four instead of one. Signora Mazzini could not even venture to send one suit of fine material to her son, as if she did he would immediately sell it in order to buy inexpensive clothing for all four; hence she was compelled to buy four cheap and coarse suits. It was at much personal cost—of which Mazzini never knew [1]—that this was done. His father, whom he believed to be sending the money, did not understand or share his son's convictions, and hoping to induce him to make his peace with the tyrants of Italy and obtain a pardon, resolved to refuse him all means of support. His mother was unable to change her husband's

[1] Though he was aware of his father's hostility to his ideas, and profoundly grieved by it.

resolution, but continued without his knowledge to forward secretly to her son a sum enough to meet his few and simple needs had it been spent on himself alone—forwarding it always in the name of the father who had refused it. Both she and her daughter Francesca—during her too short life—thought nothing of the self-denials and privations this involved, so long as they could ease the lot of the beloved exile, and keep him ignorant of the means by which they did it. These facts were related to Madame Venturi by Signora Mazzini herself in later years, on condition that they were never to be revealed to her son, who continued to believe in his father's generosity to the end of his life, deeply as he mourned his antagonism to the principles by which he lived. All the more he clung to the mother, whose comprehension of her son's nature was so true and full that it surmounted differences of age, of education, even of religious practice, for she remained a professing Catholic. In one of her letters to him she tells him that her love to him is not merely the love of mother for child, exhaustless as that was, but her deep awareness of understanding him, his nature and his needs. In one of his to her, when the fear of involving Signora Sidoli in the odium attaching to his own name, if he wrote to her, prevented a direct correspondence, he begs her to write to Giuditta for him, for so "the best of himself will reach her." When wounded by his father's angry and unyielding attitude to his beliefs he wrote to her: "You understand me, for him and for all the others who do not; your son blesses you for it." It was the thought of that mother that kept him times without number from sinking into despair. So that though a sword pierced her heart daily, she must be counted none the less as blessed among women.

To a nature like Mazzini's the physical trials of these early years in England were nothing to their mental distress. Far from everything and everybody he had ever loved, always anxious about his heroic but suffering mother, his deeply loved sister Francesca—whose death was soon to take place—and Giuditta Sidoli, who was waiting with a sick heart on the caprices of a tyrant to catch brief glimpses of her children; always struggling, not less painfully, with the immense grief and disappointment of seeing the fellow-

workers with whom he had toiled for Italy slip one by one out of the ranks and disown their early ideals; burdened day and night by the shame and torment of Italy in bondage, and by his own inability to serve her, handicapped as he was by extreme poverty and the obscurity of a "stranger in a strange land"—his life was additionally saddened by the lack of sympathy that developed between himself and his housemates, the two Ruffini brothers. They were not men of heroic temper, and resented deeply the miseries and humiliation exile brought. One of them was at this time selfish, complaining, and bad-tempered; neither of them shared the faith or the aims to which their friend's life was anchored. It was this utter loneliness of spirit, this absence of affection and comprehension, that weighed upon his heart, and made his other burdens so much more difficult to bear. It has been truly said that there is no cleavage between human beings so complete as that of opposed ideals. And in spite of the fact, acknowledged in truer moments, that Mazzini was "an angel of kindness, good temper, and enthusiasm," the brothers resented his standards, forgot his generosity—to him a simple matter of course—and presented a united front of disapproval and discontent which intensified the solitude in which he seemed doomed to live.[1] One of the traits in his character that constantly irritated Agostino was his whole-hearted and practical belief in human brotherhood. His purse and his help were always at the disposal of needy exiles as long as he had anything to give, even if he and his household had to live for days together on potatoes and rice. Better so, of course he thought, than that compatriots should starve. But to Agostino human brotherhood seemed "a chimera"; while to his friend a human being with a need, a sorrow, whom he could by any effort help, was a call to service so clear that it admitted of no argument. Not very long after he came to London, as he was going to the city one bitterly cold morning—(was it, one wonders, while his overcoat

[1] "That they were indelicate and not loyal to Mazzini is now generally known, though how much discomfort they spread into his life can never be known. They judged him, who had nothing petty about him, by a petty standard, and read meanings into his actions that had no foundation. They were largely responsible for a series of absurd reports that somehow got into circulation and of which he was usually quite ignorant" (*Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards).

was at the pawnshop ?)—he found a young woman who had collapsed in the street from hunger and cold. He picked her up and managed to get her to his lodging, where he persuaded his landlady to take pity on her. By what magic did he manage it, if his landlady was of the traditional London type ? She turned out to be a girl of good character, the daughter of an Oxfordshire labourer, and when she was stronger she stayed on at the lodgings as servant. Later on she married an exiled Italian workman called Tancione, who, however, subsequently deserted her and her two children, leaving them in great destitution. In this second crisis Mazzini again came to her help, and took a little house for her, where he and the Ruffinis arranged to lodge and board ; and as long as they needed it, took upon himself the expenses of the education and apprenticeship to good trades of her two boys, giving for this purpose nearly half his income for many years.

Gradually he succeeded in getting literary work, and became a contributor to various Reviews, by which he helped to support himself and his brother exiles. Amongst these were the *Westminister Review*, the *British Foreign Review*, and the *Foreign Quarterly Review*. There is no space here to write of him as a literary critic ; his output along these lines was considerable. It has been said of him that " if his life could have spared more time for literary study, he would probably have been amongst the greatest critics of the century ; perhaps, even as it is, he may rank among them. . . . He has a rare penetration, originality, and gift of embracing synthesis." [1] He studied and wrote on English, French, and German poetry, and of course pre-eminently on Italian, and his criticism of music contains much that for those days was original and suggestive. As a specimen of both his style and his thoughts an extract is given from an article published in 1838 in the *British and Foreign Review* on " The Poetry of Victor Hugo," for much of whose work he had a warm admiration :—

The beauty of this short poem enhances our sense of a fault into which M. Victor Hugo too often falls—the fault of saying everything, of saying too much ; and this whether he meditates or whether he

[1] *Mazzini*, Bolton King.

depicts. Give him a nook of a garden or a wing of an old castle, and he will tell you, of the first, every flower one by one, the trees, the rills, the pebbles; of the second, the roof, the portico, the pediments, the door, the architraves, the caryatides; what more? The moss, the ivy, the lichen, the bird building its nest, the spider spreading its web there. Give him a thought; he will take and retake, turn and return it, view it under every aspect, from above, from below, separate it into its elements, until he has so thoroughly exhausted it that no one can say, "You have left a part of that thought in obscurity." He explores, he displaces, he isolates, he anatomises. He leaves his subject, if I may be allowed the comparison, like a house after a search-warrant.

Such a course is, in two ways, seriously objectionable. In the first place it leaves the reader nothing to do. In every powerful poetic impression the *vague* claims a full quarter; and this *vague*, which must not be confounded with the obscure, is the soul's own field, its milky way towards the infinite, where it builds the arch of the bridge that should lead to God. Now the great secret, the great power of poetry lies in the very act of placing the soul in presence of this *vague*, of this infinite field, by giving it wings to soar thither. Written poetry, like music performed, should be, in some sort, a prelude to other poetry, which the excited soul of the reader composes silently within itself. In other words, that will ever be the best poetry which renders the reader most poetical; as the best education will ever be, not that which teaches most, but that which imparts the greatest capacity for thought.

By his minute analytic labour he suppresses the vague, the infinite, even the very desire for them; he kills the impression by a surfeit; by dint of defining and materialising he limits and confines; he leaves the reader's faculties torpid, inactive, passive. Nor is this all. In the second place, it often happens that in striving to exhaust an idea he spoils it; he diverts our attention from the whole to the parts, and weakens, by multiplying, his effects.

As far as possible he made his articles a means of drawing attention to the Italian question. Before long men and women conspicuous in literary, political, and philanthropic work became known to him, and esteemed it an honour to be the friends of the young unknown Italian, who a short time previously had escaped starvation only through the good offices of the pawnbroker and the usurer, and still lived in one small room where the only home for his multitudinous books, papers, and manuscripts was his bed.

It was during the early years of his first stay in England that he discovered the wrongs and sufferings of the young

Italian organ-grinders who haunted the London streets. He found out that a few Italian speculators of the worst type practically owned these boys, who were indeed little else than their slaves. These men were in the habit of paying occasional visits to Italy, when they travelled through the country districts, introducing themselves into peasant families having a large number of sons. To these parents they made the most seductive offers of food, clothing, and lodging for their boys for two and a half years, when they promised to send them home furnished with the expenses of the journey, and a handsome sum of money as payment for their services. A contract to this effect would be drawn up, but as no contract drawn up in Italy is valid in England unless signed by the British Consul—a fact of course unknown to the simple peasants—it was so much waste paper Once in England the boys were shamefully ill-treated. In the morning they each received a cup of tea and a bit of bread ; but if, in the evening, they failed to bring home the sum expected by their masters, they would get no other supper than a beating. Their sufferings from cold and hunger, especially in the winter, may be imagined. They were not only physically ill-treated; their wretched masters, trading on the observed compassion of Englishmen for infirmities or pain, constantly compelled the lads to feign a lameness, dumbness, or some other disability, in order to increase their earnings, thus ruining them in soul as well as body. On several occasions Mazzini brought some of the masters, who had been guilty of violence, to justice in the English courts, occasionally hunting them down in the purlieus of the East End. Finding themselves watched, they gradually became less cruel and arbitrary. He founded an association for the protection of these boys, and a free school beginning at 9 p.m., where they could be treated as human beings, and learn something of their duties and their rights, as well as reading, writing, arithmetic, simple geography, and the elements of drawing. Nearly every Sunday evening for two years Mazzini lectured to them on Italian history, including the lives of great men ; and elementary astronomy, which (in advance of his time in this as in so much else) he considered should be amongst the first subjects chosen for the education of the young.

This school was kept open from 1841 to 1848, when he left England. The greater part of the funds were supplied by himself, and in spite of the enormous claims upon his time and attention, he shared the labour of teaching the boys, of whom there were about two hundred. Gradually the poor lads, whose minds were in a state of semi-barbarism, "darkened by abject submission to the will of others, learned to feel that they were men—living souls." This school was also attended by Italian workmen, who, impressed by a speech made by Mazzini on the Polish patriot Konarski, had sent him a deputation begging him to help them to obtain education. From the best among these he selected a number who could help in an effort having national aims, and an association of working men for this purpose was formed; a journal was also started called *Apostolato Popolare*, in which were promulgated such ideas as are found in "The Duties of Man," [1] a series of noble papers, of which the earlier ones were contributed by Mazzini to this journal. This was the first of a vast number of similar associations of working-men—formed either by himself or through his immediate influence—which arose throughout the whole of Italy, so that before very long there was not a single Italian town of importance without one.

The school was helped even in its early days by such friends as Lord Ashley, Joseph Toynbee, father of Arnold Toynbee, William Shaen, and Harriet Martineau—though the responsibility for it was always borne by Mazzini himself. Lady Byron gave it a contribution at one time. It excited, however, the fiercest opposition from the priests of the Sardinian Chapel and from the agents of the various Italian Governments, amongst whom the Chaplain of the Sardinian Embassy, Baldaccone, was conspicuous by his effort to break up the school. Roughs were paid to disturb the proceedings, and pupils were threatened. One Sunday evening Mazzini himself arrested a man who was trying to cut off the gas, handed him over to the police, and subsequently appeared in the courts against him. In spite of the opposition, however, the school grew and prospered, and many men

[1] Published in the *Life and Writings of Mazzini*, Smith, Elder & Co.

and women who first learned to know Mazzini there became his life-long friends. Amongst them was the well-known American, Margaret Fuller, who later came to his help during the French attack on the Roman Republic by nursing the wounded.

CHAPTER IV

Mazzini and the Carlyles—Signora Ruffini—The Bandiera brothers and their expedition—Violation of Mazzini's correspondence by the English Post Office—Carlyle's letter to *The Times*—English sympathy with Mazzini and with Italy—The Ashursts—Mazzini and Lloyd Garrison—Accession of Pius IX—The Moderates—Gioberti, Balbo, d'Azeglio—Mazzini's position—The Italian National Association—The International League and the League of Nations.

In 1839 Mazzini first learned to know Carlyle, and was greatly drawn to him alike by his rugged sincerity and his frank pre-occupation with spiritual values. The attraction was mutual, and in spite of an article on Carlyle's recently published *French Revolution*, in which Mazzini mixed a good deal of criticism with his genuine admiration, they became sincere friends. In a letter to his mother, after warmly describing their intercourse, he wrote about this article: "I differ from Carlyle so decidedly that I cannot but criticise severely, though of course respectfully. I cannot alter anything, or play the hypocrite! If he respects me as a man of convictions, he will not blame me for expressing them." He did not, but called on his critic, and meetings became constant. Dinners and long conversations at Cheyne Row, and long walks with husband and wife, led to an intimacy which brightened and enriched these early years in London. He brought Giovanni Ruffini to see them; Agostino had left London in 1840 to work in Edinburgh.

But Mazzini's faith in the people was not shared by his friend, nor his passionate conviction that they must be free in order to fulfil their human destiny of development and progress; the growing individualism of Carlyle made him increasingly impatient of Mazzini's doctrine of Association, the controlling word—as he believed—of the new epoch. Moreover, where Mazzini counselled action, the unremitting effort of all believers in spiritual values to prepare the soil

where they could flourish and the atmosphere in which their appeal could be heard, Carlyle believed that the human *rôle* was for each person to attend to his own duty at his own humble post, and wait for some "God-sent Cromwell" to initiate reforms. Progress will arrive "only when God wills it, and no one can hasten His time or alter His methods." To this religious fatalism Mazzini was irrevocably opposed. No one wished more earnestly than he that God's will should be done on earth, he wrote to his mother in one of the long letters in which he discussed Carlyle's philosophy with her, but it is our duty so to transform human conditions that this should be possible. One of the ways in which this must be done is the removal of tyrannies and oppressions which deny to men the free use of their faculties of thought and speech. This will not be done by a miracle, since God has put it into human hands the means of removing them. But it was not until later that the difference in outlook between the two thinkers became accentuated, and the intimacy increased rapidly till both Carlyle and his wife pressed Mazzini to move to Chelsea, then a quiet village with plenty of fresh air, and themselves searched for a house for him. In 1840 he and Giovanni Ruffini moved to a house quite near to Cheyne Row, and stayed there for about three years, during which time Mrs. Carlyle availed herself of his friendship very fully, taking to him her intimate difficulties, and relying on him for advice and support, as is evident from the few letters from him to her that have been preserved. A letter of hers to Signora Mazzini in Genoa expressed with extraordinary warmth the friendship she felt for the exile, which, she said, "had reconciled her to life." [1] It is the more painful therefore to find her occasionally writing about him, in letters quoted in the *Reminiscences*, in a way sometimes flippantly contemptuous and sometimes obviously inaccurate, and it throws a disappointing light on the character of this brilliant egoist, while it increases our admiration for the sincerity, gentleness, and dignity with which Mazzini maintained a relation that must have had serious difficulties. He was an involuntary witness of the shadow in the Carlyle home, though no breath of it escapes

[1] For this letter, and other information as to Mazzini and the Carlyles, the reader is referred to *The Birth of Modern Italy*, J. W. Mario.

in his long and confidential letters to his mother. In 1834 he left Chelsea, which he found not sufficiently central for his work, though he continued to visit the Carlyles once a week; probably, also, life there offered too little of the solitude which his spirit always needed. Amongst the friends of this period was the gifted and cultivated Lady Harriet Baring and her husband, the Brownings, the Charles Bullers, and John Stuart Mill. He met many interesting men and women amongst the brilliant *côterie* that assembled in the evenings at the Barings, where he was at all times a warmly welcomed guest.

He was now living alone, as Giovanni Ruffini also had left him to seek work in Paris, with Mazzini's letters of introduction and recommendation to Georges Sand in his pocket. Both brothers were with their mother at Montpelier for a short period at this time, and must have misrepresented Mazzini to her with extreme thoroughness, for from then on she broke off all communication with him. It was a very keenly felt sorrow to him, though he seemed to have a premonition of its coming for some time. She was a woman of great intelligence, culture, and sympathy—his friend from his youth—and the mother of the never forgotten Jacopo. In very early years her influence had helped him through a period of intellectual and religious stress, and he regarded her with the warmest affection and reverence, to which a fresh touch of chivalrous emotion was added after Jacopo's death. So that it was an intimate and bitter grief when she broke off a relation so deeply and tenderly rooted in the past. He never spoke of it. He never sought to defend himself. No doubt he felt that the best service he could render to the dearly beloved woman—his *amica madre*, as in the happy years at home he had called her—was to leave her two sons immaculate in her eyes and accept the *rôle* of unacknowledged scapegoat. She had lost Jacopo through his connection with himself, so he would remorsefully think: not through any action of his should her re-union with her two exiled sons be clouded. Signora Mario tells us that in all his letters home he persistently defended the brothers of Jacopo. We can guess that part, at any rate, of the misrepresentations which cooled her long and enthusiastic affection were akin to the indelicacies

and calumnies to which, unconscious though he was of them till long after—his own candid and noble character so easily gave the lie amongst those who saw and spoke with him. The Ashursts heard them and found them ridiculous, told him of them with fine laughter and incredulity—and had their reward. He was, however, there in their midst—they could judge for themselves what manner of man he was. But poor Eleonora Ruffini, widowed, ageing, sorrowful, separated through long and bitter years from the boys who had joined the standard of *Young Italy* in their gallant youth, may be perhaps pardoned if in that hour of re-union she could better bear to have her shining memories of Mazzini shattered than doubt the nobility and the veracity of the sons at last restored to her. She had no opportunity of refreshing her faith in him by personal contact; it would seem to her that she had everything to lose by doubting Giovanni and Agostino. In the battle of conflicting loyalties the mother vanquished the friend, and one is certain that, at whatever personal cost, Mazzini would not have had it otherwise. Although he left no record of the gradual dissolution of the close ties between him and his two friends, or of the rupture between him and their mother, certain letters rescued from oblivion by the assiduity of the Turin police throw light upon both happenings.[1] Already in the spring of 1836, during the last months of their stay in Switzerland, a shadow had begun to fall on the intercourse between the brothers and himself. At the beginning it was the sense of disillusionment with men and life caused by the failure of their hopes, the unanticipated strain on their fortitude, faith, and patience which gradually embittered the minds of the young men and opened a gulf between them and the chief to whom they had been devoted. He had been through deeper waters and more scorching fires than they, but the religious depth of his conception of human life and its relation to the divine had been his safeguard. This talisman they lacked, and probably also the steadfast strength of purpose and the capacity for self-abnegation which so distinguished him. Their mother had entrusted her exiled sons to his care, and he accepted the charge with

[1] For the following facts and quotations we are indebted to Signor Luzio, who includes some hitherto unpublished letters between Mazzini and Eleonora Ruffini in his book, *La Madre di Giuseppe Mazzini*, Turin, 1919.

an unwavering devotion inspired alike by his love for her, for them, and for the brother whose image never left his heart. It was not until their spiritual cleavage deepened, and it became obvious that their continued close association was an artificial and unhelpful condition, unamenable to his affection, and exasperating to the temperament of the Ruffini, that he contemplated relinquishing a position created by his threefold love and confirmed by his immense sense of responsibility. It was with infinite delicacy that in the spring of 1836 he sought to prepare their mother for the growing difference between their outlook and his own—which at this time was also hers—and to guard her from discouragement and shock, whilst engaging her love in the task of combating —not by frontal attack, but in wise and unaggressive ways— their tendency to cynicism, scepticism, or worldliness. "It would be useless for me to speak of these things to them," he wrote sadly, "because they believe me deceived in my estimate of humanity."

Eleonora wrote back with enthusiastic faith in the goodness of her sons, and their constancy to the ideals for which Jacopo died; their young hearts, she said, sensitive to every impression, had undergone a fatal disillusionment in the recent course of events, but their anger and disdain were nothing but the inevitable need to relieve themselves by verbal expression—their hearts were sound as ever, and needed only the touch of a brother's heart to restore them to the feelings and the faiths of earlier years. It became, however, growingly impossible for Mazzini to continue to believe in the spiritual brotherhood of the young men and himself, deeply as he longed to do so, and after some months of domestic life in England together, he wrote to Italy, hinting that the brothers might be happier and their development more natural and unhampered if their London *ménage* were altered and they were left free to develop along their own lines. It was a wise and natural suggestion, and later events abundantly justified it. But it brought letters of such passionate repudiation of the idea from their mother—who evidently believed that their salvation in this world and the next depended on the closest possible association with Mazzini—of such desperate appeals not to add to her griefs

by separating her sons from their only friend, their beloved brother, who alone could support them in the vicissitudes of life, that no choice was left him but to continue the arrangement, however unwise he may have felt it to be. "If I am still dear to you, do not abandon them," she wrote; "for them you are still the polar star which guides them to salvation . . . all the gold of Peru could not compensate them for your lost companionship if you left them . . . I answer for them as surely as if they themselves had written this to you." That they could ever feel his presence a burden, a difficulty, she refused utterly to believe; that he should hint at such a thing showed some fault of judgment in himself—for which, if he yielded to it, he would later suffer deep remorse; it was to proclaim them—the brothers and friends of a saint and martyr, ungrateful, unfaithful, inconstant; it was equal to pronouncing them criminals.

Poor mistaken mother! In spite of the exaggeration of sentiment and style in these letters it is impossible not to see in them the feverishly throbbing heart of a woman consumed with fear, real fear for the welfare of her sons. It was not for Mazzini to add another grief to the already overburdened spirit, and he continued to attempt an impossible task, impelled by the inner loyalty, pity, and tenderness which wrung his own heart. For his love of Eleonora Ruffini was second only to his feeling for his own mother, and was reinforced by the sense of a debt that he could never pay. Her affection for him, her faith in him is expressed with extraordinary intensity; she calls him her eldest son, the beloved of her heart, her friend supremely worthy, and in a passage answering his sorrowful questions whether indeed she had truly forgiven him for the death of Jacopo, she responded: "I assure you by the undying memory of my dear Jacopo that since that day my affection for you has become so profound and solemn a feeling that I could not live and not love you, and that I would die to prove the truth of what I say . . . if all the world should fail you, I will never fail you; prove me and see." Alas! she had miscalculated the possibilities of her nature, and the love and loyalty that were to have been eternal proved unequal to the task that awaited them. Sadder than this was her repudiation, later

on, of her sons' sacrifices in the noblest of causes, which in one of her frequent petitions that a royal pardon might be granted to Giovanni and Agostino she disavows as "youthful errors" and "Mazzinian dreams," even seeking to remove the charge of revolutionary activity from her family by declaring that it had been confused with another family bearing the name of Ruffini in a different part of Italy. We think of her dead son, and words fail us. As Signor Luzio exclaims—*Hunc lacrimæ rerum.*

Gradually articles in the English press had created a deepening interest in the cause of Italy in our nation. This was followed by diplomatic representations from Austria to the British Government, and the circulation of all kinds of calumnies against the exile. To these he gave scant attention, his mind being occupied with more important matters than his personal reputation, and with a smile at the rumours, went on his self-forgetful way, undisturbed. We are reminded of "*c'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*" Later on, credulous or ignorant statesmen in our own Parliament picked up these disregarded libels and fashioned them into would-be instruments of war against him. But they turned out to be rather dangerous weapons to the user.

In the year 1842 a tragic event occurred which led in an unexpected way to the public vindication of Mazzini's character in two of the most noted of our public institutions—the House of Commons and *The Times.* Two young Italian patriots conceived the idea of an armed expedition against the tyrant of Naples, which, if well organised, would lead, they believed, to a successful movement for the liberation of Italy. They wrote to Mazzini asking for his encouragement and counsel, but he considered the moment inopportune and the preparations insufficient, and advised delay. The story cannot be given in detail here,[1] but a few outstanding facts must be stated, as the incident exercised a powerful influence on the youth of Italy, on Italian sympathies in England, and on the life of Mazzini himself.

Attilio and Emilio Bandiera were the sons of Baron Bandiera, an Italian in the service of Austria, and the Commander of the Austrian Fleet. His eldest son was his

[1] See *Birth of Modern Italy*, Mario.

aide-de-camp; both were devoted to their profession. Gradually, however, the young men's eyes were opened to the true inwardness of the position they held, and for two years the struggle between sacrifice and compromise was waged in their hearts. On the one hand was the family tradition of the Austrian Service, with the prestige, the wealth, the security to which the young men had been accustomed from their childhood, and—more potent deterrent to spirits such as theirs than anything else could be—the peculiar strength and tenderness of the home affections which such desertion would wound and rend; on the other hand was loneliness, alienation, obloquy, peril of death. But the decision was taken, and it and its risks were shared by another young naval officer, Domenico Moro.

Both young men were deeply devoted to their mother; Attilio was married to a beautiful and gifted girl and was the father of a little son. To his wife he confided as much of his plans as he dared. She bade him be true to himself, but in spite of her splendid courage the terrible and incessant anxiety sapped her strength and killed her even before she received the news of her husband's heroic death. Shortly after she had gone, his last letter reached her: "near or far, happy or unhappy, I shall ever love and long for you, my Marianna, but I wish for your own sake you could love me less, and so suffer less." Emilio wrote to Mazzini in the extreme of suffering about his mother's attitude: "My mother, tortured, blinded by anguish, cannot comprehend me; she [1] upbraids me as unnatural, impious, a murderer; her tears break my heart; her reproaches are to me as the wounds of a dagger; but my misery cannot deprive me of my reason. I know that the responsibility of her tears and of her anger rests upon our tyrants, and if hitherto I was animated by love of country alone, I am now inspired as much by hatred of the despots and usurpers whose infamous ambition reduces families to such misery as this." They well knew the double penalties to which they were liable, for desertion from the Austrian army as well as for revolt,

[1] Their mother followed them to Corfu on hearing that they had abandoned the Austrian flag, and implored them piteously to return to Venice and their service in the Austrian Navy, assuring them that pardon and reinstatement would be granted them (*Union of Italy*, Stillman).

but their conviction remained steadfast that—as Emilio wrote to a friend—" Italy will never live until Italians know how to die." They hoped also that " to help Italy would be to help all humanity." And though their effort failed and their lives were lost, who shall say that they did not do both ?

Their plans were ruined by betrayal. The brothers were warned by Mazzini, and informed also of a change in the situation of affairs in Italy which made insurrection in the proposed quarter hopeless. But they never received this letter—no doubt it was intercepted by the Italian Government—and misled by information furnished by Austrian spies masquerading as patriots, walked straight into the trap laid for them in Calabria. After a short imprisonment, they were sentenced to be shot " with ignominy." " In long black tunics, their heads veiled, and their feet bare—the indications of ignominious punishment "—they and their companions went to their death at Cosenza, singing on the way " Who dies for his country has lived long enough." [1] The soldiers whose duty it was to execute them wept, and fired badly. Their victims called to them—" Courage, do your duty ; we too are soldiers." A second volley killed some and horribly mutilated others, but to the end they cried " *Viva la libertà ! viva la patria !* " while the crowd cursed their murderers.

The circumstances of their death not only roused the deepest indignation throughout Italy, sowing seeds of the future revolt against the King of Naples—which resulted later in the unsuccessful attempt of Pisacane and the victories of Garibaldi—but was the means of introducing Mazzini to an important group of English friends.

In 1844, while Attilio Bandiera, " trusting to the known loyalty of the English post," was writing with rash explicitness to Mazzini concerning his plans for revolt, the latter began to suspect that his correspondence was being tampered with, and knowing that the lives of others were involved as well as the success of the enterprise, he devised a number of ingenious and careful tests, accumulating a mass of evidence that proved the correctness of his fears. This evidence was placed in the hands of Sir Thomas Duncombe,

[1] The chorus from *Donna Caritea.*

who communicated it to the House of Commons. Committees of Enquiry were instituted in both Houses, and it was discovered that Mazzini's correspondence and that of other exiles had been systematically violated during more than four months. This treachery roused the greatest indignation in England, specially when it became known that their contents had been communicated to the Austrian Ambassadors by Lord Aberdeen, a fact denied "upon his honour" by that Minister, and by the Home Secretary, Sir James Graham, though in the long run they were obliged to confess it. When the Bandiera brothers and their associates were shot at Cosenza, English anger flamed high, and throughout England and Scotland Sir James Graham was alluded to as "the assassin of the Italian patriots." But he was not this. In the first place it was Lord Aberdeen who was ultimately responsible for the letter opening and for the betrayal to Austria; in the second place—and Englishmen everywhere will be glad to know it—although the betrayal of the brothers to Austria by our Government was, alas! an undoubted fact, subsequent study of the State archives of Milan, though revealing this, showed also that Austria by earlier and other methods had obtained her fatal knowledge of the patriots' plans. Dishonoured though the British nation was in the person of its Minister, actual blood-guiltiness in this matter did not rest upon our heads.

The incident was followed by a disgraceful episode in the House when Sir James Graham denounced Mazzini as "an assassin and the hirer of assassins," trumping up the calumnies of the French Government in 1833, and completely ignoring the exposure of the forgery and the absolute vindication of his character that followed. This criminal and dishonourable proceeding was severly censured by members of the House, and spontaneous testimonies to the character of Mazzini poured in. Sir James Graham was advised by other members to acquaint himself both with the character of the man whom he so lightly and ungenerously calumniated in a place where he could not be present to defend himself, and with the facts of his past life. No doubt was left that a public apology and retractation was expected of him, and this later he offered. Amongst the defenders of Mazzini

was Thomas Carlyle, then already a great force in England. For long he had welcomed the exile on terms of intimate friendship to his home, and he wrote a characteristic letter to *The Times*, which, although exhibiting a certain British insularity of outlook, is a noble testimony to the character of the great Italian ; it was sent without Mazzini's knowledge, and moved him much :—

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

CHELSEA,
June 15, 1844.

SIR,

In your observations in yesterday's *Times* on the late disgraceful affair of Mr. Mazzini's letters and the Secretary of State, you mention that Mr. Mazzini is entirely unknown to you, entirely indifferent to you, and add, very justly, that if he were the most contemptible of mankind it would not affect your argument on the subject. It may tend to throw further light on the matter if I now certify you, which I in some sort feel called upon to do, that Mr. Mazzini is not unknown to various competent persons in this country, and that he is very far indeed from being contemptible. I have had the honour to know Mr. Mazzini for a series of years, and whatever I may think of his practical skill in worldly affairs, I can with great freedom testify to all men that he, if I have ever seen one such, is a man of genius and virtue, a man of sterling veracity, humanity, and nobleness of mind, one of those rare men numberable, unfortunately, but as units in this world, who are worthy to be called martyr souls, who in silence, piously in their daily life, understand and practise what is meant by that. Of Italian democracies and "Young Italy's" sorrows, of extraneous Austrian Emperors in Milan and chimerical old Popes, I know nothing and desire to know nothing ; but this other thing I do know, and can here declare publicly to be a fact, which fact all of us who have occasion to comment on Mr. Mazzini and his affairs may do well to take along with us, as a thing leading to new clearness, and not to new additional darkness, regarding him and them.

Whether the extraneous Austrian Emperor and miserable old chimera of a Pope shall maintain themselves in Italy, is not a question in the least vital to Englishmen. But it is a question vital to us that sealed letters in an English Post Office be, as we all fancied they were, respected as things sacred ; that opening men's letters, a practice near of kin to picking men's pockets, and to others still viler and fataler forms of scoundrelism, be not resorted to in England except in cases of the very last extremity. When some new Gunpowder Plot may be in the wind, some double-dyed high treason, or imminent national wreck not avoidable otherwise, then let us open letters ; not till then. To all Austrian Kaisers, and such-like, in their time

of trouble, let us answer, as our fathers from of old have answered: "Not by such means is help here for you; they are not permitted in this country for your behoof." . . . All British men that might chance to come in view of such a transaction would incline to spurn it, and trample on it, and indignantly ask what he (i.e. the instigator of such a proceeding) meant by it.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
THOMAS CARLYLE.

Mazzini made the occasion an opportunity for an open letter to Sir James Graham on "Italy, Austria, and the Pope," which led to much public work on behalf of his country. An increasing number of English men and women arose whose activities repudiated the sentiments expressed in Carlyle's words: "Of Young Italy's sorrows, extraneous Austrian Emperors, and chimerical old Popes, I know nothing, and desire to know nothing . . . these questions are not in the least vital to Englishmen." It seems strange to us in this age—even apart from the sense now growing in the more advanced of mankind, and already a faith and a passion in the heart of Mazzini, that human brotherhood is not limited by nationality—to find that Carlyle, in so many ways a seer, should have had apparently no glimmering of the actual solidarity of the human race: no prevision of the truth now being proved by slow and painful processes that the stagnation, the misery, the ignorance, the vice, of one portion of the human family affects the rest, as the germ of an infectious disease in one dirty and insanitary house will hand on the plague to another, till the whole village is infected, and from it the curse may spread to a hundred, a thousand, more—who knows how distant from the first source of infection? It is a simple fact that the van of the human army, by the operation of laws we are only now faintly discerning, cannot forge ahead as it might, unhampered, undelayed, if the rear be unprogressive, miserable, degraded. Sooner or later nations must learn to see and to say: "My neighbour's misery, my neighbour's vice, will soon become my own"—transmuted, no doubt, but recognisable. If human pity has not awakened us to broad sympathies and activities, let "enlightened self-interest" do so, for no evasion of the process is in the long run possible.

And does not this law so lately perceived, regarded often still with such scepticism and hostility, press home that faith in " the unseen power that makes for righteousness "—that makes also, it is obvious, for love and mutual help—which the modern mind so vehemently dislikes to call God ?

Much sympathy, beside Carlyle's, poured in upon Mazzini through this episode, for alike the treachery connected with the letter opening and the contemptible calumnies repeated by Sir James Graham in Parliament, stirred the indignation of fair-minded Englishmen, and many friends were made at this time. Of these none were more influential in his future life than the family of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Ashurst, none were better loved by him, and none loved and honoured him more, than they. The family consisted of father, mother, one son, William, and four daughters, Eliza, Matilda, Emilie, and Caroline, of whom the three latter were already married and the first married later. They were all remarkably gifted women, brought up to think for themselves, and with an independence of spirit most unusual in those days. Mazzini soon stood on terms of friendly intimacy with the whole family, and their trust and affection were to the end of his life an undying solace and inspiration. Writing later, he pays a warm tribute to the value of English friendships formed at this time, specially to the relation with the Ashursts : " In England friendships develop slowly and with difficulty, but nowhere are they so sincere and lasting. . . . Never shall I forget, never without a throb of gratitude shall I mention, the land which became a kind of second country to me, and where I found the lasting consolation of affection . . . or the dear, good, sacred family of the Ashursts, who surrounded me with such loving care as sometimes to make me forget that I was an exile." For a detailed account of this relationship and what it meant to Mazzini the reader is strongly advised to turn to the book recently produced by Mrs. Richards, *Letters to an English Family*. These letters were entrusted to her by the executor of the late Emilie Venturi (*née* Ashurst), for many years her close personal friend. The book must remain a classic as far as Mazzini's intimate life of this period is concerned, for here he himself speaks in the

spontaneity of intimate friendship, from 1844 to the year of his death, unconsciously revealing, as no other biography can do, the inner character of the man whom all the absolute governments of Europe dreaded and anathematised. One qualification to this expression, "as no other biography can do," must be admitted. To appreciate the delicate but adamantine character of his loyalty to his friends, of his fine and perfect reticences when their weakness, selfishness, or unfaithfulness [1] wearied or wounded him, of the chivalrous honour that guarded their characters from what might seem to others a justifiable curiosity, one must naturally look elsewhere. It was a markedly beautiful trait in a nature where beautiful traits abounded.

Not long after his introduction to the Ashursts he met there William Lloyd Garrison, the American reformer, with whom a personal friendship was formed which the passing years only served to strengthen. Garrison was profoundly impressed with the young Italian's wide outlook and breadth of sympathy.

> Although (he wrote) Mazzini's love of his native land was like a fire in his bones, and her pressing needs largely absorbed his thoughts and energies, yet her enfranchisement, based upon intelligence and virtue, was with him but the prelude to the deliverance of all Europe. Had I seen in him simply the devotion of an Italian to his oppressed countrymen, however unselfishly displayed, I should not have formed that exalted estimate of him which I shall ever cherish. . . . It was because his soul was full-orbed, his love of liberty unlimited by considerations of race or clime, that I felt drawn to him by an irresistible magnetism. In him there was not discoverable one spark of self-inflation, one atom of worldly ambition, one symptom of narrowness towards any people. Spherical as the globe, he deprecated that spirit of nationalism which retards the progress of our intellectual life by isolating it from the universal life palpitating among the millions of our brethren abroad.

The Ashursts soon begged him to leave his lonely lodging, then in Cropley Street, and become a member of their home; but in spite of his gratitude for "the kind and beautiful plan," he felt that the unceasing claims of Italy upon his time, his thought, and his energies, made this impossible. But every year saw him more truly loved and honoured in the Ashurst home and their wide circle of friends.

[1] These allusions are not of course to the Ashursts.

During these years his ethical and political education of the Italians went on apace. Through the clandestine press and a ceaseless and enormous secret correspondence, he inculcated the spirit of freedom and sacrifice till there was hardly a town, great or small, in the whole peninsula where there did not exist little groups of men and women taught by him to live for their country and for humanity, instead of for themselves. He also diligently prepared the way for the future successes of Garibaldi—in earlier years a member of *Young Italy*—by spreading everywhere through Italy the fame of his South American exploits, so that when he returned after fourteen years of exile it was to a people prepared to accept him as hero and leader. In the introduction of his proscribed literature into Italy, one is glad to know that England bore a hand through a student at Edinburgh University, Joseph Cowen, the son of a manufacturer of Tyneside, and a most faithful friend to Mazzini. He used to smuggle the prohibited papers and pamphlets into Italian seaports concealed in the retorts and other fireclay utensils made by his father at the Blaydon-Burn Works, which were famous throughout the continent as well as in England.

Meanwhile affairs in Rome were changing. In 1846 Pius IX succeeded Gregory XVI, who had been one of the most infamous and detested of Popes. The new Pontiff was a benevolent man of mildly liberal tendencies, and the fact that he started his reign with an amnesty for political offenders and was generous in his promise of reform and in his expressions of hostility to Austrian domination, lit flaming hopes in the hearts of Italians from end to end of the Peninsula—hopes destined, alas! to speedy extinction. The history of those hopes and of that disillusionment is profoundly interesting, but there is room here for only the briefest statement. Pius IX was benevolent, and sincerely disposed to improve the condition of his subjects. But these ameliorations were to be gracious gifts from himself, not recognitions of the rights of human creatures as such. Any kind of constitutional control was odious to him, and he had not the least intention of departing from the essential traditions of Papal government. "A liberal Pope is inconceivable" Metternich had once remarked, and the event proved his cynical wisdom

But meanwhile, and as long as he could concede, or appear to concede, to popular demands without infringing the Papal prerogative, there was no more popular hero in Italy than *Pio Nono*. Public enthusiasm for him was carried to an extraordinary pitch of intensity, none were louder in their protestations of faith in him than the party called Moderates, now first achieving acknowledged and distinct official existence and a solid political front. As Mazzini's life was inextricably connected with this party, to whom—except in cases where practical union for aggressive action against Austria was unmistakably indicated by the trend of public events—he was in principle opposed, and to whose calumnies much misunderstanding of his aims and methods was due, it is necessary to grasp the difference between their formula for the salvation of Italy and his own.

Amongst their most conspicuous members was *Vincenzo Gioberti*. He had been a Piedmontese exile for the sake of freedom, and had in his youth belonged to *Young Italy*, but unable to believe and endure with the steadfastness of his chief, he had separated himself from him, and sought to find redemption by a shorter road, not neglecting to pour scorn in his public writings on the association he had abandoned. He believed in freedom from the Austrian yoke, and in the national idea, but worked for " a confederation of the various States under the presidency of the Pope, and for internal reform in each State, to be effected by their respective princes, without diminution of their real power." That the rule of irresponsible despots and the central ecclesiastical tyranny which had been the curse and corruption of Italy should now become the instrument of her purification and progress, sufficiently condemns Gioberti's scheme. He based the possibility of Italy's regeneration on her loyalty to the Papacy, " where there exists a moral pre-eminence ; where Heaven has established its seat ; where nearer, quicker more immediate and more uninterrupted are the inbreathings of its voice ; . . . where resides the Head that rules, the Arm that moves, the Tongue that commands, and the Heart that animates Christianity at large ; . . . and where the seat of Christian wisdom resides." [1] There seems in this

[1] *Primato Morale e Civile degli Italiani*, Gioberti. Quoted by Stillman.

declaration from one who knew the existing conditions of Papal rule and its deeply stained history, a curious conception of "Christian wisdom" and "moral pre-eminence," and an assumption of almost cynical indifference on the part of Heaven as to the sort of seat it chooses.

Cesare Balbo was another Federalist. Independence of Austria was his aim, but his conclusion, which he supported by an examination of existing antagonisms and rivalries—princely, Papal, and patriotic—was that a United Italy was impossible, and that even the practicability of a confederation of States depended on the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire, which would open the way for Austria to compensate herself in the East for her losses in Italy, and he concludes a lucid survey of the obstacles to unification with the categoric assertion: "That the Kingdom of Italy is a dream is proved by the fact that it never existed." [1] Though he wrote wisely and firmly of the need of Italy to win the right to independence by a strengthening of character and an increase of energy, he had no more constructive policy to offer than that every man should do his duty and leave the rest to Providence.

Massimo d'Azeglio was artist and novelist, as well as politician. Although his great work *Casi di Romagna* recorded dispassionately the misdeeds of Papal agents and of ecclesiastical government, and called loudly for reform, he was hostile to any diminution of the Pope's sovereignty, and seemed, with Gioberti, unable to imagine a regenerated Italy without his consent and co-operation. He did not see that the essential principle of the Papacy was in itself a negation of the idea of human freedom and progress, and a direct challenge to it. It was, however, to Charles Albert that d'Azeglio looked for active measures against Austria, and he became the leader of a numerous body of influential men who shared his conviction. But he taught that the time was not ripe for war, that revolt was useless while Austria maintained an armed watch, and that patience, and peaceful public protest were the only methods to be followed.

It is obvious that these three men occupied a different platform from Mazzini, and that he followed another star. For him the unity of Italy was an integral part of her redemp-

[1] *Speranze d'Italia*, Cesare Balbo. Quoted by Stillman.

tion—an absolute article of faith ; and her deliverance from the intellectual and religious bondage maintained by the Papacy was not less so. In both these convictions he stood alone, derided and abused by contemporary politicians as a dreamer of idle dreams. Yet by the passion and persistence of that dream his country was re-created, for he made Italians dream it too. His attitude to the Papacy is defined with force and clarity in his noble paper *From the Pope to the Council and from the Council to God.* Profoundly religious, and dominated by the idea of the progressive self-revelation of God to humanity, and of man's blessedness as consisting in his growing ability to receive and embody that revelation in life and action, he saw with anguish the revelation of God in man expressed through conscience and the affections, and pre-eminently through Christ, obscured, libelled, vilified, by its complete misrepresentation at the hands of Papal authority. The article in *Young Italy* on the Encyclical letter of Gregory XVI, with "Thoughts addressed to the Priests of Italy," showed with what yearning hope he desired that the religious teachers of his country, by "daring to raise their glance from the Vatican to God and to receive their mission and inspiration from Him alone," should "save Christianity and put the seal to a lasting alliance and concord between society and the ministers of religion."

But the majority of moderate leaders pinned their faith absolutely to the Pope ; others to the King of Piedmont, Charles Albert. This Prince was vacillating and feeble to the last degree, with hands deeply dyed in the noblest blood of Italy, and unable, in spite of fitful impulses towards freedom, to conquer his fears, his bigotry, his fatal weakness of fibre, sufficiently to embody the inspiration of any courageous or illuminated moment in persistent purpose. To neither of these parties—Papalists or Monarchists—could Mazzini belong, and both of them pursued him to his dying day with calumnies which are not yet extinct. Yet if either the temporal or spiritual ruler had given himself with vigour to the leadership of Italians in a crusade against Austria, he would have merged every other difference and put all his resources at their disposal, glad to follow and to fight. His two famous letters, first to Charles Albert and later to Pius IX,

appealing to them to assume this leadership in the cause of freedom, and the results that followed their publication, prove alike his own eager desire for a truly national and effective leadership either of Pope or King, if either would supply it, and the profound futility of such hopes.

In spite of the enthusiasm of the Moderates and the unbounded confidence of the people, Pio Nono too soon ceased to play the patriot, and in 1848, in the famous Encyclical which destroyed so many high hopes, he denounced the war against Austria. It was no wonder that the passion of affection and confidence with which he had been regarded by the people changed to deep and bitter distrust. But the Moderates easily transferred their flag to another pole, and Charles Albert now became "The First Captain of Italy," on what ground of past achievement or future promise it would be difficult to say. A reported letter from him to his secretary—much used for purposes of propaganda by the Moderates—seems to show that at this time he was under the sway of one of those passing spasms of patriotism which occasionally disturbed his conscience or his vanity. "If Providence should send us a war for Italian deliverance, I shall mount my horse and put myself at the head of the army." Mazzini heard of this, and remarked when writing on the subject to his mother: *Si saranno rose, fioriranno* (If they are roses, they will bloom). But he had no longer any hope in Charles Albert. The net influence of the Moderates he considered anti-national and enfeebling, and as his friend and biographer, Madame Venturi, wrote: he never gave up [1] "the struggle of principle against expediency, honesty against diplomacy, and duty against self-interest," in which they and he too often took opposite sides. "The very name of the party was," he says, "significant, as if in the then dismembered state of Italy, when the question was between existence and annihilation, between the future nation and the petty princedoms which under the wing of Austria contested that nation's development, there could exist a middle course. . . . The problem they set themselves was the reconciliation of impossibilities . . . nationality with dismemberment. . . . Many of the leaders did not desire

[1] *Mazzini, A Memoir*, E. Venturi.

unity, none of them believed it possible. Alliances between the petty sovereigns was the ideal of all the thinkers amongst them, and when the thrones of the most insignificant of these had been swept away by revolution, the highest ambition of the Moderates was to divide Italy into three, by the formation of a Kingdom of the North (an aggrandised Piedmont), a Kingdom of the South, under the ferocious Bourbon—transformed for the moment into a constitutional King—and an enlarged Papal Princedom in the Centre." [1]

It was about this time that the *Italian National Association* was founded by Mazzini; it was intended to replace *Young Italy*, and rested on a broader basis. In its programme the word Republic does not appear; freedom, union, nationality, war with Austria—these were its objects. No pre-arranged form of government was suggested: "it proposes to aid the free development of the national sentiment and to hasten the moment when the Italian people shall be able to give a solemn decision upon the political, social, and economic conditions best suited to its wants."

In 1847, aided by the sympathy and co-operation of many conspicuous Liberals, he founded an organisation of greater scope and wider hopes, the *People's International League*. This seems to have been the first publicly organised attempt to embody one of the great root ideas which underlay his life's activity, which had been first perceived at Savona, and foreshadowed in the *Alliance of the Peoples*: that the development of humanity depended on a comity of peoples, based on mutual understanding and resulting in mutual assistance, instead of on groups of nations associated for purposes of aggrandisement and aggression at the expense of other States. The international *nexus* was to be sympathy; the international aim development through co-operation. But this state of things could never exist amongst nations until understanding of each other replaced ignorance, and until free peoples, acknowledged as national entities, could together consider their rights, their duties, and their aims. The first thing needed, therefore, was enlightenment as to the condition of foreign nations, and the creation of international good will; the second was the formation of public

[1] This was true of them even as late as 1860.

opinion which should recognise the right of enslaved peoples to liberty, nationality, and progress; the third was the creation of an effective International League acting together for the common good. "*There is not at present,*" he wrote, "*any Public Law in Europe; there exists no alliance for Good, for the protection of national liberties, for the defence of the feeble, for the peaceful evolution of the progressive principle. There is absolutely nothing collective to represent the consolidation of the families of humanity. . . . Hate reigns, for it is only hate that acts: it has its armies, its treasures, its compacts. Its right is Force.*"

Such an alliance for good, based as he expressed himself in another place, on the solidarity of the peoples, was the dominating conception of the International League. He had dreamt of it in Savona; he never ceased to hope for it. He wrote of "*the narrow spirit of Nationalism substituted for the spirit of Nationality; the stupid presumption on the part of each people that they are capable of solving the political, social, and economical problem alone; the forgetfulness of the great truths that the cause of the peoples is one, that the cause of the Fatherland must lean upon Humanity . . . that the aim of our warfare is the Holy Alliance of the Nations.*" And always as the goal of the associated nations was the co-operation of all for the benefit of all.

The inaugural address by the Council, drafted by Mazzini, states that its aim was not only to seek the rights of nationalities, but to promote a cordial understanding in dealing with all international questions. War he "abhorred as the foulest of crimes unless undertaken to enthrone a principle or to entomb a lie," and, however inevitable under certain conditions, he believed that "it was in itself a deplorable contrivance for settling international disputes; that the world has something to discover in this respect, and that out of all the plans and proposals to which the growing international sense is giving birth, and which to many seem Utopian, a new method of international procedure will at length be evolved." The League that was to be must be a positive and constructive organisation permanently functioning in times of peace; it must take cognisance of all those matters in which international co-operation could promote the progress of Humanity

and true civilisation; it was to encourage "the unlimited development of the boundless resources of varied clime and country; to increase facilities of transit [1] from place to place and land to land, so that the world's goods may readily be exchanged, and that every man may have the opportunity of placing himself in that sphere in which his energies may be turned to the best account, each country being thus the gainer; to arrange for a constant intercommunication of ideas and information for the benefit of all countries; to destroy error and prejudice, and in general to co-operate for the common weal, thus laying a sure foundation for that alliance of the Peoples for which through all struggles and strivings the Spirit of God has been constantly preparing mankind."

But he was well aware that before such a League could be fully realised, certain fundamental changes must take place in Europe; the nationalities must be freed. "The map of Europe has to be re-made. Before acting, the instrument for action must be organised. . . . The social idea cannot be realised before this reorganisation of Europe is effected, before the peoples are free to interrogate themselves, to express their vocation, and to ensure its accomplishment by International Association." For this reason, amongst others, he urged that England should put the whole weight of her moral influence, her great prestige, on the side of struggling nationalities. Europe, he said, slept on a volcano. Even Italy apart, the Continent seethed with repressed revolt against existing oppression, and with the resolve to win the common life and unity of nationality. He enumerated Poland, Hungary, Greece, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Serbians, Bulgarians, Bosnians, Dalmatians, Albanians, and others, all looking to a new era in Europe in which they could be free from alien rule, whether Turkish, Austrian, or German; free to choose their own institutions; to exist as such units, or to combine in such groups, as might best help their development. "An isolated national revolution is no longer possible. The first war cry which arises will carry with it a whole zone of Europe, and through it Europe herself. . . . In Austria

[1] There is a "Transit Commission" in the Secretariat-General of the League of Nations.

there is a Slav movement which no one troubles about, but which one day, when united with our work, will wipe Austria off the map of Europe." "A great general war," he wrote in another place, "is drawing near, between the principles of progress and reaction, of liberty and despotism." And with equal foresight he declared after 1870 that "Germany is rendering sterile her potency of thought by surrendering her power for action to a military caste."

"From all this, the position of Europe, the volcano on which it sleeps, may be learned. But must the explosion come? Is it not possible by a wise foresight to avert the danger?" Then follows in this address an exposition of principles so just, so wise, so relevant in many particulars to our present attitude to the foreign aggression and violence we are passively allowing in Germany, that it might have been written to-day. It was the hope of Mazzini and his English colleagues that the International League might grow to be a real force in England, and from England spread to the Continent. But it was not to be, and Europe has had to learn the first syllables of her lesson from the most terrible of all teachers.

The League was founded on the 28th of April, 1847, at the Crown and Anchor Inn in the Strand. Its objects, as stated in the constitution, include the following: "To enlighten the British people as to the political condition and relations of foreign countries; to disseminate the principles of national freedom and progress; to embody and manifest an efficient public opinion in their favour; to promote a good understanding between the peoples of all countries."

William Ashurst, P. A. Taylor, the anti-Corn Law veteran, and Joseph Toynbee, were its first trustees, and its Council included many honoured names. A number of foreign newspapers noticed it with sympathy, and in Switzerland its inauguration was celebrated with demonstrations in its favour. The first important question on which the League expressed itself was the threatened break-up of the Swiss Confederation by the action of the Catholic Cantons now calling themselves the *Sonderbund*. In September of this year the Swiss Diet passed a decree that the Jesuits should be expelled from all parts of the country. The *Sonderbund* refused to obey, and

were supported in their rebellion by arms and money from France and Austria and the King of Piedmont. Such action would of course have disintegrated the Republic; and the Council of the International League published a pamphlet of Mazzini's urging the Diet to enforce its decree, and resist the threatened separation. It was translated into French and German, and was widely circulated, bringing encouragement to the Swiss Government to maintain the unity of the Confederation. It is thought that Lord Palmerston was influenced by it, for he sent a strong recommendation to the Diet in the sense of the protest of the League against the dismemberment of the Republic. The Diet remained resolute, and won the day.

It is impossible not to see in this organisation, and in its founder's faith and purpose, the embryonic forecast of the League of Nations, towards which the world to-day looks tremblingly as to a glimmer of light in the European darkness. There are a few who scoff at its conceptions and ridicule its activities; there are far more who would like to see its aims realised, but consider the probability of its success too feeble in a world like this, and with human nature as we know it, to make it worth while to join it, forgetting that when an organisation is the embodiment of an idea depending for its effectiveness on the strength of public opinion, it is illogical not to add our contribution because there are not yet contributions enough to make it as powerful as it ought to be! It seems rather cowardly, too, seeing that if or when the League becomes an effective instrument of human progress, settling international disputes, preventing war, and promoting friendly co-operation on all important issues, we should of course become its whole-hearted supporters.

Is it indeed too much to hope that some day "the nations will assemble as brethren gathered together round the twin altars of the Fatherland and Humanity?" That men "should have faith in things to come and labour unceasingly to hasten their coming, even though without hope of living to witness their triumph? . . . Are these illusions? Do we presume too far in asking such faith in an age still undermined by scepticism; among men still slaves of the *ego*,

who love little, and forget early; who bear about discouragement in their hearts, and are earnest in nothing save in the calculations of egoism, and in the passing pleasures of the hour? No, we do not ask too much. It is necessary that these things should be, and they will be. We have faith in God, in the power of truth, and in the historic logic of things. The principle which was the soul of the old world is exhausted. It is our part to clear the way for the new principle. To-morrow the world now incredulous or indifferent will bow before it." For we know, like Galileo, that, in spite of the Inquisition, *the world moves*.

CHAPTER V

A year of revolution, 1848—Establishment of the Republic in France—Expression of French sympathy with Italian freedom—Rising in Sicily—The "Five days of Milan"—The Austrians retire from the city—Charles Albert declares war with Austria—Mazzini again in Italy—The Provisional Government and the volunteers—Disaster to the royal army—Annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont—Mazzini in Milan—Popular preparations for war and Piedmontese *veto*—The King re-enters Milan—The city surrendered to Austria—Siege and downfall of the Venetian Republic.

THE year 1848 was one of European revolution. In France Louis Philippe was dethroned and a Republic established. Mazzini went at once to Paris, one of his objects being to enrol Italian exiles in that city in the Italian National Association, and another to congratulate the new Republic on its escape from absolutism. From Paris he wrote to the Ashursts that there was a great deal in the French "republican concern" that he did not like. Even then, and in spite of his warm reception, he felt painfully the lack of spiritual outlook and serious conviction in the movement. Nevertheless the representative of the new Republic made an eloquent reply to Mazzini's statement of the aims of the Italian National Association, in the course of which occurred the following passage, punctuated by cheers :—

"Puisque la France et l'Italie ne font qu'un seul nom dans nos sentiments communs pour la régéneration libérale, allez dire a l'Italie qu'elle a des enfants aussi de ce côté des Alpes. (*Bravo.*) *Allez lui dire que si elle était attaquée dans son sol on dans son âme, dans ses limites ou ses libertés, que si vos bras ne suffisaient pas à la défendre, ce ne sont plus des vœux ou des sentiments, c'est l'épée de la France que nous lui offririons pour la préserver de tout envahissement. . . .* (*Bravos unamines.*) *Notre amour pour l'Italie est désintéressé, et nous avons l'ambition de la voir aussi impérissable et aussi grande, que le sol dont elle a éternisé le nom!* (*Grands*

applaudissements.)" [1] One can hear in imagination the eloquent periods, and the vociferous applause with which the Frenchmen present showed their appreciation of the "beau geste"—for in this, at least, their nation does not fail. Alas! that it should have been no more. It was over the corpse of this dishonoured promise that the French army stepped when they set out on their expedition to strangle *Young Italy* rising from her age-long grave, and to deceive and destroy a sister-republic.

One man was faithful there—Ledru Rollin, Minister for Home Affairs, and in days to come he stood alone with his small band of Deputies against the crime he could not prevent. He was banished in the days of the restored Empire, and lived in exile in England till it fell in 1870. For his lonely struggle to keep faith, his name will always be honoured.

In January of this year the Sicilians rose *en masse*, demanding the constitution promised in 1812. The misery, the oppression, the degradation of these unhappy people under Bourbon rule baffles description. After eighteen days of desperate struggle and terrible experiences, during which the capital was so ruthlessly bombarded by the Neapolitan King that it was near extinction—even the foreign Consuls indignantly remonstrating with Ferdinand—and when the royal general, hoping to add to the misery of the city, had liberated nearly 6,000 criminals from the State prisons, the Sicilian revolution triumphed in six out of the seven districts of the island, and proclaimed the downfall of the Bourbons. But owing to the lack of effective leadership and military organisation, the island was reconquered by the King in the middle of May, and Sicily remained in abject slavery till freed by Garibaldi and his thousand in 1860.

Meanwhile, in March, Mazzini had left Paris for England, but a few days after his return the news of the magnificent

[1] "Since France and Italy form but one single name in their common desire for liberal regeneration, go say to Italy that she has children on this side of the Alps also. (Cheers.) Tell her that if an attack were to be made on her soil or on her soul, on her boundaries or on her liberties—should your arms prove inadequate to defend her, it would no longer be our vows and our emotions that we should offer her—it would be the sword of France that would be placed at her service to protect her from every invasion. (General cheers.) Our love of Italy is disinterested, and we cherish the ambition of seeing her as imperishable and as great as the soil whose name she has immortalised. (Great applause.)" *Birth of Modern Italy*, Mario.

movement of the Milanese against the Austrians reached him, and drew him, in spite of peril, to Italy. Although he was under condemnation of death in every part of the country, he started at once without hesitation. No doubt it was partly his complete indifference to personal danger which brought him safely through places where a price was set upon his head by the authorities. He would constantly hold conversations with the very officials who were searching for him, smoking the inevitable cigar with the utmost *nonchalance*. Sometimes these much-deceived men would apologise to him for the inevitable delays or inconveniences to which he might be subjected, by explaining that they were due to the extreme anxiety they felt that no loophole should be left through which the dangerous conspirator they were seeking should elude them. The serenity and leisureliness of his manner and the charm and brilliance of his conversation were probably better assets to him in his perilous journeys than disguises would have been. These he very rarely, if ever, used.

The revolt of March 1848 in Milan has been described by a historian by no means uniformly sympathetic with patriotic risings as "perhaps the most brilliant feat of unorganised courage which the history of Europe can record." Its occasion, though not its cause (which was the deep-seated hatred of the foreign yoke) was the Austrian reprisal to the patriotic self-denying ordinance of January; this prohibited the use of tobacco by the liberals of Milan, who not only pledged themselves under no circumstances to smoke, but to prevent if possible others from smoking in public. It was intended to aim a financial blow at Austria, a principal source of whose income was the tobacco monopoly. Italians are notoriously a cigar-loving people, and to inveterate smokers the sacrifice must have been a real one. Friction and fighting ensued, in which troops fired brutally on the unarmed crowds, and both parties became aware that serious conflict was impending. All over Italy the torch of fresh wrath and fresh hope had been lit; in Padua and Pavia struggles between the universities and the Austrians led to fatal fighting in the streets, and at Pavia, to what was practically a massacre of the students; in Genoa, Sardinia,

Turin, Alessandria, Spezia, and other towns, the Jesuits—hated for many things, but notoriously for their sympathy with Austria—had been expelled through the angry demands of the population; in Venice the Carnival was abandoned, the money being saved for the wounded of the Tobacco Riots, and Manin and Tommaseo, conspicuous patriots, were thrown into prison on a charge of high treason, and kept there in spite of having been brilliantly acquitted. Early in February the Austrian Government added fuel to the fire by repromulgating the iniquitous *Giudizio Statario*, which authorised the infliction of the death penalty on any person without trial two hours after arrest. The pile was ready for the burning—it needed but the match. This was supplied in a startling manner on March 17th by the news which reached Milan that in Vienna itself, the very seat and centre of Austrian tyranny, revolt had successfully raised its head: Metternich had been compelled to resign, and the Emperor to grant liberty of the press and the convocation of the States of the Empire. A popular demonstration moved towards the governor's palace demanding instant and complete independence. The soldiers on guard, fearing hostile movements from the huge masses which had assembled, fired on the crowd. Immediately the call to arms was heard, the popular leaders, repudiating the plan of the mayor to come to terms with Radetzky or wait for Charles Albert, refused all compromise short of absolute freedom; and, in spite of the enormous odds, determined to oppose an unarmed populace to fifteen thousand or more disciplined troops. Barricades were thrown up everywhere—in a few days there were seventeen hundred—cannon were hastily constructed of wood with bands of iron, powder was manufactured, arms of every period and any description were seized wherever they could be found, everything imaginable was freely given to make the barricades—carriages, pianos, pulpits, beams of houses, school benches, priceless furniture—nothing was held back. Behind these barricades stood the few hundreds who possessed guns, defying the best troops of Austria; at one of them a whole company was kept back for an entire day by two youths. Women [1] fought

[1] One woman, Luisa Battistotti, donned the uniform of a fusilier and never abandoned her weapon for five days.

and were killed there, and beside their mothers stood young boys and died with them. It was a desperate and tragic struggle that went on in the streets of Milan, but the brutality of the Austrians, almost incredible now, had at last roused in the long-suffering Lombard people a spirit that knew no fear and paid no heed to obstacles. As the troops moved about the streets attacking the barricades, tiles, stones, furniture, empty bottles, crockery of every sort, scalding oil, boiling water, were poured and thrown upon them from the windows and roofs of houses. The chiefs, amongst whom were Manara and Dandolo, afterwards distinguished in the defence of Rome, passed from street to street encouraging the combatants, without sleeping or resting. On the 19th a resolute band attacked and carried the *Porta Nuova*—"the troops seemed stupefied; the perpetual clamour of the bells,[1] the ever-present attacks, the very ragamuffins of the street taken with the frenzy of the battle and utterly indifferent to danger, mocking, jeering, and deceiving the troops, the rain of projectiles from the roofs"[2]— all contributed to the weakening of Austrian resolution. After three days Radetzky offered an armistice, but the Municipal Council, led by Carlo Cattaneo, refused it, and the struggle continued. On the 22nd, a party of the Milanese, led by the splendid young Manara, attacked and carried by assault—"fighting like tigers"—the gate of the city called *Porta Tosa*, thus allowing the volunteers, who had hurried up from other districts, to pour into the city, and breaking the communications of the Austrians between bastion and bastion. That night, alarmed at the progress of the enemy, and preferring the humiliation of retreat to the other risks which threatened his army, Radetzky evacuated Milan, covering his retirement with the thunder of his guns, and the city woke to find itself free. Thus, as Mr. Bolton King remarks: "The despised and insulted populace of Milan had accomplished a seemingly impossible thing. An undisciplined crowd, at first destitute of arms and always short of powder, had routed a veteran army by hard fighting hand to hand."

[1] "Above the roar and rattle of cannons and musketry, the bells clanged out from every steeple, heartening the citizens and maddening the Austrians" (*Italian Unity*, Bolton King).

[2] *Union of Italy*, Stillman.

During the conflict a striking difference between the humanity of the two combatants was noticeable. Mr. Bolton King only records the general testimony when he says: "All through the fight the Lombard good temper and mildness showed bright. The rich opened their palaces to the poor whose homes had been wrecked. There was no crime in all the confusion except a few trifling thefts, and the poor brought in the gold found in the Government's coffers. The unspeakable brutalities of the Austrians met no retaliation; their prisoners were carefully tended; the hated police were put in safety; and when once the crowds surged dangerously round an unpopular official, a few words from Cattaneo saved him." This man, Bolza, was a noted persecutor; and when the people found him hiding in a hayloft they were about to kill him. "If you kill him," said Cattaneo, "you will be acting justly; if you spare him, you will be acting nobly"; and he was spared. The Council of War had issued a proclamation which ran as follows:—

Italia libera. Brave citizens, let us keep our city pure; let us not condescend to revenge ourselves by the blood of these miserable satellites. It is enough, now, to watch them and notify them. It is true that for thirty years they have been the scourge of our families and the abomination of the country, but you will be generous as you have been brave. Punish them with contempt.

But the generous temper of the insurgents which showed itself in such incidents, and in their humane treatment of the Austrian wounded, found no response from the enemy. Radetzky ordered his men to massacre all their prisoners, and the behaviour of the troops in the city[1] would be incredible but for the universal evidence. Men, women, and children were tortured and burned to death; and civilians who fell into their hands were treated with indescribable cruelty. The historian of *The Union of Italy*, after relating these things, remarks: "It is greatly to the credit of Milan that the wounded, and the families of the Austrian soldiers and

[1] On one occasion they broke open a tavern, and after having tortured the cook and three other persons in various ways, murdered them; they then roasted alive two little children and repeatedly bayoneted a pregnant woman; after which they set fire to the house (*Archivio Triennale*, on the authority of two hundred and fifty witnesses). Quoted by Stillman.

functionaries remaining in Milan, were unmolested." It is mild praise. Rather is it an undying glory to Italy and her sons, that under such infinite provocation as had been for years supplied by the Austrian occupation, and the atrocious barbarity of their behaviour during the " Five Days," Italians acted with such restraint and humanity—bent, not on revenge, but on keeping their city pure.

If, at this time, when the Austrian had been expelled, and the future not only of Milan but in a large measure of the whole Italian movement for liberation also, hung in the balance, a leader of strength, foresight, courage, and initiative had been on the spot to take the helm at Milan, the tragic sequel to the heroic story might have been averted. But weakness, indecision, divisions, and above all lack of foresight and initiative, marked the Milanese counsels directly the direction of affairs passed from the military leaders of the people into the hands of the timid and factious Government, largely composed of Moderates. Their own wrongs and Mazzini's writings had inspired the Milanese, as they had the whole of Italy, to the noble struggle which had just been crowned with such signal success, but it needed a man of his own *calibre* to grip and direct the popular fervour, to combine under vigorous leadership the immense faith and the fiery forces which at that moment could have continued a triumphant march onward. It is true that directly he heard of the movement he came, regardless utterly of personal risk, but by then the initiative had passed out of the hands of the people, who were pledged through Cattaneo to entrust their cause to Charles Albert. Cattaneo was an eminent educationalist, economist, and writer, but his views were too limited, his horizon too narrow, to allow him to be the required leader. Federalism was his goal ; the power of the Papacy did not represent to him an intellectual and spiritual peril, but a benevolent authority, capable of bringing enlightenment and advance through educational reform. He was no friend to Piedmont, but when Charles Albert at the critical moment sent a message offering to assume the direction of the war if a deputation were sent him from the most prominent citizen, Cattaneo yielded, for he and many others believed that the Piedmontese army with the King at their head, would march

straight to complete the rout of Austria and her expulsion from Lombardy.

Testimony seems to show that not love of liberty and desire to help Milan, but the fear less the cause of monarchy in Italy should be lost and the initiative in the war of liberation fall into the hands of the people, induced the King of Piedmont at this juncture to declare war against Austria. The Moderates despatched messengers to him early in the struggle begging him to assume control of the movement at once, or a Republic would be proclaimed; already on the third day this party had issued a proclamation regretting the abandonment of legal measures against Austria, and proposing an armistice—a suggestion to which the people would not listen for a moment. The Provisional Government dreaded nothing more in the hour of popular triumph than the establishment of popular government. The Piedmontese Government assured Lord Palmerston that "the King has only commenced hostilities against Austria in consequence of the immense influence of the people, who threatened to revolt in Piedmont, and attack the Austrians in spite of the authority of the Government. . . . They feared that the numerous political associations existing in Lombardy and the proximity of Switzerland might cause the Republican Government to be proclaimed, which would be fatal to the august dynasty of Savoy." To Italians the King declared "that he came to lend the people of Lombardy that assistance which brother may expect from brother, and friend from friend"; and with regard to the future form of government he promised "to wait till every portion of Italian soil be free; when all are free, all will speak."

Meanwhile Venetia had risen; and after an almost bloodless revolution at Venice, led by Daniele Manin, one of the noblest and wisest Italians of his time, a Republic had been proclaimed there. Venetian volunteers guarded the mountains between Italy and Austria, thus hindering the retreating Austrians from either receiving supplies, or crossing into their own territory. Following the example of Venice, other towns, including Padua, Treviso, and Vicenza immediately threw off the yoke. At this moment, with Sicily,[1]

[1] It was not till later that Sicily was reconquered by Ferdinand.

Milan, and Venice free, it seemed as if Italy were on the eve of deliverance; and it was at this moment that the Moderate party started a policy which proved ultimately fatal. With his usual foresight, Mazzini discerned the danger that lay in the apparently encouraging promises of Charles Albert. On reaching Paris on his way to Milan, he heard that the King, with thirty thousand troops, had crossed the Ticino into Lombardy, and he wrote home to his friend Emilie Ashurst Hawkes (afterwards Madame Venturi): "Only one word, dear Emilie. I am here, very tired, and most unhappily baffled, I fear, for the present, of my hopes. My countrymen in Lombardy have done wonders, but as soon as they have nearly conquered, Charles Albert goes in . . . The entrance of the Piedmontese royal army into Lombardy changes entirely our position." Shortly afterwards he crossed the St. Gothard "amongst the sublimest scenes that one can see or fancy; no one knows what poetry is who has not found himself there, at the highest point on the route, surrounded by the peaks of the Alps in the everlasting silence that speaks of God. There is no atheism possible on the Alps." A little later he arrived in Milan, deeply moved at being in his own land again, but, "strange to say, without joy." Was it the sub-conscious knowledge that this splendid resurgence of the life of Italy was destined after all to futility, almost to extinction—judged by ordinary standards?

Never was exile more warmly welcomed back to his country. From the moment he set foot on the frontier he was recognised and greeted with enthusiasm; the Custom officers knew him from his portraits, and quoted to him words from his writings; at Como crowds came to meet the coach shouting their joy. At Milan, arriving late at night, a torchlight procession met him, and took him in triumph to his hotel, amid shouts of "*Viva Mazzini!*" and when the people had shown their love and veneration as only the people can, the Provisional Government sent a deputation to invite his presence with them. Crowds of citizens went out to meet him, presenting him with the tricolour banner, bearing the inscription: "*The Nation to Giuseppe Mazzini.*" He was escorted by the Civic Guard, and the houses on his route were illuminated in his honour. Everywhere he was welcomed,

as a contemporary writer says: "with wonder, reverence, and love." The *Gazetta di Milano*, organ of the Provisional Government, expressed the universal sentiment when it wrote:—

> This man, in whom you hardly know whether to admire most his lofty genius, or the indomitable courage with which he has faced the vexatious and incessant persecutions of the police, and his changeless faith in the destinies of his country and of humanity, has spent eighteen years in exile, bearing public testimony before strangers to the life of Italian thought, which political atheism had declared extinct for ever, thus preparing by untiring energy, by words, by counsel, and by action, these blessed days of our regeneration. In the days when selfishness prevailed in Europe and the fear of prison and the scaffold hung over Italy, neither derision nor treachery, nor the successful opposition of his enemies, prevented him from proclaiming the inalienable rights of his country, and wherever fate led him—amid inextinguishable hatred or unconquerable love—he lit the sacred torch of liberty and set it on high to reanimate the courage of the combatants. We feel in our inmost soul the benefits conferred by this illustrious martyr of Italian independence more deeply than words can express. Every Italian feels himself exalted and ennobled by the fact that such a man is his countryman.

One hopes that the spontaneous outburst of trust and love that he met on his return to Italy did something to heal the exile's grief that had never ceased to tear his heart. But a deep-seated sadness is evident in his letters to his English friends at this time. He tells them briefly of his reception—wishing that they could have been there—it would have made them happier than it did him; for he feels as if the power of rejoicing for himself were dead. One thing, however, did deeply gladden him, and he related it in his letters[1] as moving him to tears: "This morning two thousand Italian soldiers in the service of Austria (belonging to the Ceccopieri Legion), having been ordered at Cremona to fire on the people, refused, caused the Austrian officers to fly, and, passing to our flag, have come to Milan. . . . They passed under my windows in the midst of the people frantic with joy, they themselves looking intoxicated with the feeling of being for once in their life loved by their countrymen. . . . It was really a moving scene." He continued—and the return to personal affection is deeply characteristic

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

of the man: "And you all, my best friends, what are you doing? I know that you are thinking of me very often; I feel full with faith in you. I thought of you on the Alps, of you when the soldiers passed under my windows, and I will think of you whenever I feel most deeply." Then followed messages and enquiries for all the members of the family; he remembered to send an affectionate message to his old servant Mary, and even to enclose a short letter to his faithful landlady, though the affairs of the nation were pressing on him, and he was working day and night, not a moment free. He wrote those letters late at night before going to bed, having been "for forty-eight hours continuously surrounded by people of all descriptions."

Mazzini's political position at this time was one of support to the Government; he urged the union of all parties, republican or monarchical, in order to prosecute the war; while that lasted there was to be no republican agitation; the form of government that should be adopted must be decided by the nation when it had attained freedom and unity. He put all his strength into the encouragement of the volunteers and the efforts to form a Lombard army, in which purpose Carlo Cattaneo wholly sympathised with him. But his apprehensions of the probable development of Moderate policy, and of Charles Albert's adoption of the Milanese cause, were more than justified. The Provisional Government might with great ease have formed a regular and disciplined army if they would but have used the material ready to their hand; but they refused to employ as a nucleus the volunteers who crowded enthusiastically to the Italian standard, saying that the King's army was sufficient. They completely ignored the enormous importance of hampering and delaying by well-led guerilla bands the escaping Austrian commander—whose retiring column was fifteen miles long, and whose soldiers were weary and demoralised. Thus time would have been gained for the Piedmontese army to get between him and his objective, the fortresses of Verona and Mantua; but they behaved as if the Austrian expulsion from Lombardy was an accomplished fact, and seemed far more afraid of strengthening the hands of the volunteers than of allowing Radetzky to reach his communications.

Mazzini, feeling strongly that the great need of the moment was the help of experienced officers, capable of discipline as well as of leadership, wrote as from the Provisional Government to Fanti and Cialdini, then fighting for liberty in Spain, pressing them to return; and in accordance with a plan previously arranged with Garibaldi, summoned him to return also. Fanti came, "leaving his young wife and child, and abandoning a brilliant position." He was refused by the Government. Cialdini met the same fate. Garibaldi, received coldly by Charles Albert, to whom he offered his services, and referred to the Minister of War at Turin, was again repulsed by the War Office there, and went to Milan, where after some hesitation by the Provisional Government, and chiefly through the influence of Mazzini and Pompeo Litta, he was appointed head of the volunteers. But the Government continued its suicidal policy of declining the crowds of Italian soldiers who pressed to the cause from the revolted and still revolting districts, though these men had learned the art of fighting and the habit of discipline from their experiences in the Austrian wars, and though the Austrians had always declared that when well-drilled and well-officered their Italian legions formed the flower of their army. Amongst these rejected soldiers was the Ceccopieri Legion, whose appearance in Milan had so rejoiced Mazzini on his arrival. Worst of all, the volunteers, sent early in the struggle to protect the passes of the Alps, were recalled by Charles Albert with disastrous effects. Radetzky, of course, with his communications restored to him, was able to renew his commissariat, and obtain reinforcements. But the whole fatal story of the mismanagement by the Moderate Provisional Government—which had been formed at the end of the "Five Days"—of the forces spiritual and material that might have led, in other hands, to complete defeat for Radetzky, is grievous in the extreme, based as it was on fear of the people instead of trust in them, and on the deluded belief that salvation from foreign rule depended on the King of Piedmont and his army without popular co-operation. Meanwhile all the splendid opportunities that offered themselves to Charles Albert were missed. Indecision, delay, fear of the popular movement, dread of the possible reproaches

of European diplomatists—all this snatched from him the immediate opportunity which should have been seized with both hands. Once in the field, lack of judgment and capacity in every department—from the King and his generals to the organisation of the commissariat—stultified alike the advantages offered them by circumstances, and the fine courage of his Piedmontese troops. Folly,[1] irresolution, and inefficiency marked the miserable campaign from first to last, beginning with the inexplicable dawdling which allowed Radetzky to entrench himself in the four great fortresses of the Quadrilateral—Verona, Mantua, Peschiera, and Legnago, and continuing through the various successes to the Piedmontese arms, of which the King seemed wholly incapable of taking any advantage.

Meanwhile the Provisional Government deceived the Milanese with highly-coloured accounts of Charles Albert's victories, and not till the Austrians had taken Udine, was any knowledge of the real state of things allowed to filter through to them. Struck with terror at the critical state of affairs, the Provisional Government sent at midnight to summon Mazzini to their Council, asking him how they could tell the people that either they must prepare to receive their former rulers back again, or maintain their hardly-won freedom by a fresh and an immense effort. Mazzini begged them to tell the people the whole disastrous truth about the progress of the war, to call for a *levée en masse*, and to reorganise the disbanded volunteer force ; he engaged to form a legion there and then in Milan itself, if he were allowed to start the list with his own name. This was agreed to, but immediately afterwards permission was refused at the instance of Charles Albert's secretary, who said his master did not want an army of republicans. Mazzini then did his best to convey to the people the real position of peril they occupied, but he was not believed. At this juncture a message was sent to him from the royal camp " to propose that he should constitute himself patron of the royal scheme of uniting Lombardy to the Piedmontese crown, offering

[1] Amongst a host of other follies, " Garibaldi's services, which might have been of priceless value, were curtly refused " (*History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King).

him in that case power to draw up the constitution of the new 'kingdom of the north,' an interview with the King, and the position of first Minister of the crown."[1] It was a startling change of attitude to a proscribed exile still under sentence of death in his own country. Mazzini answered the King's envoy by saying that the unity of Italy had been the aim of his whole life, and for that end he would renounce all minor matters. But as the supremely important question was war with Austria, and he knew that the aggrandisement of Piedmont would give all the other princes of Italy an excuse for jealousy and the abandonment of the national idea, the only practicable method would be to transform the war into one to free the whole nation. "If the King would risk his Piedmontese crown for an Italian crown, and become truly that sword of Italy which the Moderates declared him to be . . . rallying round him all the patriots of Italy from the Alps to the sea, he would in his turn spare no effort to bring to his aid all the revolutionary elements of Italy."[2] The King's envoy enquired of him what guarantee he would require, and Mazzini asked for the King's signature to the above proposal. It was refused. The opportunity was too great, too splendid, for Charles Albert's sickly soul. Pressure was then brought to bear upon the people by the Moderates to vote for the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont—it was termed an Act of Fusion. If this were done, the people were informed, all the vast resources of money and of men in Piedmont would be placed at their disposal for the defence of Milan, now, it was confessed at last, in peril. A hurried and much manipulated *plébiscite* being taken—in direct breach of the promise to postpone the question of the method of government till the war was won—the popular vote was secured. Meanwhile the Austrians everywhere were victorious, and the royal army retreated upon Milan in what was practically a rout. Then again in their despair the Moderates turned to Mazzini, whom they had pursued with incessant calumnies since he had sought to undeceive the people, for counsel and assistance. He at once set about organising a Committee of Defence under three expert

[1] *Mazzini: A Memoir*, E. Venturi. [2] *Ibid.*

military leaders, including Fanti. "In three days," says a contemporary, "more was done by this committee than had been accomplished in as many months before." All Mazzini's efforts were directed to preparation for the people's own defence of their city; in the moment of danger he regained all his previous influence over them, and they became again the heroes of the "Five Days." "In those days," he wrote, "the population wakened again to life, prepared arms for the defence, scented their own battle, and hailed it with joy." But his hopes were soon dashed by the arrival of the Royal Commissioners, who by virtue of the Act of Fusion superseded the Committee of Defence, and assumed the executive, announcing that the King was coming with forty-five thousand men to defend the city, and causing the citizens who, directed by civil engineers, were erecting strong barricades all over the city, to desist, as "it was an insult to forty-five thousand brave soldiers, with the King at their head."

"I saw the Commissioners," writes Mazzini, "and heard their words to the multitude assembled under the windows of their palace. . . . I traversed the streets of Milan studying the faces and the words of men, and I despaired. The people believed themselves saved, they were therefore irrevocably lost. I left the city—God alone knows with what grief—and joined Garibaldi's column at Bergamo."

His fears were justified. The next day the King entered Milan publicly proclaiming that he had come to defend it, though he had already signed a capitulation with Radetzky in which the surrender of Milan was the price to be paid for permission to the Piedmontese army to quit the city in safety. From the window of his palace that evening he swore that he and his sons would fight with them to the death. But the same night he fled by a back way, withdrawing his army from the walls, and leaving the city to the tender mercies of the Austrians. Thus set the star of a great hope.

There is no space here to describe the brutalities of the renewed Austrian *régime*, intensified and increased as it was by the fury of the recent humiliation; nor the despair and hatred of the people thus handed back to slavery—in spite of

all their splendid achievements—by the King they had trusted. The blame for that blind trust lies with the Moderate party, not with the people. Nor have we space to discuss the question of Charles Albert's miserable campaign and its shameful end, the reasons for which have been most variously represented; but one thing at least must be obvious to every impartial reader, that it justified Mazzini's conviction, growing stronger than ever, that not in princes but in the people must Italy place her hope of freedom.

The tragedy of Venice followed that of Milan. By the intrigues of Albertist agents the "Act of Fusion" had been carried out in Venetia as well as Lombardy; it was against the desire of Manin, who distrusted "the perversion of what should have been a national to a dynastic war, and the folly of raising political debate in the face of an advancing foe."[1] But the clever representations of the Piedmontese agents secured the Moderate elements in the Assembly, and on July 3rd, a month before Charles Albert's *fiasco* had exhibited the poor temper of his resistance in his retreat and surrender, the vote for annexation was carried. Manin, seeing the question was decided, and anxious to avoid party strife, urged them to be in this crisis neither royalists nor republicans, but Italians. On the decision being taken he and Tommaseo resigned, and a few weeks later the Piedmontese flag replaced the Lion of St Mark. But in less than a month Charles Albert first abandoned, and then betrayed them. Already in June, while his agents were preparing the "Act of Fusion," he was secretly negotiating with Austria for the sacrifice of Venetia. Sick of war, with a nature incapable of stedfast loyalty, a month later he privately invited Austria to a treaty of partition, and on August 9th, amongst other surrenders, included the evacuation of Venetia. But Venice, practically isolated as she was, left to her fate by the man who was the evil genius of Italy at this time, refused to surrender, and calling Manin to the helm again, resolved to continue the desperate defence. For a year she kept the Austrians at bay, for half that time being completely blockaded. Every friend she had counted on failed her: Piedmont, France, Hungary; famine, typhus, cholera, bombardment, attacked

[1] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King.

her constancy and courage. Dauntless, she decreed resistance at all costs. But at last the defence became impossible. Bombs were raining ruin over two-thirds of the beautiful city, but they only exclaimed with scorn : " Better bombs than Croats." Heroically courageous, gentle, cheerful, contemptuous of surrender, they hoped to the last. But Manin knew that provisions could only hold out to the end of August, and that if the city had to surrender at discretion the revenge taken by the Austrians would know no limit. Sorrowfully, and at the risk of losing his hold on the people's affections, he urged capitulation, and by a small majority in the Assembly received power to treat with the enemy, who entered the city on the 22nd of August. Mazzini, watching the struggle in an agony of hope and fear, saw that light, too, go out. A great darkness fell on the enslaved and suffering nation—the greater, apparently, for its brief lifting. The description of Austrian revenge is out of place here. It can perhaps be partly imagined. The story of these two cities has been dwelt on at greater length than lies strictly within the scope of a life of Mazzini, partly to show how justified was his distrust of Moderate and Monarchical policy, partly to illustrate the splendid possibilities latent in the nation he so profoundly loved and trusted, but which was so lightly esteemed by the governments of his day that its bondage to alien Powers was considered as part of the necessary *status quo* of Europe.

CHAPTER VI

Mazzini with Garibaldi—In Switzerland—Tuscany and the Papal States revolt—Flight of the Pope to Naples—" Bomba "—Mazzini's message to the Roman Assembly—The Romans proclaim a Republic—Mazzini in Rome—Novara—The Triumvirate—Character of the Government—Its enemies—France attacks Rome—French policy in Italy—Defeat of Oudinot—Lesseps and negotiations—Garibaldi's victory at Velletri —French treachery—Siege of Rome—The French enter the city.

We left Mazzini on his departure from Milan making for Garibaldi's column at Bergamo. The latter still believed that once inside the city Charles Albert would defend it—as he had promised—to the uttermost, and pushed forward in order to aid the fighters when the struggle should be renewed. Mazzini joined his volunteers as a simple private, and his coming among them is thus described by Colonel Medici, who was in command of a legion in the vanguard of the division : " A general acclamation saluted the great Italian, and the legion unanimously confided its banner, which bore the device ' God and the People,' to his charge. The march was very fatiguing—rain fell in torrents, we were drenched to the skin. Although accustomed to a life of study, and never fit for much exertion, his constancy and serenity never forsook him for a moment ; and notwithstanding our counsels —for we feared for his physical strength—he would never stay behind nor leave the column. Seeing one of our youngest volunteers clothed only in linen, and with no protection against the rain and sudden cold, he forced him to accept and wear his own cloak. Arrived at Monza, hearing the fatal news of the capitulation of Milan, and learning that a numerous body of Austrian cavalry had been sent against us, Garibaldi, not wishing to expose his small band to certain death, gave orders to fall back, and invited me with my column as rearguard to cover the attack. From Monza to Como, always pursued by the enemy, and menaced with

destruction by a very superior force, the column never wavered, but remained compact, and held the enemy in check to the last. In this march, full of danger and difficulty, the strength of soul, intrepidity and decision which Mazzini possessed in such a high degree, never failed; on the contrary he was admired by the bravest among us. His presence, his words, the example of his courage, animated our young soldiers, who were, besides, proud of partaking danger with him. His resolute determination contributed much to maintaining that order and firm attitude which saved the rest of the division. . . . His conduct has been a proof that to the greatest qualities of the civilian he adds the courage and intrepidity of the soldier." [1]

Mazzini, whose " last hope had vanished with the arrival of the Piedmontese army, and the promises of defence uttered by a King who had already signed the capitulation," wrote from Lugano at this time to his English friends, after telling them of the fall of Milan : " Still we are not conquered, we shall not give up the war, only what we do now will be our own. . . . I am here working as well as I can, preparing, if I can in the least succeed, to re-enter the country. . . . Your note, dear Emilie, and the very thought of you, even if you had all been silent, would have strengthened me in any trials. There are a few, very few, chosen beings on this earth and elsewhere who will always have the power of saving me from doubt or despair. I can sink, but not in a manner to make them ashamed of me. And you belong to these my guardian angels. I am up again, and at work. Between Austria and me '*c'est un duel à mort.*' "

At this time he, Medici, and three ex-members of the Committee of Defence, were still striving to re-animate the spirit of insurrection in the district, collecting men, arms, and ammunition for Garibaldi, who was ready to raise the standard of revolt again; but these projects did not materialise, Piedmontese agents being sent throughout Lombardy to insist on complete inaction, as Charles Albert would shortly renew the war. Mazzini then went to Switzerland, which he had been ordered to leave by the Federal Government together with other exiles; as, however, he could work better

[1] *Della Vita di Mazzini*, Mario.

for Italy from that place, he remained. He lived concealed in a room, seeing no one, just as in 1832 and 1834, obliged even to keep his window blinds lowered on account of the sudden appearance of a man on the roof opposite his rooms; the man was only looking for a lost hen, and did not see him, but it frightened the woman in whose house he was lodging, and from thence forward he could not even look at the sky. Before the fall of Milan he had the joy of meeting his mother, who journeyed there to see him; but while in Switzerland at this time he lost his father. His grief was very deep, the more so because he felt he had never been able, ever since he had given up the profession for which his father had destined him, to give him the kind of joy he longed for, which was success—recognised public achievement. Thoughts of his beloved mother, too, in her loneliness, tormented him, and he dreamed and planned to join her somewhere, somehow—though how was a problem, seeing he was still under sentence of death in his native town, where his writings had recently been officially burnt, and where the police were searching for him.

Shortly after this, affairs in central Italy began to march. Tuscany and the Papal States were in revolt, and Mazzini hastened southwards—he could push on military preparations, he could perhaps secure a union of Florence and Rome, which would be a step towards unity. When he found that the boat in which he was due to sail from Marseilles to Italy was stopping twenty-four hours in the harbour of Genoa, where he could not land, he changed his steamer: "to be twenty-four hours near my mother without being able to see her was more than I could endure"; and taking another steamer he reached Leghorn in February 1849. Here his countrymen gave him a royal reception, described by the papers of the day; and he spoke to vast crowds, using his almost magical influence to hinder a rupture from Tuscany by the proclamation of a separate republic, and to prevent any violence to the supporters of the Grand Duke Leopold. This ruler had just fled, being unwilling to grant the demands of his people for constitutional measures, and unable to coerce them. At his capital, Florence, the people declared him deposed, and formed a Provisional Government with

Guerazzi, Montanelli, and Manzoni at its head. Soon after Mazzini's arrival he had to address a huge public meeting of more than ten thousand persons, who demanded a republic and union with Rome. Guerazzi, more or less coerced by the popular vote, agreed and accepted the republic in the name of the Provisional Government; but, as was evident from subsequent events, insincerely. Mazzini felt dissatisfied about him, and wrote home that he feared all was not right with the Tuscan Provisional Government. Meanwhile the extravagant faith in the Pope, which during the "Five Days" of Milan was still in evidence, having survived much that ought to have killed it, received its death-blow from the April Encyclical, in which, disowning the cause he had previously blessed, the Pope denounced the war with Austria and forbade his subjects to engage in it. For some time the people had again been growing impatient and suspicious of the Papal Government; reforms were delayed, a citizen guard was refused, promises were broken. The popular party, headed by the famous blacksmith Angelo Brunetti, known everywhere as Ciceruacchio, was at this time the mediator between Pope and people: to the former he preached reform, to the latter patience and virtue, and it was his strong and sincere influence that had prevented over and over again the disappointment of the people from developing into disorder and anarchy. In the outburst of justified anger at the blow dealt by the Encyclical to patriotic hopes, the democratic party obliged the Pope to appoint a Liberal Premier, Mamiani; he was a convinced social reformer and an irreconcilable enemy to Austria, but he sought in vain to convert the Pope to his views, and finally resigned. Fabbri, sincere and patriotic, but old and inadequate, was chosen to fill the difficult post; but as soon as the Pope could find a Minister more suited to his tastes—now reactionary and pro-Austrian—he dismissed him, after only six weeks of office; he then installed Rossi, who, in spite of much administrative ability hated the democracy, scorned their ideals of national unity and of political freedom, and saw in the Papacy the one hope of Italy. His efforts to restore order by coercion failed; the people hated him, the more because a letter written to him by Zucchi, suggesting the dispersion

of the patriots of the Romagna, and the destruction of Garibaldi's legion by grapeshot, had been intercepted and made public; and on the day he was proceeding to open the chamber he was struck dead by an unknown hand. The people then insisted on the Pope's acceptance of the democratic programme; he refused, declining to treat with rebels, and in the disorder that followed, and alarmed at the situation, he fled in the disguise of a footman from Rome. France, Austria, and Ferdinand of Naples, each jealous of the other, and eager for the prestige and political influence which would accrue to the power who sheltered and subsequently reinstalled him, competed for the honour of offering him an asylum. He chose the King of Naples. It was an unfortunate choice. No ruler in Italy had won from the people a deeper hate and scorn than Ferdinand, and none deserved them more. In the recent Sicilian revolution, when Messina determined to resist to the death its tyrant's attempt to reinstate himself, he had won for himself the nickname of Bomba, by which he was henceforth known. Of this Mr. Bolton King writes:—

> Had not the Sicilians been hopelessly outnumbered, the enemy must have temporarily at least retreated. . . . But the brave defence never flagged. Monks and priests fought by the side of laymen; women and children were in the thick of the fight. But steadily the enemy advanced, and with his advance Messina felt his savage vengeance. Streets of burning houses marked the progress of the King's troops; women were violated and murdered in the churches, children were hacked to pieces, old men slaughtered in their beds. The sacred plate was plundered from the altars, and the pledges of the poor stolen from the Monti di Pietà. At length Messina capitulated, barely in time to save itself from total wreck. Two-thirds of the city and all its suburbs were destroyed, and the long lines of smoking ruins remained to mark the hideous savagery of the troops and to give the name Bomba to the crowned barbarian by whose orders the second city of Sicily had been wantonly bombarded.

It was this man, a byword for merciless cruelty all over Italy, under whose protection Pius IX now chose to put himself.

The flight of the Pope was followed after some hesitation and uncertainty by the proclamation of Rome as a republic. Mazzini was pronounced a Roman citizen, and both he and

Garibaldi were elected to the membership of the Assembly. Ever since the Pope's flight, Mazzini had been seeking to hearten the Assembly, which appeared unable to decide on its course. They even sent messengers to the Pope demanding his return, and on his refusal, asking his instructions how to proceed further. Like prisoners long in darkness, the daylight of freedom after the gloom of centuries of bondage dazzled, confused them. To them, with the noble courage which never pandered to popular weakness, Mazzini had written: "Such a Rome as yours at present is—forgive me—a sight half sorrowful, half ridiculous. . . . Providence has made a voluntary fugitive of your Pope, has removed every obstacle from your path, even as a mother for her child, and yet you remain hesitating, uncertain, as if you had no heart, no mind, no history, no experience, no future, no Italy in ferment around you, while you go to work to govern yourselves with the Papal autograph! . . . You have no longer any government, nor (in spite of the autograph) any existing legislative power. The flight of Pius IX is an abdication. . . . You are *de facto* a republic, since you have no source of authority left but the people. Logical and energetic men would thank heaven for this and simply declare: 'The Pope having abandoned his post, we appeal from the Pope to God. The Prince having betrayed and deserted us, we appeal from the Prince to the people.' Rome is now by the will of Providence a republic. An Italian constituent as soon as it can be assembled within these walls would either confirm, transform, or amplify this fact." Strengthened by such counsel, the step was taken and the little Republic born on February 9th. As soon as Mazzini could leave Tuscany, where he had been doing his utmost to persuade Guerazzi to unite the province to Rome, he set out for the city of his dreams. In later life, when the Pope was again in Rome, he writes thus of his arrival there: "I entered the city one evening early in March with a deep sense of awe, almost of worship. Rome was to me—as, in spite of her present degradation, she still is—the temple of humanity. From Rome will one day spring the religious transfiguration destined to bestow moral unity on Europe. As I passed through the Porta del Popolo I felt an electric

thrill run through me—a spring of new life. I shall never see Rome more; but the memory of her will mingle with my dying thoughts of God and of my best-beloved." From Rome he wrote almost at once to Mrs. Ashurst: "I cannot write, I am living as in a whirlwind, Ixion-like, hurried from man to man, from thing to thing, from the Assembly to the Government. The spirit of the Assembly is good, but nothing till the day of my arrival has been done for the war (with Austria): we have no arms, almost all the European Governments are against us. I am longing for news from you all as much as a dry soil for rain; some true friend's voice coming from afar is the only refreshing thing for me, the only individual comfort." On the 16th of May he proposed to the Assembly to elect a committee of war, with Carlo Pisacane as its ruling spirit; this man differed wholly from Mazzini on religious and social questions, but was his faithful ally in military matters. They decided that the army was to be raised from sixteen thousand to forty-five thousand, and volunteers flocked in from all over Italy. At this juncture Charles Albert—partly from the fear of seeing the national initiative pass into other hands, partly urged to do so by the people of Piedmont—repudiated the armistice, and again declared war against Austria. Mazzini immediately urged that ten thousand men should be sent to support him. This was done, and they started; but before they could reach the seat of war, the immense disaster of Novara had crushed Piedmont, and strengthened the Austrian hold on Italy. It is impossible to describe this fatal campaign here. The miserable Charles Albert fled from the field disguised, leaving his difficulties to his son. Had the command been entrusted to proved men of military power; had the King used, instead of refusing, two splendid opportunities which would have turned the fortunes of the day; had he given notice to Rome, Venice, Sicily—all in revolt against Austria—of approaching hostilities, and used the fifteen thousand volunteers offered him at the beginning of the war, the story of Novara would have been a different one. But the command was placed in the hands of Ramarino—the traitor of 1833—and of a Pole, Chrzanowsky, "a soldier who had fought under many flags, and whose

military honour and loyalty to liberalism were equally tarnished." [1]

The defeat of Novara left the young Republic to bear the whole burden of resistance to Austria alone. Not only so, Piedmont refused to allow the large contingent of Lombard volunteers, eager to march to the assistance of Rome, to carry out their purpose; and the King of Naples, in his new character of the defender of the Pope, was already threatening the Roman borders. The hope of freeing Lombardy having been killed by Novara, the pressing need was to save the Roman provinces from the victorious Austrian arms, and in their peril the Assembly turned to Mazzini. At this time—though from the moment of his entry into Rome he had been its first citizen and its real chief—he was only a simple member of the Assembly; but directly the disaster of Novara proved that Rome would be left single-handed to fight the Austrians, the real government of the Republic was vested in him, and he became the leading spirit of a fresh triumvirate, consisting of himself, Saffi, and Armellini. The Romans would have proclaimed him dictator (and practically his superiority made him such), but he, for the sake of the principle, refused, and insisted on an elected Triumvirate. The Provisional Government asked him to suggest the other two. He suggested Saffi as a representative of the old Roman nobility, Armellini as a distinguished advocate and representative of the middle classes, regarding himself as the representative of the people. Of this Government, with its practically absolute chief, so many false and wild statements about his tyranny, his detested usurpation, and so on, were circulated by the French and by other of his enemies, that it is worth while to give here the testimony of a contemporary who lived through those thrilling days. Although Pisacane was completely opposed to Mazzini on social and religious questions, and differed from him on administrative details, he wrote as follows:—

> For the first time in history modern Rome offered an example of perfect harmony between the people and their rulers. The Triumvirate assumed power when the want of coin rendered the issue of paper money necessary, and it could obtain no credit, owing to the numerous enemies that menaced the Republic. The six ministerial departments

[1] *Unity of Italy*, Bolton King.

had been left by the Papal administration in a disorder that showed the absence of all understanding of social interests. The armed forces were few and scattered; not men but arms were wanting. In this state of things there were but two ways to organise the Government. The first was to ignore all popular prejudices, trample on individual susceptibilities, assign to each the post for which his intelligence fitted him, and rule the Republic with an iron hand. The other was . . . to enlist the popular sympathies and govern by mildness, obtaining by love the sacrifices necessary for the salvation of the country. The Triumvirate chose this course, with the result that such perfect harmony reigned that it never needed coercion to enforce its decrees. The people were convinced of the rectitude of their rulers; and the Government, endowed with unlimited personal abnegation, having for its single aim the public weal, was true to its motto, "God and the people." That was the mainspring that constantly directed the Triumvirate. Of these three men, Armellini dedicated himself exclusively to the judicial department, taking no part in the actual government. Giuseppe Mazzini is too well known to the world to need any word of mine. He soared above the other two on the wings of genius, and his opinion prevailed in every department; his intelligence shone resplendent, no one contested his superiority. Aurelio Saffi,[1]

[1] The following account is from Emilie Venturi to a friend, written after Saffi's death :—

Count Aurelio Saffi was at the time of the Roman Republic a *litterato* only, and a dreamer. He used to send Mazzini into rages (always storms in a teapot) by escaping from all political work and vanishing utterly, until he was unearthed in some remote chamber of the Vatican, buried in old MSS. This reached such a point that Mazzini himself hunted him out there, after the bombardment of Rome by the French had been going on for some hours, and Saffi, absorbed in literary studies, had not noticed it. He was dragged back to his political duties morally by the hair of his head. He was very brave, *insouciant*, and indifferent to danger. Mazzini made him a man of action against all his natural instincts. But he was faithful unto death. In the stormy days of the Lombard revolt against the Austrians in 1853, he was in the midst of the danger by his master's side when discovery on the Milanese frontier would have been death, and he always remained the same. When he came to England, an exile, his talents and learning easily obtained for him a Professorship at Oxford, where he left behind amongst his students a singularly strong sense of goodness and capacity. This position, with many other advantages held out to him, he left with apparently no notion that he was acting in a spirit of self-sacrifice, to follow Mazzini whenever and wherever he thought he could be useful, risking his life (on these journeys) placidly with some quaint old volume in his hand, as modest, quiet, and unconscious as a girl.

After Mazzini's death he retired to his little estate at San Veranno, with his admirable wife, the daughter of the English Consul at Florence. Subsequently he became Professor at Bologna. His every leisure moment was devoted to a noble edition of Mazzini's *Life and Writings* in seventeen volumes. It is a monument to the exile's life and character that will remain immortal, and a well of perfect Italian undefiled. . . . It is, too, an unconscious monument to his own unvarying devotion to and comprehension of the genius and patriotism of his beloved master. This is for *you*. I cannot write an article about our lost Aurelio; he was—save Mazzini himself—the noblest Roman of them all, and the latchets of their shoon I am not worthy to unloose.

bound to Mazzini by fraternal friendship, seconded him, sharing all his labours; there was perfect accord between these two beings, who were destitute of personal ambition and interest, substituting for them the desire to sacrifice themselves for the universal good." [1]

Mazzini's government was based on a great faith in his fellow men, in the educative power of freedom, and in the creative power of good. The press was free, arrests and punishments for political offences were almost unknown, though he was well aware that Rome harboured many enemies of the Republic; friend and foe were alike protected, and in a period of such tremendous domestic upheaval that every kind of disorder might have been predicted, he ruled the state "without prisons, without trials, without violence." All property was safe and a high standard of virtue was expected of the citizens, so recently completely demoralised by Papal misrule; and by a kind of miracle they conformed to it. It is perhaps the most striking instance in history of a people's surrender to the ascendancy of a lofty and loving spirit whom they knew to be dedicated to their service, of their response to the passionate faith in them which seemed almost to create the goodness in which it believed. We may look far before we find so shining an example of what man can do for man—to purify, to transform, to exalt; and the brightness of the light that it sheds on our humanity is one that succeeding years and further knowledge will not dim but deepen. For a brief spell, and on a splendid stage, Mazzini actually demonstrated to the world three-quarters of a century ago that liberty and love, and the attraction of a noble aim, are the most potent educative and governing forces at the disposal of man. He was, however, no sentimentalist, and where crime was committed it was punished swiftly and decisively. In the more distant provinces of the Republic, where tyranny, bad government, and misery had aggravated the natural violence of peoples with whom the blood feud was a custom, men found out that they could no longer rob and murder with impunity, and comparative order, with safety of life and of property, was restored to a remarkable extent.

The programme of the Government was published on April 5th, and included the following statement: "There

[1] *The Birth of Modern Italy*, J. W. Mario.

must be no war of classes, no hostility to existing wealth, no unjust violation of the rights of property, but a constant effort to ameliorate the material condition of the classes least favoured by fortune." Certain confiscations made by his predecessors from the enormous estates of the Church were intended by Mazzini to be used for the benefit of the poorer peasants, who were to pay a nominal rent for small holdings to be cultivated by themselves, also for raising the stipends of the poorer clergy. The offices of the Inquisition were converted into dwellings for the poorest families of Rome. Special and effective [1] protection was given to the priesthood, and even libels against them were suppressed. Profoundly as Mazzini's religious views differed from orthodox Catholicism, he felt a great sympathy for any effort to witness to the reality of the spiritual, and exhibited not only tolerance but good will towards the clergy—which was resented by Garibaldi and regretted by Pisacane. Many priests and monks, won by the transparent purity of Mazzini's life and thought, learned to sympathise with his aims, and became his co-workers, amongst them the saintly and courageous Ugo Bassi, whom he sent to Rieti to act as chaplain to Garibaldi's legion, and who became a devoted friend of the great commander. So scrupulous was his regard for the religious associations of the people, that when on one occasion, in anger at some discovered priestly treachery, the crowds raided the churches and brought out confessional boxes with the purpose of destroying them, he persuaded the people to return them to their places. One argument that he used to the furious crowds was that from those confessionals had come words of comfort for their mothers. But such were not his only weapons. A deep scorn of meanness or cruelty that bit and shamed because it was so evidently no gesture assumed for governing purposes, but the spontaneous outrush of his own honourable and generous spirit, often effected what with others would have required coercion to accomplish. Unlike many reformers Mazzini was wise enough to know that the

[1] Later on, when French aggression—known to be desired and plotted for by many of the clergy—had produced great exasperation among the people, to whom the thought of restored Papal rule was wholly abhorent, some murders of priests took place. They were quickly stopped by the Government, and fresh outbreaks of popular anger provided against.

growth of spiritual freedom cannot be forced but only fostered, and that to suddenly break the cup which had held the wine of the people's religious aspirations for centuries would have been a dangerous procedure. "Pour more wine," he would have said, "until the ample overflow proves the cup too small; then of themselves they will seek a wider vessel."

As time went on the work of the Government was made easier by the increasing support given to it. Mere acceptance of the new order was changing to enthusiasm. Here and there in country districts priests were busy fomenting discontent, but the bulk of the population, even of the nobles and landed proprietors, as well as the professional classes and the national guards, the shopkeepers and the peasants of the Romagna, were learning to love the Republic for its own sake and to accept its just and gentle rule with gratitude. In Rome itself the people were enthusiastically devoted to it, and became ever more determined never again to submit to Papal authority. Ugo Bassi has left on record that Mazzini's rule seemed "the realisation of his ideal, the union of pure religion and liberty . . . where all classes existed for one another." It was of this city and this Government that the Pope wrote on the 20th of April: "Who does not know that the city of Rome, the principal seat of the Church, has now become alas! a forest of roaring beasts?"

Mazzini's life in Rome remained as simple and self-abnegating as it had been in England. He received £32 a month, the whole of which sum he devoted to others. In his little room in the Quirinal he lodged without guard—though political assassination was a tradition in Rome, and he took no care to have his opponents watched: "He was accessible at all hours to the humblest citizen of Rome; working men and women entered as freely as the highest officials and received the same cordial welcome, the same friendly grasp of the hand. The Triumvir dined at a second-class restaurant for two francs daily, and his only luxury was a bunch of choice flowers, provided for him every day by an unknown hand."[1] He was extremely musical, and his one recreation was to sing to his guitar when at last

[1] *Mazzini*, Venturi.

left alone at night. Of untiring energy, of keen and original intellect, and with the clearness of vision that so often belongs to those who have no personal end to serve, his rule was distinguished as much by its wisdom as by its humanity, and his diplomatic notes were called by Palmerston " models of reasoning and of argument." In a period of extraordinary difficulty he proved himself equal to the task of overcoming all obstacles, and to that supreme test of a ruler, of recognising, fortifying, and using what was truest and highest in the varied mass of men with whom he had to deal.

Suddenly, into the arduous but splendid toil of governing as perhaps no large body of men were ever governed before, and of preparing the army that was bye and bye to face the might of Austria, fell a bolt from the blue. Republican France, herself so lately freed from Bourbon tyranny, whose eloquent assurance of disinterested sympathy with Italy —to be shown not in words, but deeds, in any time of need —had so lately echoed in Mazzini's ears, was the aggressor. Ever since the establishment of the Republic its enemies had been legion, and Mazzini was never unaware of the immense dangers threatening it : Naples was on the warpath, Bomba was marching towards Rome, and though he was destined to be checked for the moment by Garibaldi's gallant legion, Ferdinand as champion of the Papal cause would remain a danger ; Spain had started hostile demonstrations and was preparing to land at Fiumicino ; Austria, immediately after the victory of Novara, began to send her armies southwards and to occupy the Romagna, and European diplomatists with one accord disapproved of the Roman bid for liberty. Even Palmerston, though sympathetic in a general way with Italy's desire for freedom from foreign rule, and an admirer of Mazzini, who, he declared in Parliament, was ruling Rome far better than she had been ruled for centuries, advised him to re-open negotiations with the Pope. The Triumvirs, it was truly said, were alone against the world, and when the French landed at Cività Vecchia, forty miles north-west of Rome, it must have seemed to many that the death-knell of the Republic had sounded. Yet when the question of the defence arose, in spite of the fears of the officers of the National Guard that the troops would decline so unequal a combat,

Mazzini's intuition assured him of the opposite: "It seemed to me that I understood the Roman people far better than they, and I therefore gave orders that all the battalions should defile in front of the Palace of the Assembly on the following morning in order that the question might be put to the troops. The universal shout of *Guerra* that rose from the ranks drowned in an instant the timid doubts of their leaders."

The French ministerial pretext for the action was "the removal of an unpopular tyranny from groaning Rome" and the "substitution of order for anarchy"; also the duty of France (no doubt as the eldest son of the Church of older days) to restore the Pope. The real reason was two-fold, domestic and foreign: it was necessary to secure the large Catholic vote in France for the impending elections—and what better way to the hearts and votes of Catholics than to reinstate the Head of the Church? It was equally necessary, in order to maintain the foreign policy which had belonged to France since the days of Richelieu, and was formulated by her present Ministers with equal cynicism, that Italy should remain divided and weak,[1] and that Austria should not increase her strength either by the prestige or the territory which a yet greater grip on Italy would give her if she won the race to Rome on which she had started. The apparently vacillating conduct of Louis Napoleon, now supporting Austria and

[1] A strong and great Italy—and the young Republic might prove the nucleus of this—or a too strong Austria, either of these eventualities would have been almost equally distasteful to France, whose State papers have clearly shown her resolve to tolerate no powerful and progressive nation on her borders to possibly check or interfere with her ambitions. The French Ministers Lamartine and Bastide, after profuse promises of sympathy and service to Venice later on, and—as we have seen—to Mazzini, left Venice to her fate and stood by while Rome was crushed because they conceived the union and liberation of Italy would be against the interests of France. Bastide, successor to Lamartine, wrote: "We cannot admit that there should be established in Italy a dominion perhaps more inconvenient to us than the Austrian. We could admit a federation of states counterbalancing each other, but never a unity." Lamartine says frankly: "France could not permit at her very doors the transformation of a secondary Power to one of first rank, as would happen if the King of Piedmont should drive Austria from Upper Italy and take possession of the evacuated territory." An earlier French Minister in 1821 declares that "the subdivision of Italy into little states ought to be the desire and aim of every French general in his time. More than anything else it is necessary for France that Italy should remain divided and weak, because it is important for us not to have at our side any strong and great nation."

now Italy, in the long duel, is explained if we understand that it was neither for Italy nor for Austria that he cared—that they were simple pawns in the game he was playing for the supremacy, the aggrandisement and the ambition of France.

So "the meanest of modern political crimes" [1] was hatched, "the long chapter of fraud and violence" was begun. For this treachery to freedom and to national honour France, it has been truly said, "paid at Sedan." But in spite of her, Italy marched to liberty and to unity, and the Papacy to political extinction, while by that perjury and that betrayal France inflicted a moral wound upon her being whose poison is perhaps not yet worked out.

Oudinot, the French Commissioner, in the foolish hope that he would meet no resistance, apparently deceived himself into believing his own contemptuous assurance to his troops that "Italians do not fight." If he had possessed even the rudiments of a sense of honour, he would have paused before attacking Rome, for as they drew near the city they found everywhere conspicuous notices in large type reproducing the text of the fifth article of their own constitution, which run thus: FRANCE RESPECTS FOREIGN NATIONALITIES: HER MIGHT SHALL NEVER BE EMPLOYED AGAINST THE LIBERTIES OF ANY PEOPLE."

Their first attack, after six hours' hard fighting, was completely and ingloriously defeated, the crisis of the battle occurring in the Doria-Pamfili rose gardens, where the volunteers of the Republic—students, artists, workmen, aristocrats—met the trained and experienced troops of France, and in the end, after fierce fighting "body to body with guns and hands and bayonets," put the French to flight. The next day the French dead were found piled in heaps amongst the roses and the flowering shrubs of the gardens, their requiem sung by Italian nightingales, and the flying Oudinot, leaving five hundred killed and wounded and three hundred and sixty-five prisoners behind him, could meditate at leisure on his scornful legend—"*Les Italiens ne se battent pas.*" Driven from the field, but not from the resources of his vanity and falsity, he informed the French Assembly in

[1] Bolton King.

his despatches that "this affair of April 30th is one of the most brilliant in which the French troops have taken part since our great wars." Meanwhile the French wounded were being treated with the greatest care and kindness in Rome; the other prisoners were all sent back unconditionally to the French camp shortly after the engagement, bearing a monster gift of cigars, wrapped in handbills that appealed to republican fraternity. On the 28th of April Mazzini wrote one of his constant bulletins to the Ashurst family in which he announces the beginning of the French attack, closing with the assurance "we shall conquer them, or die in a manner that will honour Rome for ever." Alas! although the conquest was accomplished for the moment, the other alternative remained to be fulfilled. It must always be a source of pride to the descendants of the Ashursts that all through the stress and agony of the assault on Rome and its nobly endured siege, the heart of its ruler was refreshed and helped by the sense of their faithful and upholding love. During that terrible time he assured them of it more than once, and three years later in a letter written to Mrs. Ashurst for her birthday, and enclosing her a large and beautiful photograph of the city, he asks her to accept it from one who thought of her and hers whilst there in the midst of an absorbing struggle, and who will think of them all living and dead, with equal affection, up to his last hour.

In Paris the real truth about the 30th of April had leaked out, and the President Louis Napoleon with his Ministers—in order to placate the liberal element in the Government and to gain time until the new elections should give him the large conservative majority of which he was confident, fearful also lest their troops should be destroyed before they could get help to them—sent an envoy to Rome to negotiate with the Assembly. On the 16th of May Lesseps arrived charged with this ostensibly friendly mission. But on the very day he started the French President had written to Piedmont that he would not suffer the blot on the military honour of France incurred by the recent action, and that his troops would shortly be reinforced. At the same time he made arrangements to send the famous Engineer-General Vaillant with fresh troops and artillery, and orders to take Rome if

Oudinot proved inefficient. Of this deceit it was important that Lesseps should be ignorant, as in dealing with honest men it is best, if possible, to employ an honest tool, and this Lesseps appears to have been. " He was empowered to treat not with the Triumvirate, but with the Assembly ; but thinking that he would gain by speaking in person to Mazzini, and in order that the interview should remain a secret, he decided to go to him alone in the dead of night, and unannounced. Having made the needful enquiries, he proceeded to the palace of the *Consulta*, the doors of which seem to have been left open all night ; there were guards, but they were asleep, and the French diplomatist traversed the long suite of splendid apartments opening one into the other without corridors. At last he reached the simply furnished room where, upon an iron bedstead, Mazzini slept. Lesseps watched him sleeping, fascinated by the beauty of his magnificent head as it lay in repose. He still looked very young, though there was hardly a state in Europe where he was not proscribed. When Lesseps had gazed his full, he called " Mazzini ! Mazzini ! " The Triumvir awoke, sat up, and asked whether he had come to assassinate him. Lesseps told him his name, and a long conversation followed, in which he told Mazzini that he must not count on the French republican soldiers objecting to fire on brother republicans : ' The French soldier would burn down the cottage of his mother if ordered by his superiors to do so." [1] Lesseps was personally desirous of bringing about an understanding, and soon fell under the irresistible spell which Mazzini seemed to exercise over all who came closely in contact with him. Never before, we may well believe, had the Frenchman met a man of such crystal sincerity and disinterestedness joined to intellectual and spiritual strength of so rare an order ; never before, perhaps, come in touch with a personality of such commanding sweetness and charm as all contemporary testimony shows Mazzini to have been. In any case, in spite of the difference in outlook and temperament that at one time seemed as if it must wreck the negotiations, it is to Lesseps' credit that he yielded to the influence of a wholly noble nature and to the just

[1] *The Liberation of Italy*, by Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco.

demands which he advanced. He was shrewd enough to see and honest enough to acknowledge that here was no usurping and obnoxious demagogue wielding a hated tyranny, as the French were declaring—with, it must be confessed, a curious lack of humour, as well as with the most brazen falsity—but a natural king of men ruling by right of supreme fitness over a people he supremely loved. He agreed therefore to Mazzini's inexorable demand that the French should remain outside the walls of Rome—for on no pretext would the Triumvir consent to the violation of the city by a foreign army—and further he engaged that the French troops should help to defend Rome against all aggressors, "against Austria and Naples and all the world." The convention signed declared:—

> The support of France is secured to the Roman States; they will regard the French army as an army of friends which has hastened to assist them in the defence of their territory. The French army, acting in concert with the Roman Government, and without in any way interfering with the constitution of the country, will take up such quarters without the walls as shall be best adapted to secure alike the defence of the city and the health of the troops.

During the negotiations, while Rome was for the moment free from the danger of French attack, Garibaldi with some of the Republic's best troops had been sent to meet the Neapolitan army and drive them out of Roman territory. This was successfully achieved at Velletri, and at the end of May Garibaldi re-entered Rome. An agreement with France being satisfactorily reached, Mazzini and the military authorities felt that the time had come to organise an attack against Austria, who had just taken Bologna in spite of a heroic resistance, was fast overrunning Romagna and the Marches, and was threatening Ancona. Mazzini's letters to the Ashursts of this date express the hope he cherished. The position of the Republic was perilous, and he knew it, "but," he writes, "I do not despair." Naples had been beaten off, France was shut out, and so in spite of five thousand Spaniards on Italian soil and Austria's recent victories, it was with renewed hope that Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Manara—the gallant young Milanese aristocrat commanding a brigade formed from the pick of the Lombard exiles at Piedmont—

anticipated the opportunity of measuring the strength of Italy against her age-long foe. There seems a possibility that if they had been free to move at this juncture, the relief of Ancona—then being besieged—might have proved the first of a long series of reverses to the Austrian arms.

But at this moment France unmasked. Oudinot's reinforcements had arrived, there was no need for further dissimulation. Lesseps was recalled, his agreement repudiated root and branch, and Oudinot received orders to enter the city at all costs. Men and artillery and great siege guns were ready now—the mistake of underestimating the strength of Italian patriotism and Italian courage was not to be repeated, and against sixteen thousand inadequately armed men (this number included untrained civilians) Oudinot brought forty thousand regular troops and a powerful siege artillery, with Engineer-General Vaillant to direct their use. Rome the beautiful, the treasure-house of the world and of the hoarded memories of the ages, might be wrecked and shattered by the guns of France so long as French ambition and French political ends were served. It would be hard to match the treachery of the whole proceeding in the history of European politics. Even "diplomatists," historians tell us, "were shocked at such perfidy." But France's cup of deceit was not yet full. During the armistice, while Mazzini and Lesseps were still negotiating, Oudinot had taken advantage of Italian trust in his good faith to seize the strategical position of Monte Mario, which commanded the northen defences of the city, and to disarm and to take prisoner the corps of Mellara, in Cività Vecchia;[1] further, two French officers sent to negotiate with Rome used the opportunity to abstract the plans of the city works, for which they were imprisoned by Mazzini. And as if the name of France were not yet shamed enough by the Government that Oudinot served, he dragged it still deeper in the mire by another treachery. Remembering his recent reverse, and distrusting, apparently, his ability to occupy Rome by any honest means, in spite of his superior numbers and immense

[1] A peculiarly ignoble action followed: "During the funeral service of the Colonel, and in the church, the French superior officer disgraced himself by snatching the Italian tricolour cockade from the dead man's breast with his own hands."

advantages: perhaps, too, justly apprehensive of what miracle Italians might achieve who had been educated and inspired by Mazzini and were commanded by men like Garibaldi and Manara: knowing what they had done at Milan not so long ago, and what they still were doing at Venice—lovely, luxurious, self-indulgent Venice, to prove their unconquerable hatred of foreign rule—possibly moved by these considerations, or simply impelled by the momentum of his own dishonour, he added to the announcement that the truce was broken and that Rome was to be occupied, the assurance that he would not attack until Monday, June 4th, so that the French residents in Rome might have time to leave. On Saturday night, June 2nd, when the garrison were sleeping in the security of that promise, he attacked the Villa Pamfili and captured it in the small hours of Sunday morning, June 3rd. Then began that memorable siege, one of the most dramatic as well as the most heroic in history, when for a month a miscellaneous army of ill-equipped men, drawn from every rank of society and from every occupation, including large numbers of artists and University students but very few trained soldiers, maintained against the seasoned troops of France—nearly three times their number—and a fine corps of engineers with a powerful siege artillery, a steadfast and impassioned resistance in defence of the primary rights of man. From the first they were under an added and fatal disadvantage due to the unanticipated treachery of their foes, for the latter, having surprised the Villa Pamfili, were able to master the Corsini, built in the same enclosure. This was a massive stone edifice in so high and exposed a position above its neighbours that it was called "The House of the Four Winds." It stood on rising ground a short distance from the city, dominating the Porta San Pancrazio and the open approaches to it, and was the key to Rome on that side. It changed hands several times during that memorable 3rd of June at the cost of awful slaughter, but at nightfall immense superiority of numbers and the overwhelming French cannonade, as well as their disastrous occupation of the Pamfili, which commanded the Corsini and its approaches, left the stronghold with the enemy. Many of the flower of Italian youth fell in that terrible struggle—names honoured

and loved throughout the peninsula. And they were but boys. In Garibaldi's famous legion a considerable number of the rank and file were under sixteen, and the leaders were not much older: Maneli, the much loved boy poet of Italy, was thirty-one, Bonnet of Comacchio was twenty-three. As Mr. Trevelyan has said: "To pass thirty was to boast a ripe age among the leaders of the defence of Rome. Manara, the veteran leader of the Bersaglieri, bore the weight of four-and-twenty years; the famous captain of one of his companies, Enrico Dandolo, was twenty-one; perhaps the best loved of all the Lombard youths who served in the regiment was the boy officer Morosini, a youth of seventeen." [1]

For nearly a month longer the siege continued; provisions became even more scarce, and more and more of the houses of the people were destroyed by bombs, which they christened, in their bitter anger, with the name of the Pope who sanctioned the French outrage. As they came hurling into the city the poor folk would call out with grim humour, "Here comes Pio Nono." But they bore everything without a murmur, not a voice urged surrender. Six thousand women of all classes offered their services to the hospitals. It says much for the moral atmosphere of the city that when the women of the Trastevere, the poorest quarter of Rome, were driven from their falling homes by the French bombs, and were lodged by order of the Government in the palace of fugitive nobles, nothing was stolen, nothing injured. A simple promise in the name of God and the people had been asked of them; they gave it and they kept it.

At last the end came. The final line of defence had broken down under the terrible cannonade. Mazzini wished to leave the city, Triumvirs, ministers, assembly, army, with every possible resource, to fling themselves on the Austrians, and by a first victory to raise the Romagna. But the Assembly overruled him, and asked him to communicate to the Austrians that the defence was declared impossible and the city would surrender, "the Assembly keeping her place." He refused to do this and resigned office. To him the one clear duty of the Republic was to fight on, if not

[1] *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, Trevelyan.

within the walls of Rome then outside them, but surrender never. Whether his desperate plan would have succeeded it is impossible to say. It never is possible to set limits to great spiritual adventures or their chances of success. The unconquered Romans might have lit "such a candle" in Italy that neither Austrians nor French could have put it out. But it was not to be. And he who would have inspired that magnificent forlorn hope had to write sorrowfully to his English friends: "We are conquered. . . . Of course, the mere declaration that defence was impossible caused it to be so. . . . The French are in the town[1] to the number of nearly forty thousand men. . . . Brutal force is exhibited everywhere in a cowardly and ferocious manner. All promises (made before the French entered) are betrayed. Everybody is emigrating; I want to be the last." For a week he wandered about the streets of Rome. The French dared not arrest this man whom they had represented as a hated tyrant, who was now offering himself freely to any assassin's knife as he haunted the city he "had not the heart to leave." Too well they knew how he was loved. For the other leaders they hunted high and low, even penetrating to the house of the American Consul, which they attempted to search; but he met them on the stairs with a sword in one hand and the Stars and Stripes in the other; crestfallen, they had to retire. To Mazzini the French occupation of the city was like "the funeral of his best-beloved"—he could not tear himself away; moreover, he cherished for a time passionate hopes of rousing the people and the remainder of the troops to a fresh desperate resistance. "They were but wild and ruinous plans," he wrote mournfully in later years, "but my one sole thought was rebellion at any cost against the brute force which had come down upon us unprovoked." "In those days," says Giulia Modena, the wife of the great tragedian and a volunteer nurse of the wounded, "Mazzini neither ate nor slept." In two months he had grown old. Never once sleeping on a bed since the siege began, subsisting on bread and raisins, supporting not only the cares of government at a time of supreme tension and difficulty, but bringing all his keen intellectual faculty to

[1] They entered on the 3rd of July.

assist in the details of the military defence, always accessible, heartening all who came to him by his energy, serenity, and courage, bearing the burden of Rome's threatening fate as only he could do to whom the short-lived glory of her freedom had been the fulfilment of a life's dream, a life's endeavour—it was no wonder that his beard had turned white and that his face had almost the emaciation and pallor of death. "Yet," said Margaret Fuller, "his manner is calm and sweet as ever, though even more full of fiery purpose." After a week he left the city he could serve no longer, to go to his old refuge Switzerland, where he hoped to be able to work undisturbed for Italy.

CHAPTER VII

Mazzini travels to Geneva—"The modern Nero"—Georges Sand and Mazzini—Austrian revenge in Milan—Papal tyranny in Rome—The exiles in Lausanne—Mazzini in Paris and London—Death of Eliza Ashurst—Mazzini's conviction of Human Survival—Letters from Switzerland—London again—Contemporary witness to his personality—*The Society of the Friends of Italy*—The Ashursts and Signora Mazzini—Her death—Her son's attitude to it.

MAZZINI made his way to Cività Vecchia without a passport, because the one supplied by the American Embassy, not having the counter-signature of the French authorities, was useless, and at that port saw a little steamer just about to weigh anchor. The captain was unknown to him, but on hearing his name and being asked whether he would venture to take him on board without papers, he consented at once. At Leghorn the captain was much alarmed by the advent of Austrian officials who boarded the boat and made an exhaustive search for fugitives. "Don't be frightened," said his dangerous passenger, "they will not take me, and you will not be compromised." Borrowing a steward's cap and concealing with it his brow and eyes, he started washing up dishes in the steward's pantry, and the Austrians left, ignorant of the prize that they had missed.

In all his perilous journeys to and fro across the continent Mazzini only twice resorted to disguises. It is amazing that in his dangerous progression along public roads, in public vehicles, through towns where the most famous detectives of Europe were looking out for him, he was never taken. On this point Mrs. Richards writes:[1] "Wonderful as it may seem, his sense of humour never deserted him, and therein most likely lay the great secret of his safety. . . . The pleasant polished gentleman of irreproachable dress, unfailing good temper and leisurely manners, who never

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

hesitated to enter into conversation with them, was the last person whom officials, *gens d'armes* or spies, thought of suspecting." His *sang froid* never seemed to fail him. On one occasion, when he had been in hiding for some time at the house of the Marchese Pareto, a party of police came to search the house for him ; while they were inside, probably probing the bedroom wardrobes with their swords, he walked calmly out of the house with a lady on his arm, and seeing it surrounded by a cordon of police, asked one of them for a light to his cigar and proceeded quietly with his companion.

At the end of July, after " having had the comfort," as he wrote home, of seeing the Austrian sentries at Leghorn looking idly at the steamer where he was, he reached Geneva in safety. Here he, Quadrio, Saffi, and Medici stayed for some time. The governor of the canton received him with honour, but lacked the courage to maintain the attitude, and later on became hostile. In these days he finished his famous letter to the French Ministers and arranged the re-publication of *Italia del Popolo.* The former of these, occasioned by the public deliverances of de Tocqueville and Falloux on Roman affairs, he had begun ten times to answer—so he tells Emilie Ashurst—but the French pronouncement was such a tissue of fabrications that he did not know where to start. It is amusing to find that he is described in this official production as " the modern Nero." There is a certain lack of any sense of humour here that is sometimes repeated in modern journalistic articles on Mazzini. Some other kind of abuse, we feel, the name of some less incongruous villain, might have had a better chance, but the coupling of Mazzini's name with Nero simply move one to ribald laughter at the perpetrators of such an unconscious joke.

At this time Georges Sand, whom he had met on a previous visit to Paris, wrote him many letters of profound sympathy with Rome and of grief and shame for her country ; deeply she mourned its treason to its own principles of freedom, which she called " la trahison et la folie la plus criminelle que l'humanité ait jamais soufferte . . . un exemple d'infamie." She considered his letters to de Tocqueville and Falloux,

which she had seen in some French newspaper, an unanswerable historical document, and expressed her conviction that before France would be able to find her soul " il lui faudrait des invasions et de grands maux extérieurs pour la reveiller." Later on her sympathy with Mazzini suffered something of an eclipse, owing to his inability to agree with the extreme socialism of Louis Blanc, which to his mind carried an inherent weakness in its lack of spiritual motive.

There was no absence of material to keep his heart and the heart of all who cared for Italy aflame with grief and desire on her behalf. In Rome, in Milan, in Venice, where so lately the people had won freedom for themselves and had maintained it till overcome by sheer brute force, the starless night of Austrian and Papal rule seemed darker, deadlier than before. Fearful of losing their prey, furious at its recent temporary escape, the Austrian rulers plunged everywhere into an orgy of reaction. Flogging and the bastinado were the common punishments for trifling offences ; women were not exempt, either of the upper or the lower classes. A woman outraged by an Austrian soldier insulted him and was bastinadoed ; with extraordinary intrepidity she repeated the offence, and the bastinado was again applied till it killed her. A girl was flogged for speaking disrespectfully of the governor. " Now I have the right to hate him ! " she exclaimed, and she was immediately ordered to be flogged again ; so severe had the previous flogging been, however, that the doctor interfered, saying it would kill her, whereupon every hair of her head was pulled out by her inventive persecutors. In one place four hundred persons were bastinadoed in one month, one of whom at least died under the torture. In Milan, when the Milanese hissed a courtesan for flaunting the Austrian colours on her balcony, Radetzky flogged fifteen persons for the crime—two of them were young girls, singers of opera, aged twenty and seventeen. One was sentenced to thirty strokes for having laughed at the Austrian soldiers while the hissing was proceeding. Women were flogged half-naked, together with men, in the presence of Austrian officers, who gathered together to enjoy the spectacle. In Rome every vestige of freedom was swept away ; spies again became ubiquitous ; those who had served the Republic were sent to prison or to the galleys for

life—even the doctors, whose sole offence had been the care of the wounded; there was safety for none, either public or private; trade sank to zero, taxes were more oppressive than ever. Farini, a conspicuous Moderate and bitterly hostile to the Mazzinian Republic, wrote to Gladstone: "There is not a breath of liberty, not a hope of tranquil life; two foreign armies, a permanent state of siege, atrocious acts of revenge, factions raging, universal discontent—such is the Papal government of the present day." [1]

No wonder Mazzini felt consumed by "rage at the triumph of brute force over right and justice." He was greatly disturbed at this time over England's religious and political indifference—"so active with her Bible Societies and Evangelical Alliances," yet refraining from any expression of sympathy with the battle being fought for liberty of conscience and freedom, from religious as well as intellectual slavery in Rome, not uttering "the one bold word" to the French Government which might have made them hesitate before re-establishing the most corrupt and penetrating tyranny in Europe. Such a word Mazzini was convinced would have given England a true moral ascendancy in Europe, and would have done much to promote a policy of religious liberty.

After a short stay in Geneva, the groups of exiled friends moved to Lausanne, where several others were added to their household. The day was spent by Mazzini in the never-ending work of correspondence and educative journalism; in the evening he was free for his friends; conversation was often followed by chess, of which he was very fond. Saffi [2] tells us that it is impossible to realise without knowing him intimately the extraordinary charm, the intellectual interest, the humour, the vitality, with which he permeated those evenings at Montallegro. Another [3] who knew him says: "Many can tell of his doings, but what he was in himself could only be known by those who had the inestimable benefit of living with him." All felt the irresistible attraction of his brotherliness, his wide sympathies, his serene and sincere courtesy—even the servants of the house—and beyond this the unique charm that could not be put into words, that

[1] *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, Trevelyan.
[2] *Della Vita di Mazzini*, Mario. [3] *Ibid.*

some, indeed, have grown almost incoherent in trying vainly to describe. Yet at times he would shut himself up for a day or two, fighting alone the mental agony which always lay in wait for his sensitive and unforgetting spirit, and forced him now and then to almost mortal combat. The shames and sorrows of Italy, the sacrifice of precious lives and the tears of desolate mothers for what seemed so forlorn a hope, the burning grief of helplessness and forced inaction while the soul of his nation was being violated—this load seemed at times almost too heavy even for the valiant shoulders that ever since childhood had " bent low beneath his brother's burden." Yet he would emerge from these days of conflict with no sign of the struggle upon him, serene and gentle as ever, to be once more, as Saffi relates, the life and soul of the little party.

In the spring of this year, 1850, the French Chamber passed a law narrowing the franchise by three million voters, and Mazzini, ever wide awake to the dangers threatening the French democracy from the ambition of Louis Napoleon, hastened to Paris—a perilous undertaking for him at this time—to try and awaken others to the dangers he saw looming ahead ; this generous effort was his return for the Republic's cowardly abandonment of Rome. But it was doomed to failure ; the elements upon which he hoped to work were dead or dying in France, and who can wonder ? The rulers of France were preparing for the *coup d'état*, and the nation for its acceptance. If " the punishment of the sin of to-day is the sin of to-morrow," it is not surprising that France bestowed her approval [1] on " a monstrous violation of law and order . . . on a crime of almost unparalleled baseness," on a government built on " a military massacre of hundreds of defenceless people, and on the imprisonment, banishment, or execution of thousands of unhappy persons who had fallen under Louis Napoleon's displeasure " [2] or whose principles he dreaded. After a deeply discouraging stay in Paris, he came to London for a few months, where he organised the Italian National Committee and issued a National Loan for

[1] The addresses of congratulations received by the Emperor form a collection of six quarto volumes, each containing eight or nine hundred pages.
[2] *The Second Empire*, McKenzie.

ten million Italian *lire*. He also started an undertaking to assist the patriots of Hungary through their leader Kossuth, now in exile, and organised the Central European Committee, whose object was to find the basis for an Alliance of Peoples. He got up a concert for the Italian exiles which brought them £150, and every nerve and every hour was strained and filled to its last limit in the service for which he lived. Saffi was amazed at the enormous amount of work which he got through in those few months in England: "in those days when every avenue seemed closed to right effort, and difficulties seemed insurmountable, he rose up, intrepid, forecasting future chances and making us all believe in and work with him."

In the autumn of this year, shortly after his return to Switzerland, Eliza Ashurst, who had married a Frenchman, died, and it fell to Mazzini to break the sorrowful news to her family. In the letters he wrote to her sisters, her brother, and her mother he expresses his own convictions on personal survival: "I do not believe in such a thing as death; it is for me the cradle of a new existence. . . . What people call Death is only a transformation and a step onward in life. Love is a guarantee of immortality. . . . Death would only spread her icy wings between us if we ceased to love. And this faith of mine—which I would give my actual life gladly to infuse into you all—and my grieving with you over our actual loss, and my loving you all more dearly than before, is all the consolation I can give to you, dearest friends. . . . I do firmly believe in immortality. I believe she is living, far more powerfully living than before, that she is loving us and feeling our love." [1]

He believed that those who loved us to their last hour, and whom we shall love in ours, are our guardian angels, of whom Christianity has had a glimpse, and that we are meant to continue to live with and in the love that has bound us, and still binds us. Some of those to whom he wrote had no belief in life after death, and this was the deepest grief to him: "That I am not able to strengthen her, to save her—not from grief, God forbid! but from the intoxication of grief, is one of my chief sorrows now. I would give I don't know

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

what to put a spark of belief, of conscious Immortality, in her." "If ever I felt the wretchedness of my belief not being shared by all of you whom I love, it has been now. Not that it takes away grief; I would not take it away from you nor from myself; but it turns it from the barrenness of despair to a religious, solemn, resigned, though lasting grief, not unmixed with hope for the future." Those who knew him well, and those who have carefully studied his life, realise that it was built up on this unshakable faith in life beyond death, more fundamentally, more penetratingly than can be easily put into words. His was not that shallow outlook on life and death which deprecates grief as irrational, but accepting it, he saw it turned by faith into an irresistible driving force to noble living. We are to love those who have left us "more intensely and sacredly" even than we did before "the solemn thing mistermed death," because "no real link is broken between them and us except through forgetfulness; we are to bind ourselves more closely to our duties and our affections, to the real active, pure worship of the Ideal which is our common aim and the link between all loving and beloved souls." For their sakes we are to sanctify ourselves. "The day in which we believe in immortality, and feel it, grief will lose nothing of its keenness, but it will strengthen and purify us; it will teach us a deeper and a holier love; the renewed want of fulfilling a task for the sake of those who die." [1]

To Mrs. Ashurst on the next sad New Year's Day he wrote a letter of tender sympathy and remembrance, with the characteristic New Year's Wish: "May you never forget! May your power of living in and with what is said to be no more, be to your mind a pledge of immortality. And may all those feelings of the Infinite, of Duty, Right and Liberty, of an Ideal not to be found down here, of undying Love, of Self-sacrifice and of unquenchable Hope, of which no philosopher can trace the source in the finite objects and symbols surrounding us, teach you God not as an abstract hypothesis, but as the focus of faith, life and truth; or, rather, as the only truth." [2]

Meanwhile his position in Switzerland was getting more

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards. [2] *Ibid.*

and more difficult. Fazy, who had welcomed him so warmly at first, had become the friend of Louis Napoleon, who was naturally eager to silence those whose personal experience of his treachery to Rome might prove an obstacle in the way of his ambition, for which a certain amount of popular favour was needed. He was therefore obliged, in order to escape arrest, to confine himself to one room; exercise was impossible, and visitors could only be received at night. His health was suffering from the strain of this practical imprisonment, and, what weighed far more with him, he was subjecting to serious danger anyone within the bounds of Fazy's jurisdiction whose roof gave him shelter. He therefore decided to leave the canton, and one night when the world slept under snow and moonlight, he started along the lake-side for a twenty-mile walk to a point where an exile from Lombardy was to meet him with a carriage and drive him to Lausanne; here he stayed for a few days only, moving constantly on to untraced places for about five weeks, always hunted and hiding, yet never inactive for the cause, and writing sympathetic and humorous letters to the Ashursts from his various unnamed places of concealment. In several of them he wrote in great concern about a boy of fourteen in the house where he was lodging, who was dangerously ill from typhus fever, and whose poor mother was nearly "mad" with grief. With great relief he announced a turn in the illness: "the boy is rather improving; the disease, as you know, often disappears from one part and flies to another; but if nothing unforeseen shows itself within three days I think he will be saved. Do not fear for me, Dear; I cannot catch typhus nor any other thing." In others he laughed at their loving anxiety about his health, of which he had told them nothing, but which they seemed to feel was unsatisfactory:[1] "What discovery do you pretend to make about my health? It is evidently a new branch of science you are founding—pathography, or diagnosis through the handwriting. Or is it the change of paper that makes it evident that I am ill? Never was a person better qualified for my biography. Heaven knows what you will not be able to

[1] It is undoubtedly true that he suffered much during this period from the various physical ills that were unavoidable in the life he led.

deduce from a little scrap of paper belonging to past years! . . . As far as I can understand my own case I am well, but who knows?"

In another letter he described with much amusement a little expedition organised against some fabulous point in the Valois where he was supposed to be in hiding—"there I was to be catched and given up to the Piedmontese *gens d'armes*." The catching, however, did not come off, and the disappointed searchers saved their faces by announcing that their prey had gone to America to establish a colony under the name of New Rome! In the middle of February he wrote from Metz, "the enemy's camp," remarking casually that to go through France was not without danger, but that the worst was over and he hoped to be in London shortly.

How we should value a detailed account of these amazing journeys! But, as he told his friends when they pressed for materials for a biography,[1] he never kept private journals or written memoranda of any sort: "My life is nothing but one thought and an unceasing activity for it, an activity, however, which—a few instances excepted—has consisted of one or two millions of letters, notes, instructions—forgotten, lost, burned." Of the one or two moral crises which he had individually undergone, he does not wish to speak or have anything spoken. Still, he promises to "throw down notes" of external events and send them to his friend. Of these "moral crises," he has given, for the sake of others coming after him, an account of only one—the spiritual struggle sketched in the early part of this book. Of others he persisted on his refusal to speak. Of the, to him, profoundly tragic break in his close relations with the Ruffini and their mother, of his love for Giuditta Sidoli, and of some other intimate experiences, we can only judge from private letters to the persons concerned and from the testimony of others. "The rare joys and many sorrows of my private life are of no moment save to the few whom I love and who love me with deep individual affection," he says in his autobiographical notes.

Six or seven weeks after this letter to Emilie he arrived safely in London and was eagerly welcomed by his many

[1] His mother had begged Emilie to write her son's biography.

English friends. Both the Carlyles greeted him with warm affection on his visiting them after his return. A friend who was with them at the time has left a vivid picture of the meeting; it was his first sight of Mazzini, and knowing Carlyle's principles (who was just then writing *Past and Present*), he was not a little astonished at the emotion and warmth of friendship he showed towards the great agitator: "But I must say," he writes, "Mazzini was a man whom the hardest heart could not have repelled. When I saw him that first time I ceased to wonder at the religious enthusiasm that he excited everywhere. I understood how for thousands of men and women he was an indisputable dogma, why all believed in him, and at his bidding hastened to confront danger and death. Something emanated from him that stirred your every fibre like the chords of a harp touched by a master hand." He finishes up rather helplessly with the ejaculation, "But Mazzini—his eyes, his smile, his voice—no one can describe!" [1] It has been said by one to whom his doctrines were anathema that the power of his conviction and the attraction of his personality were such that his enemies were afraid to put themselves within the reach of its influence lest they too should be converted. At this time he was forty-six, "of middle height, but appearing tall because of his slenderness and noble carriage," we are told by one who knew him; [2] "his features were regular and beautiful, his eyes large, luminous, of a wonderful fire and depth. I have never met any man or woman who so embodied the idea of perfect purity as he; it was transcendent, a sort of living flame surrounding him. Even his worst enemies recognised this attribute with awe and reverence. His face was mobile and full of expression, from the most humorous to the most profound, but its habitual look was one of a grave, tender and brooding melancholy." Mr. Bolton King has preserved of him at this time a description given by friends who knew him well, which brings him vividly before us: "He had aged greatly since he left London less than three years ago. He was worn and thin . . . but there was the same exquisite curve of the lips, like a woman's in their expression of spotless

[1] *Birth of Modern Italy*, Mario. [2] Mrs. Hamilton King.

purity, the piercing black eyes, whose like none ever knew who saw them, of luminous depth ; full of sadness, tenderness and courage, of purity and fire, readily flashing into indignation or humour, always with the latent expression of exhaustless resolution : ' the only eyes,' says another observer, ' I ever saw that looked like flames.' His face in repose was grave, even sad, but it lit up with a smile of wonderful sweetness, as he greeted a friend with a pressure, rather than a shake, from the thin hand." Such was he on his return from what was in a sense the crowning experience of his life, though it ended in such tragic defeat. For many years after this he lived in London—which he grew to love—in poor and small lodgings. " But in his presence," said a friend, " one could hardly think of material things : wherever he was there was a palace."

On his first arrival in England his friends William and Caroline Stansfield (*née* Ashurst) insisted on his coming to stay with them, which for a time he did. From this delightful home he wrote to Emilie, who was passing the winter in Italy, that he was established in a beautiful silent room, with all gentle cares bestowed upon him, as if he had been born to be nursed in a cradle of roses. Emilie had domestic trouble of her own at this time, and in another letter he sought to rouse her from a mood of apathy and depression into which she had fallen, urging her to think of those she loves, of the great things around her and the promises they held, of life being a battle and a march, begging her to be strong and blessed—" I want you to be such, I want to be such myself." The advice, " think of those you love and who love you," constantly given by Mazzini to souls in trouble or overborne, was no mere consolatory platitude, but was a talisman he himself never failed to use, the outcome of a deep conviction—by which he strengthened himself a thousand times in his own strenuous and resolute life—that love is an actual agent, that fervent desires on behalf of those beloved are an active energy in the spiritual universe in which, as spiritual beings, we live, and which is plastic to the power of this mightiest of all spiritual forces. " Are we materialists," he asked another friend, " that we should doubt it ? Is the spiritual universe not existing ? " Mazzini's sympathy was like a woman's,

if, that is, we take for granted that the woman is of a fine and deep nature—and he bore Emilie's burden with the thoroughness of close friendship; but it was always a stimulating, never a weakening sympathy.

It was during the early part of his stay in England in 1851 that he started the *Society of the Friends of Italy*, which became an effective and successful organisation; amongst other conspicuous liberals, John Forster, Mr. G. Forster, Walter Savage Landor, Professor Newman, Professor David Masson, G. H. Lewes, Arthur Trevelyan, Macready, Edward Miall, became members. Of course, the men[1] whose co-operation had helped him to find the People's International League four years before were active in this venture too; Peter Taylor became its Treasurer and David Masson its Secretary. Its object was to promote a real knowledge of the Italian question in England, to further political and religious freedom, and to secure financial aid to the cause. Its diligent propaganda, by publications,[2] meetings, and every kind of effort, did much to win English sympathy with Italian liberty.

Whilst in Italy Emilie visited Mazzini's mother in Genoa, and a warm friendship sprung up between them, which was maintained by correspondence between Signora Mazzini and the Ashursts until her death. These letters to his "English family," as he called them to her, are most moving documents, brimming over as they are with boundless love for her son and faith in him, and with gratitude to the friends who did so much for him that she would fain have done; vibrating, too, with the sorrow and yearning inexpressible that even her heroic fortitude could not wholly conceal. "May God bless you all a thousand times as I do every moment" she wrote to them. All lovers of Italy and of Mazzini must sympathise with her gratitude to these faithful friends, whose personal affection, fellowship with his aims, and practical co-operation of every sort, supported him in the long struggle.

In the summer of 1852 an overwhelming blow fell upon

[1] Peter Taylor, William Shaen, William Ashurst, James Stansfield.
[2] Amongst other important papers a complete history of the Roman Republic.

him. His mother died. Since he left her for his Savona prison he had only seen her once, in 1848, but absence had not dimmed the tenderness nor weakened the strength of the tie between them; she lived for him, shared the details of his life, private and public, with eager sympathy; trembled at his dangers, exulted in his rare joys, schemed and planned for his comfort and safety, followed with keen intelligence his hopes and efforts for Italy, and denied herself the joy of meeting him more often in the flesh—when he himself would have disregarded the risks in his yearning to see her—because she could less well endure the thoughts of his peril than the burden of her loneliness. She followed the general course of English politics with keen interest because of its possible bearing on her son. Supposing reactionary thought should spread in England and he should lose his one possible home? He returned her devotion; to him "the mother watching in Italy" was an actual presence and consolation. The one personal dream of his life—the only one left to him—was the hope some day of knowing her compensated for her long suffering by the joy and triumph of seeing Italy freed and united, and by the return of her son, no longer a felon with a price upon his head in the land of his birth. Few women in modern history are invested with more tragic dignity than Maria Mazzini; for twenty-two years she was, as truly as her son, an offering on the altar of Italian freedom. Of a vivid imaginative sympathy, she felt the griefs of his life with the keeness that this trait, when combined with devoted motherhood, raises to a unique intensity; and to her, inevitably, was added the sense—that never vexed his spirit—of the incessant danger to which his life or his liberty was exposed. There seems little doubt that during certain periods of his stay in England he ran a risk of assassination from agents of the foreign governments who feared and loathed him, and in one letter she expressed special gratitude to James and Caroline Stansfield for the care they took during one of these periods[1] that he should be accompanied when leaving their home late at night for his own. When he was on the Continent, of course, she was never free from deep

[1] The International Exhibition, when foreigners were swarming in London.

anxiety, for even Switzerland had become the happy hunting-ground of the spy and the warrant officer.

Her death was very sudden. The very day before she had written to the Ashursts, saying that her health was good. The next day she was reading to a dear friend passages from the last letter received from her son, of which the closing words were, "Take care of yourself, Mother," when she was suddenly seized with dizziness; she called out, "My son, my son!" and consciousness immediately failed. Within twenty-four hours she was gone. She was much loved and honoured in Genoa; forty-two relays of working men bore the coffin to the grave, followed by multitudes of people; the English and American steamers in the harbour set their flags at half-mast, and American officers joined in the funeral procession.

The sorrowful news was sent to her son through the Ashursts. Mrs. Carlyle went to his lodging, but he could not see her. "Do not come," he wrote to the dear family he loved. "I want to be alone for one day." Later on he told them in words that will have a terribly familiar ring to many hearts: "I feel as if they had taken from me some essential part of myself," but he did not lose the conviction that he had so often tried to communicate to others. "She has not lost me," he wrote, "and I deeply believe that I have not entirely lost her." Long ago he had written to Mrs. Carlyle,[1] who was suffering in a similar bereavement, urging her to seek communion with the one she had lost, and to abate no jot of her fervent and conscious affection: "Can you love them less because they are far from sight? I have often thought that the *arrangement by which loved and loving beings are to pass through death is nothing but the last test appointed by God to human love.*" Perhaps no words of his about death are more full of tender wisdom and deep consolation than these; they reach the very heart of pain with hope. His unshakable belief in the continued life and love of those who have passed from the sight of men found a confirmation in his own experience; it was in the overwhelming grief and despair that followed Ruffini's suicide in prison, Ramorino's treachery, and the wreck of all his Italian hopes in 1836, that he felt "the renewed energy and invincible faith from which

[1] *Birth of Modern Italy*, Mario.

he suddenly derived fresh strength for the combat " to be the result of the presence of Jacopo, and the contact of his living love. More than once at critical moments this conviction of his nearness and inspiration strengthened and upheld him, and in later years, when in concealment, hunted and pursued like a wild animal and in deep discouragement, he believed that his mother came to him with the old love to comfort and support him. Strong in this faith he took up his Italian task after her death with undiminished courage. " More and more," he wrote, " I feel the sacredness of duties which she recognised and a mission which she approved. She seems to me to be present, perhaps nearer than she was in her terrestrial life." He had no close ties in Italy now. Father and mother and the beloved sister Francesco, who had been a kindred spirit, were all gone, and the remaining sister, who was a stanch Catholic, thoroughly disapproved of him.

CHAPTER VIII

Mazzini and some of his English friends, Swinburne, Jowett, Arnold Toynbee —Life in London—His love of children—Impression produced on Felix Moscheles—English sympathy with Italy—Rising in Milan—Failure—Kossuth's proclamation—Personal slanders—Some unpublished letters—Physical and spiritual strain—Continued efforts to rouse his countrymen—Death of Mrs. Ashurst—Illusoriness of death.

MAZZINI had many warm friends in London, and met men and women whose names were household words in England: Charles Dickens, Robert and Elizabeth Browning, John Stuart Mill, Jowett, Swinburne, and many others. Swinburne tells us in the preface to his collected works that he felt a deeper reverence for Mazzini than for any man he had ever known, and all the world knows with what singular beauty and passion he expressed it in his *Song of Italy*. At the other pole in every conceivable aspect of character and temperament Jowett put on record his view of Mazzini that "he was a man of genius"; and though he considered him to be an enthusiast, a visionary, he made this remarkable pronouncement about him: "he was a very noble character and had a genius far beyond that of ordinary statesmen. Though not a statesman, I think that his reputation will increase as time goes on, when that of most statesmen disappears." [1] Most impressively is this estimate proving true. Arnold Toynbee declared that "Mazzini is the true teacher of our age." [2] In *The New Europe* Professor Petro Silva writes: "Giuseppe Mazzini is one of the few human values which the present war—a formidable liquidator of men and systems—has not diminished, but rather increased. While kingdoms and empires are crumbling, while idols are falling from their pedestals . . . Mazzini stands like a rock." [3]

The love, the esteem and co-operation of a large circle

[1] *Life of Mazzini*, Bolton King. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

of English friends did much to lighten his life during the next years, during which his headquarters were in London. At first he lived with Saffi and other fellow exiles, then, as they gradually found suitable employment, alone. As ever, his life was austere and self-denying to the last degree, every penny that he could spare being given to finance his Italian plans, or to help people whom he felt to be more needy than himself. His mother's will had left him £2,080, which was to come to him at once; but her knowledge of his habit of giving away everything he had, caused her to invest the rest of the money in two annuities placed in the hands of trustees, from whom she had exacted a promise that they would never, under any pressure, hand him over the principal. The two thousand pounds were soon exhausted by the needs of his Italian work, and the principal of the annuities would have followed, but for the loving provision of his mother. His life during his second stay in London was for a time comparatively peaceful; the days were spent in close application to the work that always seemed ahead of him—the endless correspondence that in so silent and unpretending a fashion introduced into the Peninsula a network of patriotic organisation and everywhere strengthened and encouraged the party: a constant stream of articles for his Italian journals: his English propaganda for the Italian cause: his unceasing efforts to secure help and find work for the exiles: the Italian school which still went on with its Sunday evening lectures, and a host of other activities. The evenings he would often spend with friends, chiefly with the Ashursts. He was a brilliant talker—so completely absorbed in his subject as to be without a trace of self-consciousness, and a very good story-teller. He loved animals with a peculiar sympathy. Some dogs detest tobacco smoke, and it is not surprising to hear that he was capable of putting out his cigar rather than make a favourite dog unhappy. To children he was devoted; there was only one in his "English Family"—the infant son of Mrs. Stansfield, *née* Caroline Ashurst; he poured out a wealth of affection on this little boy, and followed the vicissitudes of his babyhood, his growth and development with the tenderest interest: this accompanied him everywhere, as his letters from all sorts of critical and dangerous circumstances and

places show. On his way to join the revolt at Mantua, after its failure, in hiding in Switzerland, in all sorts of places, the little boy is written of, lovingly, eagerly, in detail; and later on written to. Felix Moscheles, who with his brother-in-law, Antonio Roche, were amongst his London friends, wrote of him: "He loved children, and they him. There were boys and girls of all ages in the Roche family—clever and active, consequently what wise and sapient parents call naughty. Some of these ex-children have said to me: 'We often got into trouble when Louis Blanc was there, but we were always good for Mazzini; that was because he was so kind and never failed to enquire after the dolls. And then we loved to sit and listen to him; sometimes we didn't understand a word of the conversation going on, but his voice was so beautiful that it fascinated us." [1]

Writing of him later, Mrs. Hamilton King says: "His extreme love of children was very marked; my own many little ones were very dear to him; he seemed to take as much pleasure in my family life as if it had been his own." She continues that he himself possessed the charm of childlikeness to a remarkable degree. "This is difficult to describe. But all through the storms and sorrows of his own life there shone a divine light of childhood. Anguish, care and labour could not dim his essential simplicity, innocence and gaiety. Joy was his element, and he carried joy, although he himself was a martyr, suffering in body, heart, and soul. All things sweet and pure and lovely were, as it were, native to him." If it were not that contemporary testimony is so uniform on the subject of the magnetic charm of Mazzini's personality to those who knew him intimately, one might suspect exaggeration. But the same story meets us from very different quarters. Moscheles, who had lived some years in Paris and was not wholly free from cynicism, having, as he frankly confesses, more respect for the merely "successful" at the time of his friendship with Mazzini than in later years, looked upon the Emperor Louis Napoleon—the destroyer of the Roman Republic, and the lurid hero of the *coup d'état*, as the right man in the right place, but when he heard Mazzini speak about Italy, France and Austria, about "God and the

[1] Article on *Giuseppe Mazzini*, by Felix Moscheles, June 1897.

people," new light, fresh thoughts invaded his being. "The conviction that spoke from that man's lips was so intense that it kindled conviction; his soul was so stirred that one's own soul could not but vibrate responsively. . . . His eyes reflected the ever-glowing and illuminating fire within; he held you magnetically. He would penetrate into some innermost recess of your conscience and kindle a spark where all had been darkness; whilst under the influence of that eye, that voice, you felt as if you could leave father and mother and follow him, the elect of Providence, who had come to overthrow the whole wretched fabric of falsehood holding mankind in bondage. He gave you eyes to see, and ears to hear, and you too were stirred to rise and go forth to propagate the new gospel—'The Duties of Man.' I well remember some great and good men whom it has been my good fortune to know, but none do I see so plainly before me as Giuseppe Mazzini. His features, his expression, his very gesture, all are indelibly engraven on my memory. Is it because, thirty-four years ago, I painted a portrait of him that hangs here, just opposite me, at which I reverently look up as I am about to speak of him? Or is it not rather that to have known Mazzini means ever to remember him—to hear his voice, to feel his influence, and to recall his outward form?" [1]

Mazzini's continued sojourn in England increased his love and esteem for the English, but he felt all the more deeply on account of this the divorce between thought and action, conviction and practical politics, the principles and sympathies of our people and our foreign policy, that was so noticeable at this time. It was inevitable that he should; we feel it ourselves to an increasing degree. Most people now regret the part we took in the Crimean war—to Mazzini it was an incomprehensible wrong and mistake. It is also a matter for regret that "diplomatic considerations" did not allow us to speak out more boldly our abhorrence at Austria's tyranny, our disgust at French treachery. It is true that Palmerston's general sympathy with Italian aspirations for freedom were well known, though it did not amount to steady support, and his private communications showed a hatred of

[1] Article on *Giuseppe Mazzini*, by Felix Moscheles, June 1897.

Austria's methods far keener than appear in any public utterances; in the same way he admired and sympathised with the Roman Republic and its leader, but diplomatic considerations obliged him to counsel negotiations with the Pope. How often still the same thing happens, and how bitterly a large section of our nation resents it. Quite apart from other considerations, it is doubtful whether it even pays in the long run to hide our principles. We may, however, be thankful for the core of warm sympathy that was in our nation during Italy's struggle. That we received and helped her exiles; that we made possible the conditions in which her greatest son could live and carry on the propaganda for liberty and unity which honeycombed his nation and prepared it for its destiny; that a galaxy of brilliant Liberals gave themselves freely to his assistance and to the service of Italy; that we welcomed and honoured Garibaldi with nothing less than national enthusiasm and affection; that in the bombardment of Palermo the British admiral befriended the Garibaldians to the utmost of his power, and that British men and women served in their ranks and nursed their wounded; that British Societies for the cultivation of the friendship and understanding of Italy were started then and are active now; that the British Government represented by Lord John Russell firmly and openly supported Italian aspirations in 1860—all these things might make Italians hesitate before proclaiming that England is the enemy of Italian greatness and prosperity, as the events that followed the war have led a certain section to do.[1]

In January 1853 Mazzini left England again to take what share might be possible in an expected rising. This had been planned and organised by working men in Milan, who had formed a vast secret association having links in every Lombard town. At this period he considered it wiser to wait for further efforts at revolt until circumstances seemed more propitious, but the atrocious treatment meted out by Austrians to the members of a recently discovered conspiracy in Mantua infuriated the working men of Milan, and they threw themselves with added intensity into their preparations. It was not until the conspirators numbered many thousands

[1] *The Fascist Movement in Italian Life*, Dott. P. Gorgolini.

that they approached Mazzini with the account of their organisation and asked his help. He was doubtful of the wisdom of the plan, even then, but the impatience of the Milanese was such that they declared they would carry it through with or without his help. After sending a military expert to report on the scheme and its chances of success, and receiving one that was extremely favourable, Mazzini sent all the assistance possible by a trusted agent less suspected by the Government than he was, himself travelling at great risk as near as possible to the scene of action in order to give what encouragement, moral support and counsel his presence could afford, whether the event should be success or failure. In spite of the disparaging notices of this rising as ill-prepared and futile, to be met with in some histories of the period, it seems to have been on the contrary an extremely well-conceived and thoroughly well-organised revolt of very wide scope. The first volume of *Letters to an English Family* gives an account of it which should enable the reader to judge for himself. Initiative, plan and organisation were the work of the people themselves. He felt profoundly anxious about this movement, knowing that if it failed the cause would be very seriously damaged, and the popular element discredited. From his various hiding-places during this month of waiting and tension he wrote constantly to the Ashursts. Living in one room, sometimes writing notes, letters, instructions from nine in the morning till after midnight, receiving daily twenty communications requiring attention, he told them that their letters to him were true blessings, like dew in the desert, and that morning and night his first and last thoughts were with them; his own letters were full of questions showing his intimate and loving sympathy with the details of their family life and a complete forgetfulness of the perils of his own position, though he was concealed on the Italian frontier, and at any moment might have been discovered and shot by the Austrian authorities. On the day fixed for the outbreak he sent only a few lines, not, he explains, for lack of time, but because nervous expectation would not allow it: "If this movement fails," he wrote, "I shall be accursed by all; that is a trifling concern, but to the popular active party the moral con-

sequences would be incalculable."[1] The next day, in deep grief, he had to announce that it was a failure. The immediate cause was the betrayal of his trust by the leader who was to initiate the series of surprises on which the rising depended, by an attack upon the Castello with its magazine of arms, two of whose guardians were members of the plot. Blame must be attached, also, to the military commissioner " who had staked the whole affair on a single card "—on one man's action, with no alternative mode of procedure should he fail. In the midst of the confusion, the discovery and arrests that followed the isolated action of one of the groups who decided to act alone—after waiting in vain for the signal—Mazzini contrived to inform the greater part of the conspirators of the *fiasco* in time for them to escape, and with admirable energy and speed to hinder the smaller movements in the other cities which were to follow the one in Milan. In Bologna alone there were three thousand conspirators, and many of the Hungarian soldiers of the Austrian garrison were waiting to join them on the signal from Milan. Happily they received the news in time to prevent an unsupported rising.

As he expected, anathemas were freely hurled at him by every party; the Piedmontese Government was specially scurrilous in its abuse, and all sorts of calumnies were started. Though neither plan nor organisation had been his, he became the scapegoat for the whole affair and shouldered the curses in silence, only thankful that the names of the leaders and their mistakes should remain unknown in Italy. In an unpublished letter to Caroline Stansfield he wrote: " Two leading working men very important to me are safe. They offered to make a long statement of the whole affair to show that the causes of the failure were altogether independent of me, and that they would have attempted it even against my will. It would have been a complete refutation of all that has been re-echoed against me. But it could not have been done without imprudence. And I care nothing about the Press." The "imprudence" consisted in the probability that the facts given might draw the obloquy from Mazzini's own head to others at present unsuspected, a risk he would

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

naturally refuse. It did, however, cut him to the quick that the opportunity was lost, his best men everywhere suspected or prosecuted, the arms, obtained with such sacrifices, seized, the brave working men of Milan baffled and many of them imprisoned, and his influence—which meant the unity of the movement—undermined. In his profound disappointment he turned gratefully to the sympathy and trust of the Ashursts. "Blessings on you all," he wrote, "who are a blessing of every hour on me. . . . Had I not your love I do not know what I would do, sick as I feel with this everlasting triumph of evil."

There was one calumny started at this time which has been most regrettably endorsed by some historians of note; it is treated of at length in the *Letters*, but it will be sufficient here to give his brief account of it in his autobiographical notes. It must be understood that he deeply sympathised with Kossuth—the Hungarian patriot—and his aims, and had done everything possible to help him for years, feeling strongly, as we have seen, that the cause of freedom was one, and those struggling for it were brothers, to whatever nation they belonged.

Long before the recommencement of the revolutionary work in Milan, when Louis Kossuth was about to make a journey of indefinite duration, it was agreed upon between us that he should sign and leave with me a proclamation to the Hungarian regiments serving in Italy, calling upon them to support any national movement that might take place there; and that I should sign and give to him a proclamation to the Italian regiments serving in Hungary for the same purpose. So we did this. Some unforeseen but decisive event might have occurred whilst we were far apart, and each of us was therefore to have full authority to affix a date to the proclamation in his hands and to make use of it when he should think fit. I availed myself of the authority then given, and at the commencement of the movement I ordered that Kossuth's proclamation should be posted up by the side of my own. The first news of the insurrection that reached London brought no details, and Kossuth was so roused by the intelligence that he applied to my friend Stansfield for pecuniary aid in order to join me, which was given. But when the news of our defeat arrived next day, Kossuth, more tender of his own credit than of our friendship or of the truth, hastened to declare through the English Press [1] that "the proclamation to the Hungarians was purely

[1] In *The Times*, at that period a strong pro-Austrian and anti-Italian organ, and equally anti-Mazzinian.

and simply an invention of my own." [1] On being informed of this by my friends, I wrote a few words to the *Daily News*, simply saying that the original proclamation was still in my hands, and might be seen by anyone desirous of doing so. This was sufficient for the English public, but the Italian governmental Press continued for a long time to accuse me of forgery and to use Kossuth's name in support of the charge.

Mazzini wrote a frank and dignified reply to Kossuth, which can be read in the *Letters*, and sent the following protest to the English Press :—

SIR,

I have no opportunity from the place where I am of reading papers or receiving correct information, but a report reaches me of Louis Kossuth having publicly protested on account of the proclamation to the Hungarians which appeared with his name during the late insurrectionary attempt at Milan. The original of the proclamation, signed by L. Kossuth in his own handwriting, is in my hands. It was sent to me by Kossuth on my own request, during the last months of his sojourn at Kutayah, for the express purpose of being published in the case of an insurrectionary movement in Italy. It was never after retracted. A copy of the proclamation was, at the time, deposited by me in the hands of the Central Internal Direction of our National Party in Italy, so that in case I should be prevented by death, or any other cause, from joining the movement and Kossuth should be far at the time, a document of alliance and an appeal extremely important to the success of our indissoluble national causes should not be lost.

When action was decided upon by heroic but now misjudged men, on a scale which nobody who was not concerned in the scheme has a right to measure, a very few days before the one appointed, the Directing Internal Committee thought that they were entitled to print it. They did print it in an Italian town. The date of February was inserted, and two paragraphs, indicating, I think, the more remote date, were omitted.

I wrote, I think on the ninth, these particulars to Kossuth: I wrote them regretting, but I must candidly say, not disapproving. People who are going to risk their own life for their own country's liberty are not amenable to the strictly punctilious rules of normal times. The proclamation was written without reference to time, its intention was evident: it was to prevent a collision between men whose cause, aim and duty are one; the Italians alone would be the judge of the moment, and without that the writing of the proclamation would have no sense. They thought that the moment had come; they believed in success; and they availed themselves of it.

---

[1] The statement that it was a "mosaic," that there were serious alterations in the wording, was equally untrue. See the *Letters*, vol. iii, p. 248 *et seq.*

About the attempt itself, I do not find myself at liberty, for a short while, to speak. Gentlemen whose only soft occupation is to write criticisms on things they know the least of; whose only doctrine is the *vae victis!* and who criticise quietly, from a free land, from the safe, blessed family fireside, the wrongs, tortures, plans and remedies of a nation given up by Europe to any foreign invader who will choose to imprison, to cane, to slander, to hang them, may prove very severe towards us. Kossuth, who fully knows how a single rash or betraying act of a single man can sometimes defeat the best scheme and compel a whole party to adjourn the fulfilment of their most sacred hopes, ought to be the last to throw the stone, before due time for information has elapsed, at well-meaning and determined, though momentarily conquered, friends.

I am, Sir,
Respectfully yours,
JOSEPH MAZZINI.

February 20, 1853.

After an interview with Mazzini, who told him that a movement was impending, Kossuth had so clearly accepted the view that only the Italians themselves could properly decide as to when the proclamation should be issued, that he sent an order to the Hungarians to recognise the Italian who had in his hands the autograph authority, and sent this autograph authority to Mazzini. In writing this and other kindred facts to Emilie, Mazzini told her that he did not wish to add more to the letter quoted above, as he desired for the good of the cause that the matter should drop as soon as possible. If unavoidable discussions should be started, they might be stated, not otherwise. "Our keeping together is of supreme importance to the cause." The above should be sufficient to refute the charge that Mazzini made a dishonourable use of a document, forging, altering or misrepresenting it, or availing himself of it in any disingenuous way, a calumny still incomprehensibly current.

Contemptible slanders of a more personal nature were not lacking in the Piedmontese journals. He related one or two of them to Caroline in one of the following group of unpublished letters kindly lent to the writer by Mrs. Richards: "It is said that I have killed Agostino Ruffini; it is through me that he was poor and miserable; I have organised a persecution against him, and watched his agonies with raptures.

Another correspondent declares that the Italians (in London), revolting against my conduct, destroyed all my furniture and looked for me in order to revenge the dead, but, cowardly as usual, I had absconded!" "I cannot forget," he added sadly, "that the scribblers are Italians."

A sorrowful letter to Emilie, shortly after the Milan failure, shows him to us in one of those very rare hours when the grief and disappointment in his heart burst its bounds and overflowed to his English friends:

SWITZERLAND,
March 27, 1853.

"No, dear Emilie, you do not understand my present grieving; it is neither for my country, which sooner or later will unavoidably be redeemed, nor for myself. I feel rather weary of myself, and at all events very little inclined either to mourn or feel elated about fame lost or won, or anything on earth—one thing excepted. If any of my ideas are true, they will find their way through the world, whether through myself or others does not matter. I grieve for the possibility of redeeming my country having been given and lost. I grieve for those who die and who could have been saved. I grieve for the many whom I esteemed and whom I do not esteem any more. I grieve for the shame on us—which I feel as heavily as if it were all on me—whenever a man in Italy or in Hungary or elsewhere is being imprisoned, beaten, insulted. I grieve about the perennial triumph of brute force, lies and selfishness. I grieve because so few things are felt in deep earnestness. And I grieve about a feeling which overcomes me sometimes that, after all, my life has been a bother to some, a nuisance to others, and a useless thing to almost all. And I shall grieve again if you try to refute this creeping feeling by praises which, I don't know why, are saddening rather than strengthening, and which express your own affection and not the reality of the things. I have just expressed what I ought not—the feeling of moments, but I have plenty of others in which the silver lining of the cloud is prominent. . . . . So let me not be called ungrateful or unfeeling—God knows I am not—were it not for affection I would be worse."

But the very next day he was filled with remorse for having sent a letter which he felt might depress his friends :—

SWITZERLAND,
March 28, 1853.

"DEAR AND GOOD EMILIE,

"I am tormented since yesterday—before receiving angelic letters from you and Caroline, and more afterwards —that I cannot stop the letter that will grieve you both. I feel an immense contempt for myself ; in fact, I feel as I have very often done, that you are better than I am. I was yesterday in a fit of gloominess and unusually despondent, but knowing that it would pass away could I not hold my tongue and consume my own smoke ? Or am I so weak and wicked that I must make those I love unhappy with my own transient moods of despondency ? . . . I was not altogether well yesterday, and that must have helped to the dark mood in which I wrote. I have taken a habit which from being a good one is passing to selfishism, of not controlling myself when I write to Bellevue.[1] Now forget, and do not build upon that silly letter. I would really be punished too severely if you or Caroline did. . . . I have just received your letter and hers—good enough to make me feel the most selfish being on earth. . . . But I will not go into hymns about your goodness and my weakness : better to try and amend myself and follow your example."

"Go into hymns" was his way of expressing "grow sentimental" or "wax lyrical," and is a term often used laughingly against himself when the admiration of friends struck him as humorous. Of course he received a great deal of passionate reverence and deep affection, more if anything, from men than from women. Some of the testimonies from men who knew him very intimately, and honoured him uniquely, are so strong in their expression of absolute reverence and devotion that I have not ventured to include them here. It is doubtful whether any man of his or any time has been more loved, and the more one reads of his life and generation the nearer one is to understanding Swinburne's outburst : "The soul beloved beyond all souls alive." But

[1] The Ashursts' house, previously at Muswell Hill.

his immense sincerity and humility, and the greatness of the aims which possessed him to the exclusion of personal considerations, provided him with an armour proof against self-complacency. Love, if real, he accepted with touching gratitude, putting it always to the credit of the giver, not to his own; but flattery glanced off him either unnoticed or shrivelled by his laughter, for he was his own severest critic. Another unpublished letter of this period answers Emilie, who had evidently compared him to Dante :—

"I have your letter of the 7th. Yes, I am like Dante in many things. He was thin; so am I. He was exiled *in* Italy; I am exiled *out*. The differences are very slight indeed. He was a poet; I am not. He is immortal; I shall be dead to all ten years after my death. The balance is evidently in favour of the likeness.

"Ah, these hymns, these hymns! How sad they could make me, did they not make me smile at the affection from which they spring! Give a kiss to baby; neither you nor Caroline, unnatural mother that she is, speaks a word about him."

At the time that he wrote apologetically "I was not altogether well yesterday, and that must have helped to the dark mood in which I wrote," he was indeed perilously near a physical and nervous breakdown. He had been obliged to cross the Alps to escape arrest in the first days of February, "through snow and cold and biting winds and every kind of physical evil"; twice his horse fell and rolled in the ocean of snow, and he thought he would have to write his friends a farewell from the bleak Alpine slope, so impossible it seemed that they could ever reach the summit. He struggled through, however, and then was resumed the life of being "hermetically sealed," varied, as he wrote casually to Caroline, by unavoidable short journeys to different hiding-places in which he was "almost frozen to death by the icy winds." The lack of money at this time seems to have been rather acute—no doubt it had been given to other exiles—and that his life was one of actual hardship as well as of alternate confinement and exposure, is undoubted. He confessed to feeling more "weakened" than he had ever

felt. But although his letters of this period are sometimes sorrowful, they are very far from despairing. It was true that "the loss of devoted lives," "the vanishing of noble hopes for millions," weighed on him day and night, but in spite of all he confidently believed that Italy would be free. Nothing, he assured his friends in seeking to encourage them after the failure, could prevent the vital sap in the hearts of Italians from rising and blossoming, and what he might not be able to achieve he felt assured would be brought about by others. Still, he did not cease his efforts to draw together the broken threads of the party, still less by every means in his power to stimulate and educate Italians in the duty of freedom and unity. Again, in 1854, he was actively at work on the Italian frontier. He was firmly convinced that the only way to prepare the path for liberty was to keep up "an incessant ferment" in the enslaved countries; it was so fatally easy to slip into apathy and despair, when time after time Might seemed stronger than Right. To keep alive the mental habit of protest and resistance, of aspiration and faith, to maintain the readiness to rise as occasion offered, was to keep tempered and sharp the sword that would some day do the work; to let it rust, jammed in its scabbard, would be to waste time when its service was most swiftly needed, to lose perhaps a priceless opportunity. Not less important was it to convince the Italian Government of the unconquerable resolution of the people. So, *ohne Hast, ohne Rast*, he gathered the scattered threads, re-spun the broken web.

It was while in Switzerland, in 1854, that Mrs. Ashurst, who had long been ill, became much worse. Her daughters, desirous at this time not to add private grief and anxiety to the manifold public burdens he was carrying, did not at first tell him of this change. He heard it, however, from some other source, and remonstrated with them for concealing it, reminding them that their friendship stood on a higher ground than that of calmness or comfort; the one essential was not ease of spirit, but the power to commune with them all in good and evil, grief and joy. The idea of immunity from pain at the cost of fellowship was a horror to him. In the same spirit he grieved when in other relations, though outward

harmony might be maintained, the inner sympathy had been lost. Speaking of the possibility of success in certain efforts where his fellow workers no longer shared his aspirations and his faith, he said sorrowfully that even if it did come the joy would have gone out of it, for joy is communing. There never could have been a friend who identified himself more closely with the lives he loved; no exacting public toil ever weakened the intensity, the delicacy, the perfection of his sympathy; and it was proved to the hilt in the period that followed Mrs. Ashurst's death, which was one of much difficulty and many complications for the family. This great sorrow befell them when he had just left Switzerland and was starting for Holland. He immediately gave up his journey and came as quickly as was possible to England. "I can do nothing," he wrote, "but perhaps it may do us all a little good to grieve together." He had already written to Emilie, when he knew her mother could not be with them more than a short time, one of those letters throbbing with the passion of his own conviction of the illusoriness of death, which the bereavement of any of his friends always drew from him. He begged them to feel that she was nearer to them than ever —as he does—that she is "living, loving, *wanting love*," that this is no mere poetical instinct that he is offering as a consolation, but a conviction that grows stronger with every beloved human being who leaves him—and except themselves, all have gone: "I know it is so," he wrote. The intensity of his faith in the super-physical life and its unbroken links of love with those still in the body was like a flame in him. It lit, it warmed his whole life, it was the efficient inspiration of his whole being, and across more than half a century he calls to a generation more bereaved than any has ever been before: "There is no such thing as death; the only death is forgetfulness; the dead are living, loving, wanting love. Can your love not pass the last test?"

CHAPTER IX

Count Camillo Cavour became Prime Minister of Piedmont 1852—His character—The hunt for Mazzini in Switzerland—His later influence in Italian affairs—His distrust of Louis Napoleon—His letters to Emilie Ashurst—He goes to Genoa—His views on "a permanent Association of Nations"—Policy and practice of Cavour—Pisacane and the Sicilian expedition—French calumnies—Cavour's pious hope—Fruitless search for the exile by French and Piedmontese police—Dall' Ongaro's verses—"Where is Mazzini?"

In the autumn of 1852 Count Camillo Cavour had become Prime Minister of Piedmont, an event which marked an era in the destinies of Italy. He was a powerful man of exhaustless patience, of a shrewd, efficient brain and of a hammering persistence of purpose; but he was without principles in politics, unashamed of double dealing either with kings or popular leaders, provided it served his ends, and wholly lacking in spiritual imagination or resource. He desired with true patriotic passion to free Italy from Austria, but not at too great risk to the crown he served. He was convinced that Austria could only be driven away with the help of France, and to gain this alliance he stooped to the utmost servility to Louis Napoleon and to persistent persecution of the revolutionaries. Desirous, however, of using them to promote his own ends when possible, he often encouraged their plans in secret, only to crush them at the critical moment in order to avert the suddenly awakened suspicion of the man whose alliance he desired, or because he feared the impetus of a strong popular movement might sweep away the monarchy in its onward rush as well as break the country's foreign chains. He had no belief in the people, and Mazzini and his ideas were hateful to him. He served no personal ends, and in that was great and consistent; but it was not until the pressure of Mazzini's "dreams" and of obstinate popular movements drove him, that he realised the possibility of the Unitarian idea. Had Cavour believed in the reality and potency of

moral and spiritual energies, his country's story would have been a very different one.

Although at this time the Swiss Federal Council, intimidated by foreign governments, allowed a ruthless hunt to be made for Mazzini, who spent six months almost in one room, he found amongst the country people vigorous and intelligent sympathisers. Seeming to understand his plans and aims instinctively, they helped to conceal him and his friends from the ubiquitously active *gens d'armes*, carried secret letters, and otherwise served the cause, refusing with indignation to take money for their services. The constant affection and co-operation he received from the poor always touched him greatly. It is refreshing to learn that if he had been discovered and arrested, as seemed during some periods inevitable, the American Ambassador intended to put the utmost pressure on the Federal Government to prevent him being surrendered to France, Austria, or Piedmont, and to protect him "in the name of the American Republic, of humanity, and of all the public sympathy that surrounds him." [1]

It is the fashion amongst certain enthusiastic admirers of Mazzini's private character and personality to divide his public life into two periods, the dividing line being 1849. Till that date his aims are more or less understood and approved of, and his achievements in Rome, with its dramatic fitness, its triumphant justification of his activities and his creed, its tragic but glorious close, are spoken of in words not unworthy of their subject. This is considered the climax of his life—the consummation of all his toil and travail of body and spirit in a temporarily realised ideal. From this time on, especially after the abortive rising in Milan in 1853, his political life is disparaged, and we are told that his reputation would have been better served if he had left politics for literature and public for private life; that his attempts at revolt were not only futile but injurious to the cause; [2] that

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

[2] "It has been objected to the National Party that in its ardour for the cause it loses sight of the means adequate to the aim, and wears out the vitality of the Nation and the elements of the Party in a systematic series of attempts on a little scale. . . . There is no such systematic attempt, and no theory is advanced to support them. Many of the little movements have started spontaneously, without any preconceived plan, from intense

he was discredited in the eyes of the nation by his failures and stood almost alone, the majority of his colleagues and followers having wisely joined the Moderate and Monarchical parties while he continued obstinately to lead a forlorn hope; in short, that his work for Italy was done, his influence spent, and that the banner of freedom had passed to other hands more capable of upholding it. His steadfast antagonism to Louis Napoleon is attributed to prejudice and ignorance instead of to principle and foresight, and he is considered in the latter part of his career as a negligible if not a harmful influence in the march of his people towards emancipation—one who, with the best intentions, simply "broke the ranks." On the other hand, many students of the period dissent profoundly from these views, which seem to them to be based, in the first place, on a misreading of historical facts, and in the second on a misapprehension of Mazzini's character and the ideals he served—perhaps, too, on an unconscious tendency to make success or failure the touchstone of value. There will always be those to whom the homage and hosannas of the Entry into Jerusalem represent the true climax of the ministry of Christ, to whom the Garden and the Cross are but the anti-climax. But the slowly moving centuries are apt to reverse such judgments, and to correct with trenchant emphasis the blurred sense of values which they indicate.

It is impossible for those who look below the surface of events to dissociate Mazzini from the progress Italy made towards her freedom during the latter years of his life. He was the actual originator and inspirer of Garibaldi's epoch-making achievement in Sicily and Naples. And in

suffering and intense hatred. No Association can prevent them; no leadership be so powerful and universal as to rule the feverish pulse and throbbing heart of an oppressed nation, watch in hand. The leaders are bound to preach, in general terms, the necessity of action, to kindle enthusiasm, to honour martyrdom, to educate the people so as to enable them to fight and conquer one day or other. Neither they nor the whole Party can be answerable for the ebullitions which may rise from that unavoidable apostolate. There has been, moreover, a period in which, as a matter of fact, to teach daring, to seal and sanctify the national faith with martyrdom, was the only work to be done. But the leaders are now more than ever deprecating small attempts, and trying to organise for a great decisive blow. However, to decide that attempts are on a little scale because they fail, is both unjust and unreasonable. What can we know of the materials which were prepared for the general conflagration, had not the one first spark been smothered at once by some incident?" *Mazzini.*

the critical time that followed Villafranca, who can doubt that it was his faith, his teaching, his incessant efforts and unwearying vigilance that, having planted in the peoples of the Centre the invincible resolution which ultimately defeated Louis Napoleon's machinations, continued to confirm the purpose of the nobler Moderates, strengthened the secret wishes of the King of Piedmont, finally overcoming his timid scruples, and steered Italy safely through one of the most perilous crises of her struggle. It was he who as far as possible kept the sword shining and sharp in its scabbard, ready for the summons of opportunity, during the most dreary and unrecognised years of Italy's servitude to France. It was he whose steadfast refusal, in spite of obloquy and misrepresentation, to allow Italians to acquiesce either in slavery or division, not only lit and guarded the torch of hope and resolve in the popular heart, but indirectly brought that pressure to bear upon the rulers of Piedmont which led them finally to assume the leadership of the movement they had not initiated, but had systematically discouraged whenever foreign or domestic diplomacy seemed to demand it. A careful study of Mazzini's writings and the history of the period may convince many readers that the ranks were broken and the march delayed not by him, but by the timid and short-sighted strategy of subservience to France, by using a crooked policy instead of a straight one, and by an unworthy distrust of popular enthusiasm and endeavour ; they may feel that it was this that divided camps, neutralised effort, and confused issues.

With regard to Mazzini's steady opposition to the French alliance—or rather overlordship—it is even more difficult to understand the attitude above alluded to. Surely, in the light of all that was then known about Louis Napoleon and his Ministers, and still more in the light of all we now know, nothing but the most obstinate sentimentalism can ascribe to him any disinterested desire for the real freedom and unity of Italy, though it is quite obvious that he wished to pose as her benefactor, thus establishing a very useful claim to her gratitude. Elizabeth Barrett Browning's unbalanced enthusiasm over the "Great Deed" did something to maintain the legend, but it is surely now time that romance

was dissipated to make place for facts, and the facts of the recorded life of the Emperor speak with no uncertain voice of his character and aims. It is impossible to deny the justice of Mazzini's judgment of these, or to condemn his invincible distrust of Italy's dependence upon the author of the betrayal of the Roman Republic and of the *coup d'état*; Villafranca and all that followed justify it abundantly. Whether his companion conviction—that given the right lead, at the right moment, on the right issues, Italy would free herself, that only thus would she arise regenerate, worthy of her destinies—whether this conviction too would have justified itself we do not know, because the King and his Ministers lacked the faith, the vision, the single-hearted devotedness which alone could give such a lead and pave the way for such a miracle. But of this at least we may be sure, without heroic faith the struggle could only have been in vain. With it—who knows? Mazzini believed as truly as anyone in taking every conceivable practical measure to ensure success. But he felt that there was also a transcendental factor in the situation, that, given a certain national consciousness of Right, of a suffering and a shame that could be borne no longer, of unity of desire and aim, the question was not only one of the balance of forces in the hostile parties. It was one of faith—confidence in the power of a just cause, of pure enthusiasm, of readiness for sacrifice; "*faith in forces that would rally to the aid of men who dare. This faith is an element in the calculation.*" The italicized words represent a fundamental difference between the Party of Action and the Moderates. They might have been uttered by William James, or by still more modern writers; by Dr. Jacks, who believes so fervently that the universe is adapted to the hero—to the man who is willing to face enormous hazards; or by the school of Auto-Suggestionists. Viewed from more than one angle they are indubitably true. It is vain to blame and belittle a man with an apostle's faith and a hero's temper for refusing to compromise with a servile, shifty, and unscrupulous diplomacy, and in spite of Cavour's devotion to his country's liberties few would deny the justice of the terms applied to his foreign and internal policy. And in judging unsympathetically of Mazzini's relations to Piedmont, as is

so often done, the fact is generally lost sight of that while the aims of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel for their country were political, Mazzini's were also moral and spiritual. What to them was an End was to him a Means, the starting-point of a fresh spiritual education for Italy, the platform of a fresh national endeavour. He knew that no process that weakened and dishonoured Italian character could exalt Italian destiny. The whole direction of his desire was set towards a greater and a lovelier hope than ever dawned upon the horizon of Cavour or of the King, and to any policy that would imperil that hope he was inevitably hostile; on such a road he could neither walk himself nor invite his countrymen to follow. For the most part it was the road of opportunism, and culminated in gallant but fruitless fighting by the side of an insincere and self-seeking ally. At last Piedmont managed to gain for Italy partial enfranchisement at the cost of much Italian pride and some Italian honour, with the loss also of two Italian provinces. The exit of Louis Napoleon from the European stage made the rest possible.

There are many lovers of Italy, many believers in her future, who feel that the troubles that have afflicted her since her unification correspond to the weakness, the intrigue, the lack of courage and of self-reliance in the later process by which she came to be; that had Mazzini's idea of a great independent national rising been steadily planned for and wisely carried out, a nobler, more spiritually splendid Italy would have confronted a more shining future; that the pledge and promise of her destiny, and the inspiration to her task, lies in the blood of her martyrs and its immortal potency, in the life-long service and inspiration of one of the greatest of our race; and that in her loyal response to the spirit of his hopes for her, his call to her, lies the surest guarantee of her greatness.

Undismayed by the repeated failure of all his hopes, he set to work to reorganise the Party of Action shattered by the recent immense blow. His letters at this time show him to be profoundly grieved at the desertion of Medici, a friend of twenty years, who, while professing to entertain a deep personal affection and esteem for his old comrade, kept

silence when he ought to have spoken, and inert when a very little effort would have meant a very great help. He felt deeply the burning shame of the passive acquiescence of his countrymen and his own party in the insolent brutalities and cruelties of Austrian, French and Papal tyranny, and in the rottenness and corruption which passed as government. At this moment Austria was occupied with other matters than Italy, and was concentrating her forces upon the Serbian border in order to protect her great trade routes on the Danube, then threatened by Russia in the early stages of the Crimean war ; France, too, had withdrawn several thousand men from Rome, and Mazzini, strongly impressed with the favourableness of the opportunity for revolt, was eating his heart out with anxiety that it should not be missed. His own capital had been completely exhausted in patriotic undertakings, but he appealed in vain to his old friends and sympathisers to raise the modest sum that was needed to finance a movement. Some fatal apathy seemed to have overtaken them, and the call to co-operation fell on deaf ears. The opportunity—" one which had been dreamt of for years "—was lost, and the " new and unbearable grief of shame " for the country and the friends he loved attacked his dauntless spirit. " I have an immense feeling of discouragement," he wrote to Emilie, " like night coming on." Only once or twice did he pour out his Italian griefs to his friend, and he almost blamed himself for doing so; but Emilie, who shared his views and aims as if she were an Italian, had touched a chord in one of her letters to him which waked " a host of thoughts." His letters of this period, in spite of his own overwhelming burdens, are full of the wisest and the tenderest sympathy with her personal perplexities—which were many—and reveal that hers to him must have been of a mournful and even despairing nature. His answers contain the constant assurance of the affection and understanding of " the most loving friend and brother you can have " ; earnest appeals to be " good and brave, not careless and despairing," and to believe that earthly life cannot be all barren as long as it is possible to devote it to a high purpose and to cherish noble and earnest affections to those still with us ; urgent requests to be allowed to help

her in a time of temporary pecuniary limitation by a loan from his own scanty resources, which he hopes she will take and thus oblige him " very, very much," begging her as a proof of friendship to use whatever he has at any time ; a plan to hire a piano for her—feeling no doubt that it would solace her in her depressed state, as she was a lover of music—and send it to her lodgings, which he assured her with emphasis he could do without the least inconvenience to himself ; humorous but wise remonstrances on her hypercritical and " absolute " opinions of the worth or worthlessness of the men and women she met—these features and much more of a kindred nature in the letters from 1856–7, written when he was watching with bated breath the progress of his plans for revolt and their imminent success or failure, bear witness to his genius for self-forgetful friendship. *À propos* of her tendency to swift and decisive pigeon-holing of human creatures as good and bad, he reminded her that our mission on earth is " not that of the last Christian Judgment, but the saving from the devil those who seem to have a tendency in his direction and the encouraging of all those who, in however small a degree, aspire towards the angel." And he suggests, quite in the approved Coué style, that every morning and every night she should repeat a little formula—only he calls it " a maxim "—to remind her that sympathy and service, rather than judgment, is the human task. His English, vivid, but still occasionally and impressively quaint, often adds its own charm to this record of a rare and devoted friendship. One cannot avoid being struck by a very moving element of personal diffidence which blends with the courage and directness of the man who is quite certain of his spiritual convictions ; it was characteristic of him, and was not his least endearing trait.

In the early summer of 1856 he travelled secretly to Genoa to develop plans which had been maturing for some time. It was a peculiarly dangerous sojourn, and for a little while he had to live in a cellar where he could catch no glimpse of the sky and could only move four paces " by turning round about himself. It mattered little to him, for he was surrounded by such love by the working men in whose midst he was, served and guarded with such devotion and delicacy, that

external details were forgotten ; they were men who had to work all day, but at night, without his knowing anything about it till afterwards, they surrendered their sleep in order to watch over his safety. While here he saw Jessie White Mario, a most devoted lover and servant of Italy to the end of her life, and afterwards the wife of the patriot Alberto Mario —for the second time, and completed arrangements for lectures to be delivered by her and Saffi on the Italian question in England and Scotland. Of this visit she writes :[1] " There I saw him amongst his own people, who literally worshipped him, hiding him in their hearts and homes, passing him from one working man's house to another, keeping sentinels on the watch against any surprise, so that he saw all the people that he desired to meet and laid his plans with Pisacane for an expedition to Naples." Of these poor artisans Mazzini wrote that they had " a touch of true heroism " in their readiness to act and to suffer for Italy ; he was, however, disappointed with the members of the middle class at the secret meetings he attended, who seemed only able to act under the pressure of personal influence. His place of rendezvous was a room in a deserted house, whither he went with a candle in his pocket, to be stuck afterwards in an empty bottle. It was during this time that he started a subscription for ten thousand muskets to be given to the first Italian province that should rise against Austria. These were to be bought by the Genoese, whom he hoped thus to make the flag-bearers of the National Party of Action and the pioneers of the idea of Italian solidarity. The first subscription sheets were seized by the Piedmontese Government, but Mazzini continued to proceed with the undertaking by establishing public committees. His incessant efforts to convert his old friends, now of the Moderate party, to the need for action, resulted at this time in their apparent conversion ; " everything was settled for an immediate beginning," and after weeks of " overwhelming work " he dared to hope for a united effort. At the last moment, however, they drew back, and he had to write to his friends that again there was nothing left of his hopes but a disappointment. Shortly after this, able for the moment to

[1] *Birth of Modern Italy.*

do nothing in Italy, he returned to England to seek to raise funds for the projected rising in Sicily.

About this time he wrote a letter to James Stansfield in which he again expresses his conviction that the only hope for European peace and freedom lay in a bond of free nationalities ready to protect one another. "What is wanted," he wrote about the special national question then at issue, "is not a temporary agitation which will have to be everlastingly reproduced, but something permanent, a great *Association for the Nationalities, which, by perennially insisting, changes the policy of governments in international matters—a constant machinery functioning regularly and always.*" This idea, which has taken over sixty years and a disastrous European war to dawn on the minds of men, was a fundamental one in his hopes for the future, which were never limited to the needs of his own nation. Poles, Hungarians, Greeks, the Balkan nations, and others—all shared in his aspirations; constantly in his letters his sympathy with the oppressed of any nation strikes us by its urgency, and he never ceased to feel it the duty of the free to help in whatever way was possible those who were still enslaved.

Cavour's policy during this period had been wholly opposed to Mazzini's convictions of righteousness and wisdom. He had sent a Piedmontese contingent to fight against Russia in the Crimean war; of this it has been truly said:[1] "It meant a loss of men and money, a heavy drain on the overtaxed State, the prospect of terrible suffering for its soldiers from cholera and cold. . . . It seemed quixotic to waste on another's quarrel the strength which Italy needed to husband for her own ambitions . . . and fantastically strange that Piedmont should be ranged in the same camp as Austria, should help to prop the oppressor of the struggling slave"—and, we may add, Italy's own age-long oppressor, in revolt against whom so much of her noblest blood had been shed. To Mazzini and many others it seemed not only fantastically strange, but fantastically iniquitous, and the anticipated gain in European prestige insufficient to compensate for the spiritual losses involved. Not less opposed to his principles was the alliance with

[1] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King.

Louis Napoleon. This alliance, however, was the immediate goal of Cavour's ambition, together with the right to a seat at the Congress which would meet after the war, when he hoped the Powers would "consider the condition of Italy." There was nothing quixotic about the move. His calculations were rewarded, as he had hoped, by a seat at the Peace Congress and a *rapprochement* with the French Emperor—whether for good or evil has been variously decided—but by nothing else of advantage to Italy. It was the fear of displeasing Louis Napoleon that led him against his real wishes to agree to the project that his cousin, Lucien Murat, should fill the throne of Naples, which would of course have been a disastrous blow to Italian hopes of freedom and unity. A revolt in the future against "Bomba," a despot noted throughout Europe for his crimes, had some chance of success, whereas one against a prince related to and practically nominated by the French Emperor, and accepted by the only existing Italian ruler in Italy, would have been foredoomed to failure. Cavour had assured Louis Napoleon that "the ambitions of Piedmont did not extend beyond her own side of the Apennines," and it was his difficult task to avoid on the one hand giving him any reason to doubt the sincerity of this statement, and on the other not to wholly alienate the members of the "National Society," founded by Manin and Pallavicini, whose declared aim was unity—to be obtained by the Piedmontese army and the assistance of France, as opportunity offered. This left him free to crush the revolutionists, a policy to which he always adhered—whether or not it had been convenient to use them for a time to further his own designs. He would have been glad if, without his approval appearing, Bomba could have been overthrown and Naples and Sicily united to Piedmont, and with this in view, for some time secretly approved of the plans for insurrection there, as also he had of those for a rising in Modena against the Duke.

In the spring of 1857 Mazzini again went to Italy. For long, a plan for a revolt in Sicily and the Neapolitan provinces had been cherished by Pisacane[1]—the head of

[1] He had little hope of success, but believed that only by such failures could the people be roused from their apathy. "For me," he wrote, "it

the war committee of the short-lived Roman Republic, and Rosalino Pilo, a young Sicilian nobleman who had been amongst the insurgents of 1848. Realising the dangers that dwelt in Louis Napoleon's increasing desire to dominate Italian national affairs, and the inefficiency of the National Society through its declared policy of dependence on the Emperor and its lack of initiative, these two men were eager to carry out their plan without further delay, and to confer with Mazzini on its execution. Cavour himself "promised funds for this expedition, but again for some unexplained reason drew back."[1] Mazzini, however, continued his plans, and indeed his colleagues were far too desirous of action to withdraw, whatever his attitude. Garibaldi had been repeatedly urged by Pisacane and Pilo to lead the expedition, a leadership which they were confident would ensure its success, but he refused to have anything to do with it, as did Bertani when approached by Mazzini. Space is lacking to give the details of the plot or its tragic ending. After some days of agonising suspense—a too familiar experience—Mazzini and his anxious friends in Genoa learned that it had failed. It was the third attempt to escape from the fiendish despotism of Ferdinand within one year, so unbearable had it become. Who can tell how different the result might have been if, instead of waiting on the King of Piedmont and Louis Napoleon, Garibaldi had lent to the movement the magic of his name, and the more patriotic of the Moderates had rallied to his standard, for "it only needed one real shock to bring down Ferdinand's crumpling rule."[2] Had Pisacane's landing at Sapri been better supported, the tale might have been a very different one. But an unexpected abandonment by one of the leaders of the Moderates had weakened his hands at the start. Cosenz, a well-known soldier whose name as well as whose experience would have been a valuable asset, formally accepted co-operation with him, and arriving in Genoa just before the steamer was to start, came to bid farewell to Mazzini. Shaking hands cordially, he announced

will be victory even if I die on the scaffold. This is all I can do; the rest depends on the country. I have only my affections and my life to give, and I give them without hesitation" (*Liberation of Italy*, Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco).

[1] *Life of Mazzini*, Bolton King. [2] *Unity of Italy*, Bolton King.

his imminent departure, and left him, ostensibly to join Pisacane. But when the expedition started he had vanished. His defection was serious—the manner of it contemptible; jealousy seems to have been its motive, as he left a letter saying that he did not want to be anybody's tool. Had he been with the expedition, the Neapolitans—always sensitive to military reputation—would probably have risen. None blamed the failure of the plan more bitterly than the Moderates. It is, wrote Mazzini, "as if a regiment who had deserted should reproach the brother-regiment, left alone, for having succumbed." It was three years before Mazzini and Rosalino Pilo could persuade Garibaldi to take the risk of a renewed attack on Bomba's government, and that not until Pilo had led the enterprise which prepared its way; he fell in the breach he had made as Garibaldi and his Thousand stepped into it.

"Pisacane," wrote Victor Hugo, "was greater than Garibaldi." It is a needless comparison, but the very same writer [1] who says "the folly of the plot may well have aroused Cavour's indignation" declares that "the expedition, disastrous failure as it seemed, was the forlorn hope of victory . . . it dispelled the fatal fascination that tied the Moderates to Murat's plans, and gave a new impetus to the Unitarian movement in the south. . . . The Government struck at its fellow conspirators of a few months back . . . who in part, at all events, were preparing the way for itself, with a severity that did little credit to its honesty." Of the leaders of the attempt, only one, Rosalino Pilo, came back; Pisacane was killed; Nicotera was thrown by Bomba's special order into "a cell over a ditch of putrid water, where he had a stone for bed and black bread only for food, for five months, in spite of continued fever and hæmorrhage of the lungs"; [2] the other seventy survivors were condemned to the galleys for life, or imprisonment. Meanwhile the Piedmontese Government had discovered the companion plot to seize arms and ammunition from the arsenal at Genoa wherewith to reinforce the fighters of the south, and its execution was suspended at once by Mazzini; in one place only the order

[1] Bolton King.
[2] *Birth of Modern Italy*, J. W. Mario.

arrived late, and one man was killed. This was the only blood shed in Genoa.

Once assured that Pisacane's movement had failed, the Government, with Cavour at its head, started a campaign of deliberate misrepresentation and calumny against its promoters which covered themselves, not their victims, with shame: they were anarchists, Genoa had been promised to the rabble for pillage, the convicts were to have been let loose, and after valuables had been abducted the city walls were to be blown up, and so on. The one clear fact that emerged, after all the wild accusations, was the true one—it was no plot to undermine the Government, but simply to seize arms to help the patriots of the south. Nevertheless, and in spite of Cavour's secret hopes that the Sicilian attempt would be successful, Mazzini and five more (who escaped through his efforts) were sentenced to death, the others to long terms of imprisonment. Cavour himself was apparently glad of this opportunity to rid himself of the man he hated and dreaded—the more because he was not the convenient tool that he had hoped for, and he instituted through his agents a determined search to discover his whereabouts. He had received a message from Louis Napoleon that he was certainly in Genoa, and the Emperor even sent special agents to aid the Piedmontese police, all in vain. It is consoling to know from a letter of the exile's to England that twice the hands of the police had been within an inch of him, but it would be more consoling if the French spies could have known it too! In July Cavour wrote to his Minister in Paris that he was to "engage the French Government to send him without delay an agent whom they believe capable of arresting Mazzini." "If he succeeds," continued the eager correspondent, "he can count on a splendid recompense, for you may be sure we desire ardently to deliver Piedmont, Italy and Europe from this infamous conspirator who has become a regular chief of assassins. If we take him, he will, I hope, be condemned to death, and he shall be hung in the Piazza dell' Acquasola." Alas! for "the best laid plots of mice and men!" Mazzini was not hung on the Acquasola; instead, on that very spot, a succeeding Government erected a noble statue to his memory. "Hidden in the hearts and homes"

of poor and rich alike, from coal-heaver to Count, he stayed in Italy till August. On one occasion when he had been persuaded to spend a few days in the house of the Marchesa Ernesto Pareto, who with his wife were his devoted friends, a group of police and riflemen approached the house. The Marchesa having anticipated a search for her guest, had arranged a clever hiding-place for him ; this was the partially filled cover of a mattress of leaves placed under another on an old bedstead in the ironing room of the Palazzo, where the laundry maid was busy at work. This bedstead served as a sort of table for the ironed articles as they were finished, and in the lower and half empty mattress-cover Mazzini —much against his will and out of consideration for his friends —was persuaded to hide himself. The searchers failed to find him, and their half-suffocated victim thankfully emerged as soon as the examination was over. After dining that evening he was enjoying the music of his hosts, both excellent performers, when a devoted old servant hurried into the room with the alarmed whisper that a fresh body of police were nearing the house. In an instant Mazzini was led to the same hiding-place, and this time the exploration of the room was more thorough ; had the hands of the searchers moved one inch further, Cavour's pious hopes might have been fulfilled. The next day a third search was made, and it was then that the incident occurred already referred to, when he insisted on opening the door to the *gens d'armes* himself. Having politely ushered them in, he walked out into the street, only to find other policemen on the watch ; with one of these he entered into conversation, and having begged a light for his cigar continued his leisurely progress till he reached a side street with a cab in waiting. He remained in the neighbourhood for more than a month, devoting all his energies to further the escape of fugitives, and to advising, encouraging and assisting the dismayed remainder of his adherents. When all those condemned to death had escaped, and he had done all he could in Italy for the time being, he left the country. Enraged at their failure to find him, the Government spread the statement that immediately on giving the signal for action in Genoa he had carried his person into safety abroad.

The popular poet Dall' Ongaro mocked the spies and

police agents in lines famous all over Italy in those days, of which the following translation may be offered :—

" Where is Mazzini ? " hear them cry ! We answer with disdain
" Some say he is in Germany, or in England once again,
Some swear he's in Geneva, some are certain he's in Spain.
Some place him on an altar, some wish him underground,
But none amongst his hunters know where he can be found.
Oh stupid men who seek him, once more look wildly round !
There is only one Mazzini, and can he not be found ? "

* * * * *

Where is Mazzini ? Ask it of the pine
That guards the slope of Alp and Apennine.
In every spot where trembling tyrants fear
The dawn of freedom, seek Mazzini there !
And where Italia's sons' supreme desire
To die that she may live flames ever higher,
Go, find him there,—he lit, he guards, that fire.

CHAPTER X

Mazzini in London—Orsini's attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon—Professional forgers of Mazzini's writing—The Emperor and Cavour at Plombières—Cavour's denial of the Treaty—War declared with Austria—Victory of Magenta—Successful revolt of the Central Provinces—Victory of Solferino—Villafranca—Italian anger at French abandonment—Cavour resigns—Ratazzi made Premier—Louis Napoleon's Italian policy—Duel between him and the Central Provinces—Mazzini in Florence—Encourages resistance to French schemes—Murat—Jerome Napoleon—Plans for revolt encouraged for a time by Victor Emmanuel—Cavour's hostility—Change of policy—How Mazzini was handicapped as a leader.

In the autumn of 1853 Mazzini arrived in London, worn and ill and terribly aged, as his friends noticed with dismay, from the griefs and privations of the last month. He was inconsolable at the death of Pisacane and his devoted companions, at the Moderate apathy which seemed to be darkening the future of Italy, and at the fate of Nicotera, immured in Bomba's dungeon. Soon after his return he published a pamphlet defending and explaining the Genoese insurrection and exposing the conditions which were continually provoking Italians to revolt. In it he alluded to the "fatal influence" he is declared by the Piedmontese Government to exert and asked how it is that he, an exile, grown grey in years and cares, without means, opposed by all the governments and hunted by all the spies in Europe, should nevertheless still possess the fatal influence. It was simply because the state of Italy called for action, and he, understanding this, urged it to action. He implored the Government to arouse itself and act, to act better and more efficaciously than he can; thus they will destroy the influence they deplore. The King of Piedmont answered this pamphlet by a renewed death sentence against the writer, Cavour by declaring that "the monarchy exists by means of treaties which it respects" (these treaties, it should be noticed, guaranteed the whole of Italy, except Piedmont, to alien rulers). An emancipated

and united Italy, he declared, was a Utopian dream. Yet shortly after this, La Farina, Secretary to the National Society, in the silent hours before the dawn, used to creep up a secret stairway leading to Cavour's bedroom to confer with him in private over plans for the very ends denied by him in public, plans to be matured by men whom he would not scruple to repudiate and punish should it please Napoleon's whim, or the schemes prove unsuccessful.

In 1858 Orsini attempted to assassinate Louis Napoleon by exploding bombs as the Emperor and Empress were driving to the opera. Horrible carnage was the result; one hundred and fifty persons were injured and eight killed, but the intended victim was untouched—except indeed by panic, which showed itself by demands to the English and Italian Governments for measures designed to protect his person against refugees and revolutionists. Europe was rightly shocked at the crime. It was of course an occasion not to be neglected by the enemies of Mazzini, and he was vociferously accused of being the instigator of the attempt, of which till he read it in the papers he knew nothing. It has been truly said that his political adversaries "desired to destroy his character almost more than to compass his death." In the latter case they would remove the danger of his constant vigilance and the stimulus of his physical presence, but "after that they would have no more that they could do"; the killing of his body could not shatter the enduring inspiration of his spirit, or its permanent menace to the prestige of the self-seeking, the servile, the calculating, the cowardly. To discredit that singularly exalted personality by associating it with political murder and anarchical violence, or even with personal ambition and the stupid blindness of partisanship, would be a far more effective policy; and they pursued it unrelentingly. The hostile governments employed numerous agents whose business it was to fabricate plausible evidence of his connection with doubtful or nefarious schemes, and as the livelihood of these persons depended on their success it is not surprising that their activities were incessant. The production of forged letters and documents was an easily worked mine; Mazzini's writing was peculiarly easy to imitate, as was avowed shortly before his death by one of these pro-

fessional forgers—or caligraphists, as they were euphemistically called. This individual, indeed, succeeded so well that on one occasion, being shown a piece of his own work that he had forgotten, he pronounced it, after careful comparison with the specimen of the alleged author's handwriting in his possession, to be genuine. In this year was invented the story of a republican plot to assassinate Victor Emmanuel which Cavour declared to emanate from Mazzini. It is impossible to suppose that the shrewd Prime Minister believed his own charge for a moment, but it is another example of the systematic villification that Mazzini endured from his opponents.

In the summer of this year an event occurred which decided Italy's policy for many years. Louis Napoleon and Cavour had a secret meeting at Plombières, in the Vosges, in order, as the former declared, and Cavour hoped, to arrange the final terms for the deliverance of Italy. It is difficult to understand the complacency with which this compact has been viewed by some liberal historians. By it, it is true, Louis Napoleon pledged himself to attack Austria at the suitable moment and to force her to disgorge her Italian possessions; but what led Cavour to trust the promises of a man who had climbed to power by the perjury and betrayal of the compatriots who trusted him, it is difficult to understand; for although those promises were reinforced by the guarantee of substantial advantages to himself, it was impossible in the insecure state of his domestic and foreign affairs, and with a character and outlook so fundamentally unreliable as the Emperor's was known to be, to feel confident that the balance of advantage would remain in his estimation a stable quantity, or that he would not find it convenient to evade his obligations. By this secret compact Lombardy, Venetia, the Duchies and a slice of Papal territory were to go to Piedmont, which would thus form the kingdom of Northern Italy; the rest of the Papal territories were to remain under the jurisdiction of the Pope, who was to be maintained in his temporal possessions by a French garrison in Rome. That in no other way could the hated rule be maintained was well known to the Emperor, whose policy in this matter was governed by the necessity of conciliating

French Catholic sentiment. Umbria and Tuscany were to form a kingdom of Central Italy under foreign rule, possibly that of the Duchess-regent of Parma—a Bourbon princess, widow of the notoriously vicious Charles III,[1] who was assassinated by his enraged subjects in 1854—but Napoleon's real designs, clearly revealed later, was that his cousin Prince Jerome Buonaparte, son of the ex-King of Westphalia, should occupy the throne of Tuscany. The kingdom of Naples was to be left to Bomba, and when the inevitable revolt against him was accomplished the Emperor's nephew, Murat, was to become its sovereign. Italy was thus to be divided into four kingdoms, of which only Piedmont was to be free and Italian. The others, bound by relationship and obligation to Louis Napoleon, would safeguard his ascendancy in the Peninsula, even if Piedmont should ever prove ungrateful, and were to form what Louis Napoleon chose to call an Italian Federation. But his assistance to bring about even this state of things, which, though satisfactory to himself and Cavour,[2] would have stultified the hopes of all far-seeing Italian patriots by perpetuating her divisions and sealing her slavery to the Papacy and to France, was to be heavily paid for. Princess Clotilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel, a child barely sixteen, was to be given in marriage to Jerome Buonaparte, "a cowardly, unscrupulous, middle-aged rake,"[3] thus uniting the proud and ancient blood of the House of Savoy to the mushroom family of the Buonapartes; and the provinces of Nizza and Savoia were to pass to the French crown. The former stipulation, besides being gratifying to Napoleon's pride, strengthened his position in Italy, and the latter—the "rectification" of France's Alpine frontier—was the fulfilment of a long and cherished ambition, the forerunner in Napoleon's hopes of the rectification of the Rhineland frontier.[4]

The provisions of the compact of Plombières became

[1] The record of his reign is one of the most degrading which the House of Bourbon has inscribed on the page of history" (*Union of Italy*, Stillman).

[2] Cavour's ambitions at this time went no further than the expulsion of Austria and the formation of a strong Italian kingdom of the North.

[3] Bolton King.

[4] This was a scheme well known to Bismarck, who saw in the Franco-Prussian war started by Louis Napoleon with such criminal levity the possibility of checking his German ambitions.

known to Mazzini in November. Cavour denied the agreement to cede Nice and Savoy as the price of French help up to the very moment of its publication in the French journal *Le Moniteur*, when both he and the French Ministers tried to bluff the public into disbelieving it by the most audacious lying. The surrender of all prospects of a united Italy contained not only in the provisions of Plombières, but in a public manifesto of the Emperor's stating that Italian unity was impossible and the maintenance of the temporal power of the Pope a necessity, would have confirmed Mazzini, if he had needed it, in his conviction that the French Alliance was not the destined instrument of Italy's regeneration. He made a noble appeal to Piedmont to work for the greater goal, and it may be that his words were seeds in the heart of the King that did not wholly die.

His health at this time began to be a very serious handicap years of extreme privation, his always impoverished circumstances—of late become more acutely so through the seizure by the Piedmontese Government of both the annuities provided for him by his mother—his life of confinement when on the continent in one small room, his lack of comfort, of properly cooked food, and of sufficient warmth in winter in the cheap lodging which was all he would afford himself in England, the strain of exacting work always continued under high pressure—all these factors were having their natural result on a frame at all times delicate and finely strung though capable of immense endurance; obscure digestive trouble brought on attacks of violent pain, sickness and prostration, and periods of extreme suffering in the spine recurred at shorter and shorter intervals. His old and much attached landlady, Susannah Tancione, who owed everything to his pity and provision, had been established by him in a comfortable home in Switzerland near her sons, and the woman with whom he now was, though proud of her distinguished lodger, was a bad cook and a coal economist His friends would have welcomed him as an inmate of their homes with joy, but his natural independence and the need he felt of complete freedom of spirit, prevented his acceptance of their affectionate urgings; though his greatest pleasure always lay in the constant and loving intercourse with them

REMEMBER ME TO EMMA. AND HAVE A GOOD LONG KISS FROM YOUR OLD TRUE FRIEND.

JOSEPH

SEPT. 4 – 1858.

DEAREST JOSEPH

ALTHOUGH I HOPE TO SEE YOU VERY SOON, I STILL WISH TO TELL YOU, MY DARLING, THAT YOUR GOOD LOVING LETTER CAME VERY VERY DEAR TO ME YOUR FRIEND. I HAVE KEPT IT, AND WE SHALL TALK ABOUT ALL YOUR NEW FRIENDS, SOME OF WHOM, LIKE THE COLONEL, I KNOW TOO. I HOPE YOU WILL NOT QUICKLY FORGET THEM AND HOW KIND THEY HAVE BEEN TO YOU. WE MUST ALWAYS TRY TO FORGET THE WRONG THAT HAS BEEN DONE TO US, NEVER THE GOOD. I HAVE BEEN RATHER POORLY AND FELT VERY LONELY, DEAR JOE; AND I WOULD HAVE LIKED VERY MUCH INDEED TO COME ME AND BE WITH YOU AND WITH YOUR DEAR DEAR MAMMA AND WITH YOU ALL. BUT I HAD TO WORK FOR MY POOR COUNTRY, WHERE SO MANY ARE UNHAPPY, THAT I CAN SCARCELY ENJOY ANY THING WHILST I THINK OF THEM. YOU HAVE STILL TO LEARN, MY DARLING, THAT GOD HAS PLACED US HERE NOT TO ENJOY OURSELVES, BUT TO DO GOOD TO OTHERS WHO STAND IN NEED OF IT. MAMMA KNOWS ALL ABOUT IT, AND SHE AND YOUR PAPA WILL TEACH YOU ALL. NOW SHE TEACHES IT BY EXAMPLE, BY WATCHING OVER YOU AND MAKING YOU STRONG SO THAT YOU CAN DO YOUR GOOD WORK PROPERLY WHEN YOU WILL BE A MAN.

ADDIO, MY DEAR JOE. GIVE MY LOVE TO MAMMA, PAPA AND MALWIDA

FACSIMILE OF A LETTER FROM MAZZINI TO CAROLINE STANSFIELD'S LITTLE SON, TAKEN FROM ONE, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED, IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. RICH

which continued to the end. Still through his letters runs the strain of profound sympathy with their burdens. In this year Emilie's troubles increased, and her melancholy became very pronounced; but in spite of the deep pain it caused him, so that he writes "it is nearly crushing to me . . . I would gladly give years of my life to have yours in a different state," he is always "thankful" that she "pours out her torments" to him. "I am bothered," he confessed in his sometimes quaint English in another letter, "but scarcely think of any other thing than your own bothering." He was not too absorbed however to think of the little boy he so loved—the child of Caroline Stansfield, and to send him a letter carefully written in printed characters that he might be able to read it himself, of which a reproduction is here given.

His "botherings" were sufficiently serious. The men whom he hoped to influence to action before the plans made at Plombières for Italian dismemberment and domination by the French should mature, refused to believe his information, mocked him for his warning that "peace would be imposed by Napoleon as soon as Lombardy was won for Piedmont, and that Venetia would be abandoned to Austria," and reviled him for his distrust of the Emperor. Meanwhile the latter was already regretting his promise to fight for Italy. The criticism of his ministry at home—who were ignorant of Plombières—and disapproval abroad, reinforced his own growing distaste for the undertaking, and he sought to induce Cavour to cease his military preparations and to disarm. But Cavour refused, telling him that he would publish the provisions of Plombières, and his own letters on the subject, if he failed him. After repeated changes of front, the Emperor determined on withdrawal, and on the acceptance of the proposition made by England that the three armies of France, Austria and Piedmont should be simultaneously reduced to a peace footing; this suggestion had been first made by Austria and was now put forward by Lord Malmesbury, the English Foreign Secretary—a man comprehensively ignorant of Italian affairs—in order to dispel the war cloud that seemed likely to break. Napoleon approved of this way out of his difficulties—not the less, we may suppose, that he had already

received the first instalment of the promised reward, from which there could be no turning back, in the marriage of the young princess of Savoy with his cousin, and he sent peremptory telegram to Cavour ordering him to disarm. Cavour "half distraught, talked of suicide, but sullenly answered that Piedmont must bow to the will of Europe."[1] But before his submission could be put into effect Austria, ignorant of the telegraphed command and his consent to it, put herself in the wrong and practically broke the peace by sending a messenger to demand disarmament within three days on pain of immediate invasion. Cavour aware that Austria had forfeited the "diplomatic sympathy of Europe by this false move, and that Louis Napoleon could not now refuse his aid, declined to comply with the insulting ultimatum, and joyfully prepared to meet the invading force Austria declared war on April 27th, and Louis Napoleon on the 29th. Mazzini declared this action of Cavour's to be master stroke.

Although Louis Napoleon had expressly stipulated that only regular troops should be employed in the war, it was beyond the power of the authorities to check the crowds of volunteers who came streaming in from all parts of Italy as soon as the first rumours of a possible conflict spread amongst the people. Before war was declared twenty-three thousand had enrolled themselves either in the regular army or in corps commanded by Garibaldi, who, in spite of the dislike of the military authorities, had been wisely appointed to this position by the King, with liberty to choose his own officers. On the 4th of June the victory of the French and Italian armies at Magenta opened the road to Milan, where the Austrian garrison made a hurried exit and Victor Emmanuel proclaimed the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. Tuscany had already driven out its archduke, and the rulers of Parma and Modena had fled with the discredited Austrian garrisons; all three states declared for Victor Emmanuel. In the territorities of the Church the Austrians abandoned Bologna, the capital of the Romagna, and the anti-Papal revolution blazed up in the Marches and Umbria, including Ancona and Perugia. Three weeks after Magenta the allies

[1] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King.

victory at Solferino opened the way to the easy capture of Venice, and independence seemed secured.

At that moment Italy was one flame of joy and hope; the age-long servitude was on the point of dissolution, freedom seemed dawning divinely above the hills of Solferino. It was then that the blow foreseen by Mazzini fell on the exultant people. On the 6th of June, while the Piedmontese were preparing to invest Peschiera and the French troops stood ready for battle on the banks of the Mincio, Louis Napoleon, without consulting his allies, sent a secret messenger proposing an armistice to the Austrian Emperor. It was accepted, and three days later the two monarchs met at Villafranca to draw up a peace which, "except for a province added to Piedmont, seemed to leave Italy further from unity than before."[1] By it Lombardy was to be ceded to Victor Emmanuel, but Venetia, with the four great fortresses of the Quadrilateral,[2] was to be left to Austria; Tuscany and Modena were to be returned to their banished dukes, the Romagna was to re-enter Papal jurisdiction, and all the Italian states were to belong to an Austro-Italian federation under the Presidency of the Pope. When the King was told of the terms thus arranged with the enemy behind his back by his cynical ally, he declared his intention to carry on the war alone; but when the Emperor replied, "As you will, but instead of one enemy you might easily find two," his courage faltered, and he signed the shameful treaty.

The effect of the unexpected treachery of Napoleon was undescribable. All over Italy his name was coupled with curses. Cavour, enraged and desperate, rushed from Turin to the headquarters of the King. On the journey no one knew who the angry-faced traveller was, and he listened in grim silence to the imprecations on the French Emperor that filled his carriage. One disillusioned citizen exclaimed bitterly, "Mazzini was right; the war was sure to end like this." Cavour's interview with the King was a stormy one. Overwhelmed by the prospect of losing so much of what he had schemed and toiled to win, furious at Napoleon's treachery and the abandonment of Venetia and the Romagna, both

[1] *Union of Italy*, Stillman.
[2] Peschiera, Mantua, Verona and Legnagno.

promised to Piedmont, his self-control broke down, and he spoke insolent and burning words. The indignation was mutual, and the quarrel ended in Cavour's resignation and the instalment of Ratazzi in the vacant Premiership.

The causes of Napoleon's *volte face* are not far to seek. His own throne stood on an insecure basis; it was still necessary to conciliate the powerful Catholic party, and he feared to antagonise them if he kept his word to Cavour and allowed the revolted Romagna to continue its separation from the Papal jurisdiction; he also feared the possible hostility of Prussia should a German-speaking Power suffer unqualified defeat at his hands; above all he feared the growth of a strong and united Italy which must in the nature of things become independent of his patronage and perhaps a check on his ambitions; he had but the faintest conception of the depth of the passion for independence and unity, nurtured by the lifelong activity of Mazzini, which had been growing for years in the heart of the Italian people, and it is no more to be wondered at that he broke his pledges to them—pledges renewed in Milan a few weeks before Villafranca amid scenes of the greatest popular enthusiasm—because it suited his convenience to do so, than that he should deceive and betray his own people when he broke his Presidential oath and climbed to power over the corpse of his own honour. How could broken faith with France, and broken faith with Italy in the black days of his slaughter of her nascent liberties at Rome, beget anything but broken faith again?

But he failed to read the signs of the times. Slowly but surely the spiritual travail of the forgotten exile, through years of unconquerable faith and patience and undismayed endeavour, was creating a spirit in the Italian peoples in comparison with which Louis Napoleon's careful schemes of federalism and French domination of the Centre were things of straw. Part of the harvest of Mazzini's steadfast sowing was reaped in the unshaken resistance of his countrymen in the long duel between them and the Emperor on the subject of annexation—a resistance which ignored alike his angry *vetoes* on their liberties and the compromises of the Piedmontese Government.

Meanwhile the revolution in the Papal States was put

down with the utmost ferocity by the Pope and Cardinal Pecci, afterwards Leo XIII. The storming of Perugia, with the organised loot and massacre—even of women and old men —which followed, was carried out in obedience to special Papal commands by the brutal mercenaries whom his Holiness employed to support his tottering throne ; he rewarded these men for their atrocities, and struck a medal to commemorate the sack of the city, little realising the shock dealt to the temporal power by his barbarities ; his friend Bomba could hardly have excelled them. After the terrible and purposed " example " of Perugia, Umbria and the Marches submitted, and only Bologna held out. This city offered itself to Victor Emmanuel, who would have accepted it had not Louis Napoleon intervened with his peremptory *veto*. Tuscany, too, had long ago sent in her adherence to the King, to whom it had offered the Dictatorship of the province during the war; this offer Cavour would have promptly accepted for his sovereign had not here also the same inexorable *veto* interposed. As has been said before, Napoleon intended, if possible, to seat a French prince on the throne of Central Italy, and meant to allow nothing that would jeopardise his plan ; in pursuance of this project he sent his fifth army corps to Tuscany under his cousin Jerome Napoleon. It was an exceedingly critical time for Italy ; if the schemes for her division had succeeded, if the banished dukes had returned, or if a Frenchman had established himself in Tuscany and the Duchies, and the talked of " Federation " under Papal Presidency had been inaugurated, nothing short of another revolution and another war under far less favourable circumstances could have restored their liberties, not to mention the immense difficulties of dissipating the internal inertia which accompanies an accepted *status quo*, or the dislike of foreign Powers to its disturbance. But, as Farini remarked, Italy had not signed the peace of Villafranca, and Italy did not mean to keep it. Tuscany refused in a clear and most emphatic manner to receive back her Duke or any of his house ; nothing whatever, she assured Napoleon, would induce her to do so. In despite of his *veto* the unanimous votes of the four representative assemblies of Tuscany, the Romagna, Modena, and Parma declared the

downfall of their old governments and their fixed intention of annexing their States to Piedmont, the nucleus of the new Italy. But before the deputations from the four Assemblies could reach the King with their offer, the timid Piedmontese Government had actually sent to Napoleon to find out his views on the proposed annexation. He had just pledged himself afresh to the clericals to allow no diminution of the Pope's authority, and though his hope of seeing his cousin on the throne of Central Italy must have been growing rather attenuated by now, he was still firm in his resolve that it should not accrue to Piedmont, whose strength and prestige he felt it most important to curtail. An imperious refusal was his response to Turin. The Government accepted his ruling, and refused the quadruple crown offered by the four determined states. Victor Emmanuel's answer seems a strange and lukewarm reaction to a situation of such thrilling and dramatic interest to the Italian heart : "*The King has no objection to Unity, but it rests on the will of foreign governments.*" It was no doubt dictated by his fear of France. In spite of this, however, Ricasoli, the chief member of the Ministry at Florence, and almost a dictator there, practically disregarded this mandate and did all he could to prepare for the future unity in which, since 1856, he had come so firmly to believe ; the economic fusion of the four states energetically promoted by Farini was also a step in the right direction. In October the King's Government incurred much odium by again sending a delegation to Louis Napoleon to enquire his wishes as to the disposition of Tuscany, a fresh plan for installing the King's cousin there as Regent having been submitted to them. They met renewed refusal to permit either annexation or an Italian ruler, and a strong insistence on Federation.

The cowardice and obsequiousness of the Government at Turin, and their faint-hearted refusal of the appeal for annexation from the four gallant provinces, have no doubt much to answer for in the events which followed. After the truncated campaign against Austria, Louis Napoleon had resigned his claim to Savoy and Nice—the promise of Venetia and the Romagna being still unredeemed—and had uttered the following words on bidding farewell to Victor Emmanuel :

"your Government will pay me the expenses of the war, and we will say no more about Savoy and Nice." But the spectacle of a Government so undecided, so docile, so void of confidence in itself and its people, may well have suggested to the Emperor the feasibility of working to the utmost the mine of possibility it offered. Weakness and obsequiousness are the opportunity of the bully, of whom it is especially true that "the means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done." Piedmont feared to irritate him; it was natural under the circumstances; there was still an army of sixty thousand Frenchmen on Italian soil; they imagined, moreover, that a hint from him might bring the Austrians back to Central Italy. He had already threatened them that if they persisted in their annexation plans they might have to settle with a provoked Austria alone. But braver and wiser men would probably have accepted the challenge and placed the crown of Central Italy on the head of the Italian King to whom it was offered. For Austria herself was seriously weakened; all Italy would have been passionately with them in their defiance of the French claim to decide on Italian questions; Napoleon could not, without incurring the contempt and ridicule of Europe, have encouraged Austrian ambition in Central Italy after waging war to eject her from Lombardy; it is certain that they would have had the strong moral support of England, whose Ministers had refused to endorse with their approval the Emperor's scheme of an Austro-Italian federation on the ground that they could not dispose of Italian states without the consent of the people concerned. Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone were openly and strongly in favour of Italian freedom alike from Austria and France, and spoke quite unambiguously on its right to decide its own destiny. The recent massacre at Perugia had confirmed their belief that the Pope's temporal power must cease; Gladstone was an enthusiast on the subject of Italian unity under the King of Piedmont; Russell had scornfully expressed his own and the Government's dislike to Napoleon's idea that the Tuscanese and Modenese "should be disposed of as if they were so many firkins of butter"; Palmerston declared that "the people must be allowed to elect their representatives to a National Assembly empowered

to decide on their future destinies, of which the people undoubtedly are the only arbiters." James Stansfield, a member of the Cabinet and husband of Mazzini's old friend Caroline Ashurst, declared that if the King accepted at once all the populations that demanded annexation, and proclaimed the new kingdom, "the British Government would recognise it immediately," and asked "why does he delay?" England, moreover, was strongly averse to the Emperor's schemes of aggrandisement from the point of view of the European balance of power. Added to all this Lord John Russell's energetic protest had led the Emperor to declare after Villafranca that he would allow no Austrian intervention either in Tuscany or Romagna; it would therefore have been morally impossible for him to take the course he suggested if the proposed annexations became a reality. So that it is practically certain that Napoleon's threats were sheer bluff. It was a moment when, if ever, *de l'audace et toujours de l'audace* was a quality needed by men in high places; but they were unequal to the occasion, and their timorous policy encouraged the Emperor to demand Savoy and Nice of these trembling patriots whose right to control their own destinies they were asking as a favour at his hands.

Meanwhile Mazzini—who had been the only exile excluded by Cavour in the general amnesty declared at the beginning of the war—had hastened to Italy immediately after Villafranca and stayed for three months in Florence in the hope of encouraging the Central Provinces in their resistance to Louis Napoleon, and of forming plans for the emancipation of the still enslaved territories of the South and the Papal dominions. On arriving in Tuscany he found great discouragement among the patriots; he wrote to his friends that his Italians were morally right but intellectually wrong, with a true desire for unity, but "believing in everything, everybody, every dream, excepting themselves"; he witnessed the outburst of joy that followed the vote of the Assembly for annexation to Piedmont, but was sorrowfully certain that it would not be accepted by the King, "who would obey Louis Napoleon." Agents preaching the claims of Jerome Napoleon to the throne of Tuscany were already busy in Florence, and

Mazzini was secretly at work seeking to defeat their activities, and to bring about the removal of Cipriani, the Governor of Bologna, who was a pronounced Buonapartist, as were two other members of its Government. This was later accomplished. He wrote to the Ashursts at this time that the Buonapartist intrigue, far from being abandoned, was more active than ever and was supported by many influential members of the Moderate party. He saw that Victor Emmanuel was not heading for union—the signing of the Villafranca Treaty, the refusal of the desired annexation of the four provinces, the acceptance of the Emperor in his *rôle* of over-lord, all pointed to a character incapable of fearless and independent purpose and action; but he also felt that the King stood in the eyes of the nation for the symbol of unity, and he was whole-heartedly ready, as ever, to sink his own political beliefs in a single struggle for the greater aim, if that struggle were really undertaken. He wrote to the Ashursts of his hopes for the South—that a rising there might easily be decisive for the national question. South and North would offer themselves to the King; should he accept, it would lead to unity, as the Pope's temporal power, attacked from north and south simultaneously, would soon vanish. "The prestige of the King as a symbol of unity is still all powerful . . . if he would only accept what is offered regardless of Louis Napoleon or any other Power, he would be in one month King of Italy." Another subtle danger threatened that goal of "*Italia Una*" towards which Mazzini's eyes were ever set: the Moderate party, whose best men were hostile to the acceptance of a French ruler, were extremely favourable to the choice of a relation of Victor Emmanuel as King, in case he himself should refuse. "To me," he wrote to the Ashursts, "the refusal is certain. . . . What will be done when it comes? The Moderates in power will ask for a prince of the Sardinian family. This would be giving an *Italian* sanction to the dismembership against which Italy has ever been protesting. . . . What I propose is that once the refusal known, Tuscany, Parma, Modena and the Legations unite themselves into one and declare that they will belong to Italy as soon as Italy shall be, and that meanwhile they will belong to themselves. . . .

Should Tuscany accept a distinct King, the division of Italy would have the sanction of emancipated Italians."

But the Moderate majority in the Tuscan Government were opposed to these views, and the persecution of Mazzini began again; a number of his anti-Buonapartist letters to Rosalino Pilo were intercepted, and he was obliged to leave Florence to escape arrest. He was offered a passport by the Government, but as he wished to be free to attack its policy, he would not accept "a debt of gratitude." At this time he wrote an open letter to Victor Emmanuel imploring him to abandon subserviency to France and openly claiming the crown of a united Italy, to work steadfastly to that end. "On the day you speak this language parties will disappear, there will only be two living forces in Italy—the people and yourself." We know that Victor Emmanuel read this letter, and many believed that he was powerfully influenced by it.

It was in the autumn of this year that plans were made by the Party of Action for a simultaneous rising in Sicily and Naples in the south, led by Crispi, and an invasion of Umbria and the Marches in the centre. But the Sicilians' movement was paralysed by La Farina, head of the National Society, who was resolved that action should be delayed until the anticipated European Congress should settle the destinies of Italy. The attack on Umbria and the Marches was to be carried out by the armies of the four free provinces, which had formed a united Military League. General Fanti was at its head, and Garibaldi was his second in command. The King confirmed both appointments and encouraged the project. When Mazzini first urged this attempt the opportunity had been unique; at that time there had been no troops capable of resistance between the Cattolica (the boundary between the freed and enslaved states) and the Neapolitan frontier; immediate action would have meant almost certain success, especially as enthusiasm was then at its height. Delay had given opportunity to the Pope and Ferdinand to organise resistance, but the opportunity was still excellent—for the courageous—and the prospect one that might not easily again be so favourable. Everything was organised, the train ready to be fired, when the hostility of Cavour, and the fears of Ricasoli and the Turin Ministry—all of whom dreaded

the alienation of Louis Napoleon as if he were a blend of God and the Devil—induced the King to recall Fanti, stop Garibaldi, who, with all his troops, was at the Cattolica about to cross the frontier, and break up the enterprise. The blow to the hopes of the Party of Action was immense. Mazzini was profoundly indignant at the shameful condition in which Italy found herself, at the " subservience to the new foreign master," at the acknowledgment by King and Cabinet and the Moderates of " the right of Louis Napoleon or a future foreign Congress to legislate upon the Italian cause." " Dear," he writes to his friend Emilie, after pouring his heart out in grief and shame to her, " I have taken up the pen to write to you one word of love and blessing, and I go on with Italy instead. But I cannot help it ; I am miserable and ashamed . . . for the second time in my life I feel as if I were at the bedside of a dying mother without power to help." He had felt peculiarly helpless while at Florence, because Ricasoli —its high principled and patriotic but rigid governor—only allowed him to remain there unmolested on his promise that his presence should not be publicly known.

It was the favourite cry of the Moderates, and is still the charge made by historians of this school, that Mazzini's following was much smaller than he believed. To many students and observers the truth seems to be very different, and to be expressed in his own words : " The weakness of my position is not the want of elements belonging to me, *but the impossibility of leading them.*" Always concealed, always hunted : his correspondence opened and confiscated : a ceaseless propaganda—which he was unable to answer—misrepresenting the political situation, and representing him and his schemes as the one hindrance to success : the journals he started to enlighten the people for ever confiscated and their editors imprisoned : himself for the greater part of his life in a distant land depending on lines of communication which it was the great object of three vigorous governments to destroy :—under these conditions—which only express a fraction of the handicap against which he had to struggle—it is obvious that effective leadership was beyond the bounds of possibility. That he led as much as he did, influenced as profoundly and inspired as truly as he did, changing the

course of history and making possible the resurrection of an apparently moribund people, is a spiritual miracle, the harvest of a life of almost incredible self-abnegation, faith and toil. What he might have done had he been allowed free access to "his Italians" we can only conjecture; the Roman Republic has given us one glorious hint of the heights to which the Italians of that day might have risen under his unhampered leadership. "Could I but speak freely to the people all would be right, their instincts are good. But I am a prisoner in one room." The tragedy that lies hidden in the restrained words was an Italian as well as a personal tragedy, and one that is perhaps not yet played out.

CHAPTER XI

Cavour again Premier—Public cession of Nice and Savoy—Mazzini in England —Letter to Garibaldi—Sicilian expedition—Rosalino Pilo the pioneer —Garibaldi and the Thousand—Sicily free—Cavour's diplomacy—Mazzini's efforts to equip volunteers—Could Rome be won?—Naples free, and the South annexed to Piedmont—Mazzini in Naples—Protest to European Powers—Cavour and the Pope—"A Free Church in a Free State"—Louis Napoleon and the promised evacuation of Rome.

CAVOUR was recalled to the Premiership in January 1860, and from then on resumed the negotiations for the cession of Savoy and Nice in exchange for permission to annex Tuscany, with which Napoleon had been able to make no headway under the Ratazzi Government—something at least to the credit of that timid and vacillating Minister. But Cavour's heart was set on the addition of the beautiful and famous province to the crown of Piedmont, and it seemed a good bargain to secure it by the barter of the two lesser provinces which Napoleon so much desired, though he denied strenuously in public that its cession was contemplated. The truth of the proposed bargain was, however, known to Mazzini, who communicated it to James Stansfield. From him Lord John Russell heard it privately. He received it with much indignation, and told the British Ambassador at Turin, Sir James Hudson, that "if the King sells his inheritance of Savoy to obtain Tuscany he will be disgraced in the eyes of Europe, and we shall not hesitate to affix to his conduct the fitting epithets." Cavour answered "on his honour" that no such engagement existed, and added the gratuitous assurance that he was speaking frankly and sincerely, the only way in which he would approach the question. A few days afterwards the secret treaty was confirmed which gave Nice—a completely Italian province and the birthplace of Garibaldi—with Savoy, the ancient home of the princes of Piedmont, to Louis Napoleon, and it was signed by Cavour on the 25th of March. This cession with its result—the

unopposed annexation of Tuscany, has been variously considered as an exhibition of Cavour's wise and statesman-like diplomacy, or as a step into which he was unfortunately driven by the pressure of circumstances, or as a remarkably unnecessary and timid mistake—one of the less fatal results of the obsession which saw in Louis Napoleon the arbiter of the destinies of Italy, an example of the short-sightedness which afflicts those who ignore spiritual values either as an element to be reckoned with in the forces that control human destiny, or in the individual human beings used to achieve it.

In the end of November Mazzini was again in England. His letters were still intercepted by the Tuscan Government; even those he wrote to his English friend Emilie, then in Florence, as often as not failed to reach her, in spite of his having them posted from various places in Italy and addressed to her under cover of the names of various different people. "It is very annoying," he wrote, "to correspond for the benefit of the police." He found it especially so when New Year's letters and gifts failed to greet the friend who was so far from home, and almost equally so if the gift arrived without the letter; a gift by itself, without the words of affection that should accompany it, he felt to be almost worthless. So greatly—in spite of the official denials of Cavour—did the authorities fear his propaganda, that a lithograph of his writing had been prepared from intercepted letters, and copies were produced and distributed amongst the Italian postal authorities all over the country. It was a wonder that he managed as often as he did to evade this ubiquitous watchfulness. Little Joe, Caroline, Bessie, Matilda, each of his friends had their own special gift prepared, a loving practice he kept up to the end of his life, however heavy the responsibilities he was bearing at the time.

In January of the following year he made a great effort to win Garibaldi to the Sicilian scheme, for which he had never ceased to work. Since Pisacane's attempt in 1857, Sicilian and Neapolitan patriots had continued their efforts to organise revolt, and Mazzini with his agents, Crispi and others, had been co-operating by every means in their power, forming committees, secretly supplying arms, and generally consoli-

dating the movement. Rosalino Pilo, now liberated from prison on account of severe illness, lived for the moment when he could again risk everything to free his native island, and was much beloved by Mazzini. La Farina's opposition to action in 1859 had indeed hindered the scheme from materialising at that time, but it was still to Mazzini one of the great pivots on which the liberation of Italy turned, and he added to his other efforts the collection of funds from England to finance the expedition. His letter to Garibaldi on the subject was soon followed by another, in which he again urged him to accept the leadership of the movement, describing the preparations that had been made, and assuring him that his own share in the enterprise should be concealed and his name not be mentioned in connection with it except in case of failure, when he himself would take all the responsibility and the blame, so that no obliquy should attach to the name of Garibaldi. Part of the letter runs thus :[1] "You have not replied to my last. I write to you thinking of my country. . . . If others are weak, you must not, cannot be. Will you have me with you ? Will you have trust in me, in my loyalty, my love of country as I have trust in you ? . . . There is only one aim : a free Italy ; Rome her centre ; the French sent away. As to the King, I am and shall remain republican, but I understand the times, I respect the will of the country, I will not act against him, I shall not conspire for a republic. I will give only the word for Unity and push on the annexation, solely stipulating for its immediate acceptance. If the country elects him King, so be it. . . . I believe that united, frankly, loyally, we should succeed. If this is possible, put two lines in my hand with your signature. I will consider them secret." In the first days of March he addressed an appeal to the Sicilians to dare everything unreservedly, and to do it in the name of National Unity ; he assured them that they would be followed, that the venture would not be a solitary one. There seems little doubt that it was largely this appeal that decided the rising there on the 4th of April. Meanwhile Rosalino Pilo, thoroughly acquainted with the conditions obtaining in Sicily and the readiness of his countrymen to act,

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

conscious of his own power to use the unique opportunity that offered, and fearing the result of further delay, came to London to confer with Mazzini. In March he returned to Italy and sounded Garibaldi. Cavour, who had on and off secretly encouraged the patriots to this step, had apparently finally decided against it, and sent more than one agent to Garibaldi at this time to dissuade him from the Sicilian undertaking. Swayed first this way and then that, the great guerilla leader was unable to decide. But Pilo could not wait for him to make up his mind—the rising was fixed for the 4th of April, when it was to be started by a man of the people and to be supported by himself—and he set sail in a small craft with such provision only as Mazzini had been able to furnish, and without Garibaldi, who promised him finally, however, that he would follow him in eight days if he could keep the insurrection going successfully so long. As he was much delayed by the weather, it was a fortnight before he could reach the island. During this period the peasants continued their revolt in spite of the great loss of life, and he arrived just in time to prevent it being utterly crushed out by the authorities. A letter from Pilo to Bertani, brought back by the owner of the boat that had carried him, described the encouraging condition of the country and urged Medici and Bixio to come to his aid. After recounting what they were doing he wrote: "These are deeds, not words, and I had a right to be believed when I told you the true state of the island." In the light of what followed it must have been a cause of deep regret to the readers of that letter that they had left the heroic pioneer to struggle alone so long. The eight days which were to have brought Garibaldi to Sicily passed into five weeks, and Pilo was still not reinforced; with courage that has been described as almost superhuman, he struggled on against desperate odds. Six weeks after his own arrival he heard of Garibaldi's landing, and amid the jubilation of his Sicilian band and their enthusiastic shouts of *Viva l'Italia*! he hastened to meet him. That this was their cry, this their welcome to Garibaldi, showed how deeply Mazzini's ideal of a united Italy had sunk into the heart of this proudly exclusive people who had defended their autonomy so passionately for centuries. But as the joyful

shout and all it stood for rang in Pilo's ears, as he was about to reap the harvest of his almost life-long struggle, he fell, struck by an enemy bullet. Happier than Pisacane, he had caught a glimpse of the Promised Land.

The story of the brilliant achievements of Garibaldi and his Thousand does not belong here, and has been given to the English-speaking world in an unrivalled account by Mr. G. M. Trevelyan. They ended, as all the world knows, in the conquest of Sicily and Naples and their incorporation in the new kingdom of Italy, thus consolidating on the lines of Mazzini's programme the structure of Italian unity. These achievements were not carried through, however, without having to surmount more than one difficulty placed in Garibaldi's way by the Government, who after a certain amount of surreptitious and wavering encouragement, changed their tactics, and almost persuaded him not to go. Even after the expedition had started Cavour sent orders to Admiral Persano to arrest him off Talamone, but before the warship intended to extinguish the career of the liberator of the South arrived, Garibaldi had set sail for Sicily. After his victories there, Cavour, mortally afraid of popular movements, of Garibaldi's prestige, and of Napoleon's displeasure, sent La Farina to urge the immediate annexation of the island to Piedmont. Garibaldi, however, declined to obey, knowing that directly annexation was effected diplomatic considerations would lead the Government to hinder the completion of his enterprise, the freeing of the Neapolitan and the Papal provinces. Well for Italy that he thus decided in spite of the Prime Minister's prohibitions. He continued his operations until Naples was occupied, and the Bourbon troops completely routed at the decisive battle of Volturno, in the opinion of Mr. Bolton King the most brilliant of all modern Italian battles. From Naples he planned to go on, but the Government of Piedmont arrested his progress and urged the immediate annexation of the two freed kingdoms, which he wished to postpone until the last part of his programme had been achieved. Rome was still enslaved, Venetia an Austrian possession; Italy was not healed of her wounds till these were free. Would it have proved an impossible dream to march forward on the crest of the wave of patriotic enthusiasm which was then at its height, swelled

by Garibaldi's almost incredible triumphs and by the potent magic of his almost adored name, until Victor Emmanuel should be crowned King in Rome of an "*Italia una e libera*"? When could another equally good opportunity occur? Garibaldi and Mazzini both believed it possible. The latter, devoting the last thirty thousand francs he had in the world to this purpose, had raised and equipped a body of eight thousand men, after sending three separate reinforcements to aid the Sicilian troops; but Cavour was bitterly hostile to the idea, and dispersed the unit thus collected. He distrusted with equal groundlessness Mazzini's sincerity in the renunciation of the republican programme until Italy should be freed, and Garibaldi's loyalty to Victor Emmanuel; the King, on the contrary, believed at this time in both. As an historian of the period [1]—a great admirer of Cavour—has said: "Cavour did not believe that in accordance with Mazzini's instructions the Party of Action were working for Unity, regardless of what form of government might follow. Victor Emmanuel could sound the depths of Mazzini's patriotism; Cavour never could." The same historian tells us that before the arrival of the King on the Neapolitan stage prepared for him by Garibaldi there were stormy scenes between him and Cavour, the latter insisting that the dangerous hero should be arrested, the King absolutely refusing his consent.

In September of this year, conscious that the monarchy would lose prestige if all military initiative in the Italian cause were to be left to the daring and devotion of the volunteers, stimulated by Mazzini's unceasing efforts and Garibaldi's avowed intentions to free Rome, Cavour urged the King to invade the Papal States. In spite of the reasons diplomatically offered to Louis Napoleon, it is impossible not to believe that the great stateman's love of his country, banned so long from action by his Napoleonic obsession, must have been immensely relieved by this excursion into independence. But his remark to Talleyrand, and the letters he wrote to the Piedmontese Ambassador in Paris, only offer as the reason of his conduct his desire to check Garibaldi in his work of liberation. "If we are not in the Cattolica before Garibaldi,

[1] *Liberation of Italy*, Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco.

we are lost," he said to Talleyrand. "Garibaldi," says the circular of M. Thouvenal, 18th of October, 1860, after interviewing the agent sent to Paris to win Napoleon's consent, "was about to pass freely across the Roman States raising the populations, and having passed that frontier, it would have been impossible to prevent an attack upon Venice. There was but one course left to the Cabinet of Turin by which to prevent these occurrences, which was to enter the Marches and Umbria as soon as the arrival of Garibaldi had awakened disturbance, and restore order, and if necessary to give battle to the revolution on the Neapolitan territory." Cavour's letters to Nigra, the Italian Ambassador in Paris, are characteristic alike in his misrepresentation of facts in order to secure his ends, and in a manipulation of the situation skilfully adopted to enlist in his own favour the Emperor's horror of popular action :—

September 22nd.

Admit that in the eyes of Diplomacy our conduct is blameable, but make the Emperor understand that it is essential in order to save Italy. Garibaldi is a visionary, intoxicated by unhoped-for successes. . . . He imagines that he ought to go with the men of the Revolution. Hence it follows that he sows disorder and anarchy along his route. If we fail to remedy this situation Italy will perish without Austria's taking part. We are resolved not to permit this. *Tell the Emperor very plainly that if Garibaldi persists in the fatal way he has entered we shall go in a fortnight to restore order at Naples and at Palermo, though it were necessary to throw all the Garibaldians into the sea. The National Guard of Turin will march against him in case of need ; Fanti's and Cialdini's soldiers ask nothing better than to rid the country of the Red Shirts. Tell the Emperor to have no uneasiness on that score. We have waited, we have been conciliatory, even feeble, in appearance, so as to have the right to smite and to smite hard at the proper moment.*

Again :—

September 12th.

You know all I have done to cut Garibaldi's off from Naples. I pushed audacity up to the utmost point that was possible without risking the outburst of civil war, and I would not even have drawn back in that extremity if I could have hoped to carry public opinion with me. . . Come what will, I see with gratitude that the Emperor augments the garrison (French) of Rome. . . . The French Government at the same time renders us a great service by augmenting our strength against Garibaldi.

The best thing that can be said about these letters is that one hopes they were not true—that he was not grateful for the increase of the foreign garrison which maintained a corrupt government over Italians who hated it, that he would not have started civil war against the liberator of the South if he could have been sure of carrying public opinion with him, that it was not in order to be able "to smite and smite hard" at the heroic band of patriots that he had beguiled Garibaldi with an appearance of conciliatoriness. But what a singularly odious form of hypocrisy, if hyprocrisy it were! It is doubtful whether he deceived Louis Napoleon, who was himself an arch-intriguer, but it is an illuminating commentary on the effect of the French alliance that it dragged such a man as Cavour, not naturally and *con amore* a hypocrite, into the mire of a diplomacy so dishonouring as this. We must remember that the man and the volunteers about whom he thus wrote had freed nearly half Italy from one of the worst despotisms known to Europe at the instance of and through the long and self-sacrificing preparation of "revolutionaries." Garibaldi's watchword was "Italy and Victor Emmanuel," and his goal a King crowned in the eternal city. Mazzini, who was still secretly in Genoa organising fresh reinforcements, had written to Crispi in Palermo: "if the separatists agitate, *precipitate annexation to Piedmont.*" Both were set on Unity; Garibaldi was at this time a convinced monarchist, Mazzini had accepted monarchy as the present symbol of that unity to the nation. But incapable of believing in the disinterestedness of either of them, Cavour put himself extraordinarily in the wrong by his suspicions in ways it is impossible to describe here. One mistake he made in the estimate of Garibaldi's character was a peculiarly ugly one: knowing that in spite of their intimate co-operation in the past a certain amount of misunderstanding existed between the two men owing to Garibaldi's susceptibilities, he insulted the guerilla leader by demanding—at a time when he believed Mazzini to be with the Sicilian expedition—that he should hand over his old friend and colleague to arrest. The action has left a stain upon Cavour's name. But he was betrayed by his eagerness to get rid of the patriot he could so little understand into an incitement to treachery that one hopes

in nobler hours he regretted. His hostility to Mazzini was unrelenting, and manifested itself in endless calumnies, ranging from accusations of plots of assassination to travesties of his teaching—the latter the worse of the two because a more specious form of attack.

It was partly true that Cavour had done his best to prevent Garibaldi from advancing to Naples. In 1859 he had urged on Francis II, the son of Bomba, that he should reform his Government, assist Piedmont to drive out Austria, and conquer as much of the Papal territory as was not occupied by France, leaving the Pope to enjoy what was left to him; and that then Piedmont and Naples should divide Italy between them. These overtures, happily for Italy, were rejected. Later on, while Cavour was still ostensibly negotiating an arrangement with Francis by which he would save his throne, he became aware that Garibaldi's successes in Sicily made immediate action by Piedmont necessary if its prestige were to be saved; he then spared no effort—as Mr. Thayer, a strong anti-Mazzinian, has graphically described in his *Life and Times of Cavour*—to foment an anti-Bourbon rising in Naples and reduce the loyalty of the army by bribes and promises of every sort. But all his feverish efforts to secure Naples before Garibaldi arrived were in vain, and it was only when he saw that the Neapolitans would not dance to the Piedmontese piping that he realised that the Piper of Palermo must be allowed to land. By this time, however, he had become rather entangled in his own policy: Admiral Persano's orders—"Do not assist the passage of Garibaldi to the continent; on the contrary use all possible indirect means to prevent it"—could be easily changed, but it was not so easy to hinder England from carrying out the plan of guarding the Straits in conjunction with France against Garibaldi's crossing, an action which he had given the British Government to understand would be most acceptable. Only by hurriedly despatching a special messenger to the incredulous Lord Russell was he able at the last moment to convince him of Piedmont's change of policy; he was not half an hour too soon, as the arrangement with France to unite in this enterprise was just about to be signed. But it was a sadly belated wisdom and very nearly lost southern Italy to the crown.

The instructions finally sent to Garibaldi by the King at the instigation of Cavour were twofold: an official letter commanded him to desist from his Neapolitan enterprise; a private one encouraged him to carry it through; enclosed was a copy of the answer it was desired he should send to the King assuring him of his devotion, but declining in this one instance to obey him as "it was his duty to free the Neapolitans from a Government which true men and good Italians could not trust." Garibaldi replied as he was ordered, adding that as soon as he had freed the peoples from a hated yoke he would lay down his sword and obey the King for the rest of his life, a promise which the bewildered patriot soon found very difficult to keep, as it often seemed impossible to know what the King really wished him to do.

Meanwhile Mazzini, in spite of every obstacle, was working hard in conjunction with Dr. Bertani to equip and despatch eight thousand men. He hoped for an attack on Austria which should free Venice, to be followed by the liberation of Rome. If Victor Emmanuel at this time had laid aside his suspicions of Garibaldi and popular movements, and adopting the course urged upon him previously by Mazzini, had proclaimed himself the champion of liberty, and had boldly put himself at the head of a truly national army, including not only the Piedmontese troops, but Garibaldi's proved fighters, Mazzini's volunteers—all thirsting passionately for action, as well as the crowds of men from the most advanced and educated provinces of Italy who had desired to enlist with Garibaldi but had been prevented by Cavour—what might not the result have been? Would not Italy, thrilled as she was by the exploits of Garibaldi, have become in solid fact an armed nation and made short work of the ancient tyrannies? When after the defeat of the Papal troops at Castelfidardo the other wing of the victorious Piedmontese army passed within a few hours' march of Rome, the desire for freedom was openly expressed in the city, every house showing the Italian colours, and all lips hailing Victor Emmanuel. The Pope, alarmed, was about to flee, and was with difficulty restrained by the French representative. How near in those days Italy was to her redemption! England, amazed and admiring before the patriotic miracle by which one thousand

volunteers, deficient in arms, training and experience, had conquered a fortified city defended by heavy artillery and twenty-five thousand regular troops, was generous in her encouragement when she understood the real position. Lord John Russell's despatch to Sir James Hudson, British Minister in Piedmont, caused transports of joy in Italy, and almost comic dismay in the despotic States of Europe at its undiplomatic truthfulness. The Italians, he said, were the best judges of their own affairs ; the conspicuous evils of the Bourbon and Papal Governments were responsible for their revolt. If it had been right for William of Orange to help the English to abolish the tyranny of James II., it must be equally right for Italian patriots to help their brothers groaning under the tyranny of Bourbon and Pope, and Victor Emmanuel was justified in assisting them. Since 1849, he continued, the Italians had recognised that their salvation lay in a United Italy, and he assured them that the Queen's Government rejoiced at "the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties and consolidating the work of their independence amid the sympathies and good will of Europe."

In such a situation it was no wonder that a large number of patriots deplored the cessation of initiative after the conquest of Sicily and Naples, but the party question was too prominent in the minds of the King's Ministers to allow the claim of the wider horizon and the greater goal, and the rulers of Italy, "within an ace of escape from all the untold evil that the presence of the Papacy at Rome since brought to her," [1] neglected the opportunity the gods had given her.

Meanwhile every kind of official antagonism was being meted out to Mazzini in his hiding-place in Florence ; his letters to the Ashursts at this time are a striking exhibition of the great-mindedness of the man by whom suffering and obloquy were gladly embraced so long as Italy could be served, and "who had become the centre of such a network of intrigue as has seldom been spun about any man." [2] He was very weary of it all, and repeatedly expressed his longing to come home to books and quiet and affection. But the

[1] *Unity of Italy*, Bolton King.
[2] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

lingering possibility of action on behalf of Venice and Rom kept him to his task, in spite of the hopeless misunder standing and misrepresentation of his aims and characte which sickened his heart and crippled his usefulness "If you could but know the war of calumny they ar waging against us! We have been doing all that me working earnestly for their country can, giving assurance explanations, pledges that we do not want to raise anothe flag, that we only want freedom of action to conquer Italy for them. These explanations have been welcomed an accepted in private conversations between the King an members of our party. Then next day a flood of wil calumnies against the flag of the 'Red Republic' and my 'ambition' is poured through the columns of their (th Moderates') papers, and believed in by a great portion o the middle class. They know perfectly well that they ca trust me; they fear my influence, they fear that of Gari baldi. The most admirable opportunity is lost again, an Rome and Venice are forsaken."[1] About some of his col leagues who wished to fight for a Republic only, he declare "they are wrong, according to me." And again to a friend who on the disbanding of the Volunteers after the annexation was hesitating to enter the King's army, he wrote: "The great majority has now spoken clearly enough that Monarchy will be chosen as the way to Unity, and there is nothing bad in bowing to the national will." Hoping still that operations for the liberation of Rome would be continued, he went to Naples in the middle of September and was welcomed by Garibaldi, then Dictator, as "free i the land of the free." From morning to night his room wa full of visitors, and he described himself to Caroline an Emilie as exhausted with "living in a whirlwind." Before lon the Moderates began the usual crusade against him—he wa the enemy of Victor Emmanuel, he was there to introduc discord and establish a Republic, he was the cause of all th troubles in Naples, he would provoke a civil war, and so on It was useless for him to write as he did to Pallavicini tha from love of unity and civil concord he had accepted th Monarchy, and was ready to co-operate with it should i

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

found that unity ; the intrigues continued. On one occasion demonstrations took place against him by the lowest rabble of the town ; with flags and torches they paraded under his windows shouting *Morte, Morte.* Garibaldi called one of the chief agitators and asked him if he knew the man for whose death he was calling. No ; but he had been told he was the cause of all the troubles. Did he know anything about his life and doings? No; but he had been ordered to get up a popular demonstration against him, and had received a number of ducats to pay the people. . . . "A stormy week, nevertheless I am living and loving!" wrote Mazzini philosophically to his friends. "If Garibaldi would only give the same number of ducats as the Moderates he could make the men shout *Viva* instead of *Morte.*" The instigator and financial supporter of this demonstration was a high police official, whose arrest the Dictator immediately ordered.

On the day that Victor Emmanuel entered Naples, Garibaldi laid down his dictatorship and expressed his homage to the King. The slights offered to the Volunteers and their chief in the weeks that followed are painful reading : commenting on them Commander Forbes, the head of the brigade of English Volunteers who had joined the patriot's army and performed good services in building, under heavy fire, the bridge across the Volturno during that critical engagement, wrote : "The King of Italy does not possess a more honest or devoted subject than Garibaldi . . . common decency becomes a monarch, to say nothing of policy. If the cream of the army, like their chief, seek no recompense, at least they do not wish to see him slighted."

Mazzini had a last talk with the ex-Dictator on November 5th, when they discussed plans for Rome and Venice. A few days afterwards Garibaldi left for his home at Caprera, and Mazzini for England, both bitterly grieving at the "great refusal" to continue the campaign for liberty. It was inevitable that Cavour's policy of safeguarding the Pope and his French supporters should add to the mistrust with which they already regarded him. To Mazzini, not only political but religious liberty at Rome was the yearned-for goal, the second, indeed, he desired with the passion of one to whom the life of the human spirit, its freedom, its growth, its

ennoblement, was the meaning of existence. Doubly sorrowful he saw the hoped-for dawn die out. "Rome is forsaken," he wrote; "Louis Napoleon increases his troops there." What but antagonism could exist between him and the minister who declared: "*I see with gratitude that the Emperor augments the garrison of Rome*"?

Mazzini spent the next years, with occasional visits abroad, in England; they were occupied in efforts for the freeing of Rome and Venice, "the heart and the left hand of Italy." His Roman policy, now that the unredeemed opportunity of 1860 had gone by, was to oblige Napoleon, by the pressure of public opinion in Europe, to withdraw the French army of occupation, "the only thing," he wrote to Emilie, "that I am trying here now." This would relieve the Emperor of the responsibility of abandoning the Pope, an eventuality he never ceased to dread, as the stability of his throne depended so largely on the attitude of his Catholic subjects. In 1863 Mazzini addressed an appeal to the Italian Ministry to adopt a policy harmonious with Italy's strength and rights as a nation and her resolve to be free from France as well as Austria. He urged "a temperate but weighty manifesto to the governments of Europe, signed by half a million Italians, demanding the withdrawal of the French troops. In England he organised petitions to the Government of the day to bring its influence to bear upon the question. He printed a powerful Protest to the Europe that had already recognised and welcomed the young Italian kingdom, pointing out the evils and inconsistencies of this entrenchment of a foreign army in the natural capital of the country, dishonouring to France as well as dangerous to Italy, for it was an open violation of the rights of nations, beside supplying a centre for disunion and civil strife in the young kingdom. An armed occupation, he wrote significantly, that had lasted for twelve years, practically amounted to a conquest, and this should not be endorsed by the silence of other nations.

And in truth the desire and the need to possess Rome was deepening in the Government and the people. It had become a danger point in their midst, a focus of Bourbon and Papal intrigue, the generator of anarchy and outrage. Cavour's efforts to convert the Pope to the cession of the Temporal

Power in return for complete religious independence, including the abolition of the age-long concordats and restrictions which had limited the Papacy and bound the Church to the secular administration—his famous formula of a free Church in a free State—had failed, though at one time the force and cogency of his persuasions seemed to have produced a great impression upon Pius IX. Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's most influential adviser, after coquetting with the scheme for some time, suddenly turned against it. Nine thousand of the clergy petitioned Pius to accept the proposal and thus reconcile Italy with the Church; even the Jesuit Father, Passaglia, at first hostile, came to approve it: "a good Pope," he declared, "will always be free, and the liberty of the Papacy is better served by the imitation of Christ than by the Temporal Power."[1] But in the words of Mr. Bolton King, "the Church, forgetful of her mission, piteously blind to what was passing around her, clung to her poor rag of earthly dominion." It was perhaps unduly optimistic to suppose that the Papal Government, which stopped at no crime that could disturb, injure or undermine the new kingdom, should become susceptible to arguments drawn from the spiritual advantages that would follow deliverance from material entanglements, especially in view of the fact that the Holy Father had not scrupled to call in the aid of pillage, torture, murder, rape, by the encouragement and protection of professional brigands in the annexed Papal States, Naples and Sicily. No doubt the astute Prime Minister was conscious of this, for in negotiating with Antonelli "he baited his proposals well. There is strong evidence that Antonelli was offered, and did not refuse, a weighty bribe."[2] After the failure of his scheme Cavour considered the new proposal brought forward by Louis Napoleon to evacuate Rome on condition that the Italian Government would guarantee the Pope's present territory from attack. In spite of its obvious drawbacks and its resignation of the dearest Italian hopes, the Premier undertook to sign the treaty, and the Emperor to evacuate Rome at the end of June. Early in that month, however, Cavour died, and was succeeded by the upright and inflexible Baron Ricasoli, of Tuscan fame.

[1] *History of Italian Unity*, Bolton King. [2] *Ibid.*

Although Louis Napoleon was pledged to leave Rome at the time of Cavour's death, he announced a change of mind directly the new Premier entered office. Influenced by clerical hostility and the passionate dislike of the Empress to the scheme, he decided to delay the fulfilment of his promise till he could barter it for some territory or some arrangement that would be profitable to France, and would give his popularity a fresh lease of life. He hoped first for the cession of Sardinia, but Ricasoli was adamant, and declared bluntly that he would not cede an inch of Italian soil. He was however, strangely enough, less unwilling to discuss the sacrifice of Italian lives and of Italian fidelity to principle, by consideration of the negotiations which had been proceeding between the Emperor and Cavour before the death of the latter; these provided that in exchange for assistance in Venetia, Italy should send an auxiliary force to help Napoleon to the conquest of the Rhine provinces of Germany. The knowledge of this had excited the deep indignation of Mazzini, who wrote on the matter in a letter dated January 11th: "If Italy is to assume at her renascence the mission of a conqueror of the soil of other peoples for the benefit of despotism, she had better remain enslaved and dismembered." [1]

In this year his health began to fail with distressing rapidity. He was accustomed to conquer physical weakness by the force of his resolution, and urged occasionally on his friends the principles he himself followed: "Make an effort of will and be well; I have often successfully done so"; and at a time of crisis to the Italian cause: "I hear that you are rather unwell. Don't. It is absurd to be ill while nations are struggling for liberty." But the occasions became more frequent when he was prostrated by violent attacks of pain, unamenable even to his indomitable spirit.

For some time he still hoped against hope that the Monarchy would strike for Venetia and Rome, and refrained from republican agitation in order not to weaken its hands; later on, when it became evident that the Government would never initiate a break with France or an attack on the Papacy, he returned openly to his old flag.

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.

CHAPTER XII

Ricasoli replaced by Ratazzi in the Premiership—Government's Dalmatian scheme and Garibaldi—Sudden change of front—Aspromonte—The Greco plot—Victor Emmanuel and Mazzini—His sympathy with Poland—His views on human solidarity, on the Woman Question, and the European influence of America—Garibaldi in England—Mazzini on friendship—His readiness for service—The September Convention—The Papal Syllabus—Lanza's revolutionary schemes—Prussian and Italian alliance against Austria—The conduct of the war—Custozza, Lissa, Sadowa—A new Villafranca—Venice ceded—Peace signed.

In 1862 the Premier Ricasoli became the object of a ministerial cabal encouraged by Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, and was obliged to resign. He had been disliked by the Emperor for many years: his steadfast refusal to consider the pretensions of Jerome Napoleon to the crown of Tuscany, his blunt repudiation of any cession of Italian soil, his intermittent encouragement of popular aspirations, and his resolve to recall Mazzini (with whom, however, he was in profound disagreement on many points) in a way that should not insult him by offering him a pardon for sacrificing his life to Italy—none of these things endeared him to Napoleon, and it was natural that he should dislike having to do with a man to whom intrigue was odious. He was also highly distasteful to the King on account of his independence, inflexibility, and the austerity of his morals. Victor Emmanuel and Napoleon both preferred the courtier-like and elastic principled Ratazzi, who was called to fill Ricasoli's office. Shortly afterwards the King and the Premier propounded to Garibaldi—eager as ever to fight for Italy—a scheme to attack Austria through Dalmatia, while Hungary should divert her on the other side. Garibaldi became for the time a *persona grata* in Turin; he was made President of the rifle clubs and sent on a tour through Lombardy at state expense to perfect their organisation. In the capital he was

received with the greatest possible enthusiasm, and his progress was one long ovation; he then went to the Tyrolese valleys to organise his expedition, though nominally to take the baths. Suddenly the Government changed its policy, arrested numbers of volunteers and stopped the whole affair. Garibaldi, angry and outraged, obtained interviews with the King and Ratazzi, and then retired silently to Caprera. What passed at the interview is unknown.

Shortly afterwards he appeared suddenly at Palermo, where he found an enthusiastic welcome and declared his intention to free Rome. Why he went to the island capital, at whose perhaps secret instigation, is shrouded in the same mystery that veils the story of the previous expedition. He personally was at any rate confident that the King was behind him, and the authorities, including the Governor Pallavicino, seemed to confirm his conviction by the sympathy they showed him; volunteers crowded in, and many regular troops deserted to his forces unhindered. He was allowed, by the apparently intentional blindness of the frigates blockading the port, to cross to Calabria. Meanwhile, the Government, afraid of Napoleon, perhaps also afraid of Garibaldi, executed another *volte face*, this time with more disastrous consequences; and branding Garibaldi as a rebel, sent Cialdini at the head of three thousand regular troops to overpower him. They found him and his volunteers on the hill of Aspromonte, and opened a violent fusillade. On seeing that the attacking force was Italian, Garibaldi, to whom the idea of a fratricidal war was above all things *anathema*, caused the bugles to sound "cease firing," and himself walked up and down the ranks exhorting the men to obey. While thus engaged he was wounded by a royalist bullet and fell, to be arrested and imprisoned by the Government. His men were lodged in the foul Neapolitan dungeons, and those who had deserted to his banner from the State army were shot without trial.

This ill-timed attempt on Rome had not been approved by Mazzini, who nevertheless, on hearing of Garibaldi's crossing of the Straits, realising that he would need every possible help, left for Italy at once. He was at Lugano when he heard of the disaster of Aspromonte. The news cast him into desperate grief and anxiety; he could neither eat nor sleep,

and longed to die instead of the hero whose life he felt to be so much more important to Italy than his own. As soon as he regained calm he wrote an appeal to the Ministry to free Garibaldi—"the soldier and the symbol of Italian Unity"—and to allow him to recover from his wound "encircled by the love of those belonging to him, and not in a prison which reminded Europe of the incarceration of Columbus." "You may, Sirs, hinder, but not punish, a deed invoked by the whole of Italy; you may consider his attempt to be premature, but you cannot consider it criminal. All Italy is wounded and a prisoner with him." James Stansfield hastened to Italy to visit him in his prison at Spezia, and brought news to Lugano where Mazzini waited, "wearing out his heart and health" over the imprisoned leader, as Stansfield wrote to his father. On the exile's return to England, where the sympathy for Garibaldi amongst all classes was immense, he started a subscription for him and his wounded men, which amounted to £1,000; a similar effort was made by him in Italy.

It was part of the tactics of the Moderate Party in Italy to alienate the two great patriots, called in later days the soul and the sword of Italy, and soon after Aspromonte there was published in a well-known Italian paper a forged letter purporting to be from Mazzini, advising amongst other things the separation of Garibaldi's greatly beloved son Menotti from his father. Two of Mazzini's friends, Dr. Bertani and Alberto Mario, brought an action against the editor of the paper, but the letter was such a marvellous forgery that it was pronounced genuine, and the editor acquitted. At a later date Nicotera unravelled the mystery, saw the earlier copies of the forged letter and the stone by which it was lithographed. On March 1st of the same year a fresh charge was concocted against Mazzini by the Crown Prosecutor in Paris, who stated that a would-be assassin of the Emperor—a man called Greco—was one of his emissaries. The matter was discussed in the House of Commons, and James Stansfield—then Junior Lord of the Admiralty—was declared to be implicated. Mr. Stansfield replied in the House that however indignant he was at the base insinuations with regard to himself, he was still more so at the accusation brought

against Mazzini, and pledged his personal honour that his Italian friend had no share in the plot—if indeed any plot existed except one against Mazzini's character. Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone were thoroughly satisfied that the story was devoid of foundation, and Victor Emmanuel caused inquiries to be made that convinced him that Mazzini, with whom he was at that time secretly in communication, had nothing whatever to do with the affair, and continued his negotiations for five months longer. No doubt it was hoped by the authors of the plot that it would stop the *rapprochement* of the King and the exile, but in this it failed. It was not the only time that Victor Emmanuel showed that his views about Mazzini differed from those of his Ministers. Utterly diverse as was the two men's standard of life and its meaning, there was in the King an unworked vein of character that might have responded to a noble influence had he been constantly in contact with it. The Greco plot was completely exposed by Crispi, who spared no labour to track it to its source ; there is however no space for details here.

It was in this year that Victor Emmanuel resumed his hopes of an attack on Austria through Venetia, supported on the one hand by a Polish rising in Galicia and on the other by a Hungarian revolt. He opened a correspondence with Mazzini through a secret agent, and went so far as to consent to the enlistment and equipment of a body of volunteers and to promise arms and ammunition to the enterprise. Hungarian revolutionaries had long worked in conjunction with the Polish Committee in London, Garibaldi favoured the scheme, and Mazzini hoped much—alike for Italians, Poles and Hungarians—if it could be carried through. He urged the King to act with courage and decision : to dismiss his present weak and inefficient Cabinet, which had dissolved Ricasoli's Committees of National Emancipation and were again scheming with Napoleon : to appeal to the country and recall Ricasoli. A war majority, he felt confident, would be returned should the King thus act. But the courage for such a down-right policy failed, and with it probably Mazzini's last hope in the initiative of Victor Emmanuel. Partly owing to this refusal, partly to rumours which threatened to compromise the King, the negotiations broke off, and the

idea of a revolutionary war was abandoned for the old hope in diplomacy.

Mazzini's sympathy with the Poles in their struggles for liberty had always been deep and active. In 1863 Russia's brutalities at Warsaw in connection with her new recruiting law precipitated a rebellion, which after much suffering and many vicissitudes, partly caused by mismanagement and lack of wise leadership, was extinguished in blood. It had, however, powerfully aroused the sympathy of England,[1] and Mazzini hoped that strong representation to the Continental Powers involved—Russia and Prussia—would proceed from the British Government. But the debate was followed by no decision. "I think and dream of Poland," he wrote at this time, "of the everyday murder committed there, while Europe shouts *bravo* to the dying gladiator, and turns to her own business." That Europe should look on calmly while three great crimes were being perpetrated: Poland—acknowledged to have right on her side—tortured and devastated, thousands butchered by the Russians, thousands of mothers doomed to undying grief: Mexico invaded by French troops and its capital bombarded to carry out the ambition of Louis Napoleon:[2] Rome, occupied by foreign troops, made the nucleus of brigands and anarchists, though claimed by all Italy as its capital—these things and others like them were to him a daily and unassuageable grief, and the words hot from his heart which he wrote to Caroline Stansfield are strangely apposite to the days we live in: "The egoistical indifference which pervades the whole of Europe to the sufferings of men whom we write down as brothers whenever we amuse ourselves with philosophy or religion, is to me appalling. It takes, and has long ago taken away from me, all pleasure in life. There ought to be an expiation to teach mankind that they have been made one, and that they are every day sinning against God (i.e. by not

[1] In a speech in the House of Commons Mr. Hennesey declared that since the beginning of the year 1864, 14,833 men and women had been imprisoned, and that all the adult males except 683 out of a population of 184,000 had been forced to join the Russian army.

[2] He desired to place Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and one time Viceroy of Lombardy, on the throne. Fighting went on for more than a year before the Mexicans could be forced to receive him. Shortly after his accession he was assassinated.

recognising it). *As filthiness allowed to go on in the streets and dwellings of a town teaches physical oneness by spreading contagious diseases to neighbouring towns, so something ought to teach—perhaps will teach—egoistical countries that there is a law of moral oneness.*"

Mazzini's admiration for America was great, and her repudiation of slavery and the terrible price she was paying for its abolition engaged his warmest and keenest sympathy, for the war between North and South was then raging. He constantly spoke and wrote of the part he believed that she, in alliance with Great Britain, was destined to play in the development of humanity, and his convictions on this subject remind us forcibly of those of the American Ambassador whom England loved and honoured, Walter Page. "You have struck deep in the heart of Europe," Mazzini wrote, "a conviction that there is in you a strong, almost incalculable power to be reckoned with in the onward march of mankind. You have become a leading nation. May you act as such. In the great battle which is fought in the world between right and wrong, justice and arbitrary rule, duty and egoism, truth and lies, your part is marked; you must accept it." [1] "Let the alliance between England and America be rebaptised by a policy worthy of both. The laying of the first stone of that temple of Humanity which we all foresee is a labour well worthy the co-operation of the two worlds." [2]

His convictions on the woman question were clear and strong, and he conceived that a juster apprehension of her position and rights lay at the heart of social progress. His reverence for the family was profound, deeper it could not be, but he desired to see it inspired with wider sympathies and greater aims than those which too often characterise it. "Hold the Family sacred. Look upon it as one of the indestructible conditions of human life, and reject every attempt made to undermine it, either by men imbued with a false and brutish philosophy, or by shallow thinkers, who, irritated at seeing it too often made the nursery of egoism and the spirit of caste, imagine like the savage that the sole

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards.
[2] *Life and Writings of Joseph Mazzini*, Smith, Elder & Co.

remedy for this evil growth is the destruction of the tree itself. . . . Like every other element of human life, it is, of course, susceptible of progress, and from age to age its tendencies and aspirations are improved; but it can never be cancelled. . . . That which the country is to humanity the family must be to the country. Wherever the object of the family is not to educate its members as citizens, it sinks into egoism: an egoism the more odious and brutal inasmuch as it prostitutes and perverts from its true aim the most sacred things that are—our affections.

"Love and respect Woman. Seek in her not merely a comfort, but a force, an inspiration, the redoubling of your moral and intellectual faculties. Cancel from your minds every idea of superiority over Woman. You have none whatever. Long prejudice and inferior education, and a perennial legal inequality and injustice, have erected that apparent intellectual inferiority which has been converted into an argument of continued oppression.

"But does not the history of every oppression teach us how the oppressor ever seeks his justification and support by appealing to a fact of his own creation? . . . We men are guilty of this crime towards Woman. Avoid even the semblance or shadow of it; there is none heavier in the sight of God, for it divides the human family into two classes and imposes or accepts the subjugation of one class to another. . . . There is no inequality between man and woman, only diversity of tendency and of special vocation. Consider Woman therefore as the partner and companion, not merely of your joys and sorrows, but of your thoughts, your aspirations, your studies and your endeavours after social amelioration. . . . Be the two human wings that lift the soul towards the ideal we are destined to attain." [1]

He was profoundly interested in the then faintly dawning question of Women's Suffrage. He believed that the essential preliminary to all class emancipation was class assertion, by which he meant the demonstration of the possession of faculty by its exercise. Whatever body of people would effectively claim rights must show that they are capable of

[1] From *The Duties of Man*, a book dedicated to the Italian working class, whose early chapters were published in the *Apostolato Popolare* in 1844.

exercising them. The attention of the privileged to the unprivileged must be compelled by such a collective demonstration of capacity. If his point of view had been taken by women, and serious collective efforts of this sort made: England might have been spared the long procession of militant suffragettes at which she alternately jeered and swore; and the victory of feminine political emancipation might have been won long ago—who knows? There was scope enough in our social conditions for any amount of organised collective work that might have been gripped and executed by women and would have "compelled the attention of the privileged." In his *Duties of Man* he addresses working men on the subject as follows:—

> Your complete emancipation can only be founded and secured upon the triumph of a principle—the principle of the unity of the human family.
>
> At the present day one-half of that family—that half from which we seek both inspiration and consolation, that half to which the first education of childhood is entrusted—is, by a singular contradiction, declared civilly, politically and socially unequal to the other half, and excluded from the great Unity.
>
> To you who are seeking your own enfranchisement and emancipation it belongs to protest on every occasion and by every means against this negation of Unity.
>
> The emancipation of woman, then, must be regarded by you as necessarily linked with the emancipation of the working man.

In 1864 Garibaldi visited England, where his popularity was enormous, and was welcomed with an enthusiasm that has rarely, if ever, been accorded to a foreign visitor. At a celebrated gathering in London, forgetting the jealousy so unworthy of his heroic and childlike nature, and so carefully fostered by his own and Mazzini's enemies posing as his friends, he acknowledged the undying debt he owed to his exiled compatriot, and proposed a toast in the following words: "I am going to make a declaration which ought to have been made long ago. When I was young and had nothing but aspirations, I looked for a man who could counsel and guide my young years. I sought him as a thirsty man seeks water. I found him. He alone had kept alive the sacred fire; he alone watched while others slept. He has always remained my friend, filled with the love of country, filled

with love for the cause of liberty. This man is my friend Joseph Mazzini. 'To my master. . . .'"

One is thankful for that spontaneous and sincere homage to the stronger more independent spirit, who so gladly at all times slipped to the rear if it were a question of laurels and so calmly stood in the van if it were one of the blows.

During all these years the thoughtful absorption in his friend's affairs, the wisdom of his reflections on human relationships, continue to strike us in his letters. A delicate carefulness not to hurt, a sincerity and sympathy alike beautiful, a sensitive insight into the conditions lying below the surface of human conduct, marked the lonely man, so that one wonders where he learned this tender wisdom, this moving and gentle judgment on the foolish, pitiful, wounding ways of loving mortals with each other. To two deeply attached friends between whom misunderstanding had grown up, he wrote of the mistake it is to judge our dear ones as if they were *tutte in un pezzo*—which is perhaps best rendered by the colloquial "all of a piece"—and as if all their trifling actions were characteristic. Some slight *contretemps* takes place, something is said or done that displeases—it is instantly attached to some previous trifle which is supposed to indicate the same tendency, and taken as a proof of our friend's whole character or feeling, which we now perceive to be selfish, indifferent, insincere, who knows what. One wrong conclusion begets another—the gulf is widened. But, wrote Mazzini, "this kind of judgment is based on a mistake. Human things are never so. There is no calculation, no cool reasoning, no true meaning in nine-tenths of the things that are done in the actual world." To apply standards of logical consistency to our friend's characters in this way, to see serious and far reaching implications in what may be but the result of the most passing and trivial circumstance, is to misinterpret, to misconceive, in his own vivid words "to entangle ourselves in the superficial." Entangled there how easy it is for love itself to lose its way.

Emilie Venturi's[1] health at this time was still very poor, and her financial affairs still unpromising. Mazzini's concern

[1] She had recently married an Italian patriot, Carlo Venturi.

for her health was constantly and practically expressed, and he urged her to use whatever available money he possessed, without scruple, for any need that it could supply, such as the restful stay in a quiet hotel, which seemed at the time as if it might do her good. That "these little difficulties, easily managed whilst you have a friend," should stand in the way of her health was intolerable to him. He assured her that now, whilst there was, unhappily, nothing to be done in Italy, he could help her without a shadow of inconvenience, and asked her whether her freedom from illness, or the possession by him of a few extra pounds would bring him the more happiness? "Between the truly loving there should be no pride," he wrote in one of his unpublished letters. From the beginning of his life to its close, all through the suffering years of his late middle age, money to Mazzini was considered simply as a means of service, if not to Italy, then to friends; if not to friends, then to any needy fellow-mortal whose distressed circumstances had come within his ken. Thus the unhappy wife of a man who owed him £30 and was in prison on other charges, brought her misery and poverty to him, and was helped not only with money from his slender purse, but with active effort to improve her circumstances by letters written to her husband's creditors. On another occasion he was much moved by the distress of a couple who had sustained heavy losses in their old age and were plunged into unaccustomed privation. "Their condition at their age is heart-breaking," he wrote to Emilie, and suggested starting a subscription list of a few people willing to give regularly 10s. a month, of which he would be one. Ten shillings a month more spent on coal would have almost kept him warm during the winter nights when he could not sleep for the cold! That money might also be used for his own greater comfort was an idea that seemingly never crossed his mind. It was simply a convenient currency for service.

In 1864 he wrote to Emilie that he had made an open declaration of war against the Government in his Italian journals; this was indeed inevitable after the signing of the September Convention. By this agreement the project that had been in abeyance since Cavour's death was revived, with a very objectionable addition: Napoleon again

promised to withdraw his troops from Rome within two years if the Government would guarantee the defence of the Papal frontier from all attack and give up its claims to Rome, the Pope being allowed to maintain an army. Added to this treaty was a protocol which bound the King to remove the capital from Turin to Naples or Florence, thus proving to Catholic Europe that Italy had renounced the hope of Rome as her capital. There was left out of this treaty the only clause which had appeared to redeem Cavour's version of it in 1861. This was the *proviso* that, although Italy pledged her faith to maintain the Pope's territory against all attack, if the Romans on their own initiative successfully revolted, and after throwing off the Papal authority offered themselves by a *plébiscite* to the King, he might, to avoid anarchy, annex the Roman provinces. But the right of the Pope to maintain an army, and the condition that any rising in Rome must be spontaneous, unassisted and successful, relegated the possibility to dreamland. Even this loophole, however, was omitted in the September Convention, though later popular feeling obliged its insertion ; it had the merit of " saving the face " of the Ministry and preserving the Emperor's legend of sympathy with popular forms of government ; this was the more important as Liberalism was on the increase in France, and Rouher, the existing minister, had made the withdrawal from Rome a condition of taking office. It has been argued that the protocol, with its renunciation of Rome, was intended to throw dust in the eyes of the Catholic world, thus forming a screen behind which Italians could still manœuvre to secure their capital. If so, it was another step on the road to dishonour, another example of the falsity into which the French alliance had dragged the nation. But knowing from past experience how the least gesture towards Rome and every fresh step towards Unity had been discountenanced by the Emperor, it seems strange indeed that Italian politicians should put their faith in imperial connivance with a secret understanding which would most certainly be repudiated at the Emperor's convenience. Mazzini, who had announced the terms of the treaty six months previously, protested indignantly against it, whatever interpretation was adopted ; either it

basely betrayed the nation's hopes or shamelessly stained its honour. There was indeed nothing to be said for the agreement except that it apparently lessened the chances of friction with Louis Napoleon. For two years Italy was still to be violated by a foreign army of occupation; after that she stood pledged to become herself the guardian of "her most malignant and unscrupulous foe," to uphold that Temporal Power which was the source of her worst evils; thus maintaining in her midst a very citadel of discord, violence and corruption: to permit the existence of an army of irresponsible and hated mercenaries with all the demoralisation this implied, at her very heart, poisoning the civic and the national life: to confirm and deepen that severance of the Government from some of the noblest elements in the nation which had already proved so disastrous, and which such a betrayal of their hopes must inevitably increase: to renounce her immemorial claim on Rome—guardian of immortal memories, mother of undying hopes, the predestined centre of her future no less than the splendid symbol of her past—to all this she stood pledged at the bidding of the man to whom she was merely a pawn in the game of his ambition, the man who had hectored her, hampered her, humiliated her, opposed her unification and sought to hinder her greatness; who once, it is true, as far as it served his own ambitions and in exchange for Italian territory, had helped her to oust Austria from Lombardy, but who had tarnished that gift by the betrayal of Villafranca, and by the self-revealing threat that if the King continued the war for Venetia alone he would have two enemies to fight instead of one. To keep this man's precarious favour Italy's rulers vowed to renounce the birthright for which her noblest sons had gladly died. If at this distant day, and to an outsider—a mere lover of Italy who is not one of her own children, the suggestion of such a renunciation seems an insult and its acceptance a dishonour, what scorn, what angry sorrow must have filled the hearts of living Italians whose dearest hopes had been linked to Rome ever since they had hoped at all! Infallibly the Convention of September must alienate patriots all over the Peninsula and lead to ever renewed strife between them and the authorities, producing what Mazzini

escribed in one indignant word as "Aspromonte in permanence." Garibaldi expressed the general democratic feeling when he exclaimed: "There is only one possible convention with Buonaparte—to rid our country of his presence." Ricasoli spoke for the large body of patriotic Moderates when he said: "the Emperor has brought confusion to our house." D'Azeglio expressed the conviction of honourable conservatives when he warned the Government that, even supposing the treaty were but a blind, as certain members of the Ministry affirmed it to be, a curse would follow the corrupting precedent of "equivocation in high quarters." Mazzini declared that the Convention cancelled the solemn decree that Italy should be one and Rome her capital made by the whole country through its *plébiscites*, its parliaments and its governments. It was true.

The transference of the capital to Florence, an obviously impolitic move until Turin could be superseded by Rome itself—the goal of Turinese nationalists as well as of the rest of Italy—was followed by angry popular demonstrations; these were quelled by the troops on two occasions, but not until nearly two hundred dead and wounded Italians lay in the streets of Turin. The King himself was the recipient of angry anonymous letters, the crowd hissed his guests at a state function, and he secretly left the city till the storm should have blown over. Further treachery to the nation by the Minghetti Cabinet was at this time rumoured—that there was in existence another secret protocol to the Convention, guaranteeing that if Italy obtained Rome or Venice without the permission of Napoleon, a large part of Piedmont should be ceded to France. It was strenuously denied; but Cavour had thus denied the barter of Savoy and Nice, and Minghetti the terms of the present Convention; it was sorrowful but not surprising that the word of an Italian Minister had become a negligible quantity. Six or more Italian historians commit themselves definitely to the assertion that it was so; it would have been completely in harmony with Napoleon's whole policy, and on the side of the Government only an extension of the Ministerial servility which had signed the Convention. There was no record of it found in the Tuileries documents in 1870—but that is hardly

surprising. Such a damning confirmation of Napoleon's greed and ill-faith would be guarded more carefully than that.

Meanwhile the Papacy seemed determined to show more clearly than ever the nature of the authority enthroned in Rome which Italy had just vowed to support. In 1864 its inveterate hostility to progress and emancipation expressed itself afresh in the famous Encyclical and Syllabus of December 8th. This Syllabus, or Summary of False Opinions, declares that it is an error to suppose that the Pope can or ought, to be reconciled to, or compromise with, Progress or Liberalism, or Modern Civilisation. Religious toleration, secular education, liberty of conscience or of worship, are all errors. Liberty of conscience is indeed nothing but liberty of perdition, states the Encyclical. Ecclesiastics are to be independent of lay legislation, which is inferior to that of the Church, whose right to impose temporal punishment is maintained. To this end ecclesiastical courts must be restored.

This deliberate attack on political, intellectual and religious freedom, combined with the engagement forced upon Italy to maintain and protect the authority responsible for it, caused the greatest resentment and hostility all over the country, but it was felt both by the Party of Action and the patriotic Moderates that recent events had made any immediate efforts for Rome impossible, and that the question of the hour was the freeing of Venetia and the expulsion of the Austrians. To this end Mazzini had never ceased to work; revolt was kept alive and national feeling deepened by his unwearying efforts; and the passive defiance of the people, who refused to send representatives to the Austrian Parliament, must have warned her rulers that their possession of Venetia had a limit set to its duration. In 1865 Mazzini and a section of parliamentarians entered into combined plans to foment and prepare for a rising in April. Mazzini, as usual, offered to shelve his republicanism during the war, and his parliamentary supporters warmly supported his schemes to collect volunteers who should assist the insurgents. The Minister, Lanza, shared his view of the importance of Venice as a road to Rome as well as on its own account,

and not only countenanced the Venetian Emancipation Committees, but allowed Mazzini's preparations to continue unhindered. Lanza, however, fell, and his successor, La Marmora, an upright but rigid conservative who was hostile to all revolts or revolutionary undertakings, withdrew from the ministerial engagements of his predecessor.

This year saw the opening of the drama which resulted in the expulsion of Austria with her conglomerate empire of heterogeneous states from the Germanic Confederation, and the union of the remaining German-speaking peoples into one nation under the headship of the King of Prussia. In March negotiations were entered upon between Bismarck and La Marmora for a defensive and offensive alliance between Italy and Prussia, by the terms of which Italy was to receive Venetia, and Prussia corresponding territory. The Treaty was signed in April, and in less than three months war was declared with Austria, first by Prussia and then by Italy. Mazzini urged all Republicans—the number of whom had greatly increased since the Convention of September—to join in the struggle with Austria, laying aside all minor differences. By the invitation of the Government as well as of the Party of Action, Garibaldi was offered the command of a Volunteer Corps. The volunteers, however, poured in to enrol themselves in such numbers that La Marmora, who had resigned the Premiership to become the head of the regular army, was alarmed. "This is a *levée en masse*," he said, "which we do not want." In one week thirty thousand men had enlisted, and more would have done so had the Government been able or willing to arm them. As it was, only half of these were even equipped for the front. La Marmora, with the unconquerable distrust of the regular soldier for irregulars, had only provided equipment—and that of the poorest—for fourteen thousand; they had no field guns, their muskets were old and inferior. Garibaldi was very dissatisfied both with arms and organisation, and only his patriotism prevented him from resigning his command. He asked for the loan of a few regular officers and some guns, but neither were supplied. His own generals, Medici, Bixio, Cosenz and Sirtori, were now in the regular army,

and of course could not join him. The regular troops were under the divided command of the King, with La Marmora as Chief of Staff, and Cialdini. Garibaldi was sent to the Tyrol. La Marmora rejected a plan of campaign embracing an eastern as well as a western attack upon Austria, which had been suggested by Moltke, advised by Usedom—the Prussian Minister at Florence—strongly commended by Ricasoli, submitted independently by Garibaldi,[1] desired by the King, and urged by Mazzini in *L'Unita Italiana*, and threw his troops instead on the Quadrilateral. A series of amazing blunders resulted in the defeat of Custozza. It was by no means a crushing blow, and the Italian forces might easily have rallied. Only one division had met serious losses. Six divisions of La Marmora's army were practically fresh, and Cialdini's eight divisions were untouched. A fresh plan of campaign was arranged, and it was decided that the dual command—a fatal blunder—should cease. "The prospects of the Italians," writes Mr. Bolton King, "were still good." The army had regained much of its confidence, and its superiority of numbers promised ultimate victory. As they were about to resume operations, with victory they believed almost certain, their position was strengthened by the crushing defeat of the Austrians at the hands of Prussia at Sadowa; this would naturally oblige Austria to recall the greater part of her troops to protect Vienna, and would open the way still more widely to a great Italian triumph after the humiliation of Custozza. But at this moment Louis Napoleon took the stage again, quite in the Villafranca manner, by sending a telegram which stated that Austria had offered to cede Venetia to him, to be handed over by him to Italy, and urging an immediate armistice; three days after the telegram he followed his advice by a threat that if the armistice were refused he would hand back Venice to Austria and possibly ally himself with the menaced Empire.

Such an attitude, after his strong encouragement to Italy to enter the war, may seem surprising, but it was not really inconsistent. He had welcomed the war between two

[1] The only difference between the schemes was the choice of Istria instead of Dalmatia as a starting-point.

erman-speaking Powers because he believed confidently
iat Prussia would be beaten, and would consent to his long
ierished desire for Lower Rhineland annexation, either out
f gratitude for his intended good offices with a triumphant
iemy, or in order to avoid the danger of a Franco-Austrian
liance. He was quite willing that Austria should be
eakened by the loss of her Italian possessions, for he wished
o pose as the liberator of Italy "from the Alps to the
driatic" in fulfilment of his early boast, both in order to
store his rather tottering prestige at home—where it was
ifficult to satisfy both Liberals and Clericals—and to secure
is own position in Italy. The September Convention had
ppeased his Catholic supporters, the freeing of Venetia
iould now pacify the Liberals, and a grateful and subservient
taly would enshrine the Neapolitan legend and be ready
o further his future aims. His relation to Austria must
lso be secured, and to do this at the same time that he
nsured the preservation of his own *rôle* in the expected
rama would be a stroke of good business. He therefore,
efore the war began, promised his neutrality [1] as the coming
onflict to Austria, whose self-confidence had been gradually
iving way to uneasiness, on the condition that whatever
ie issue of the war, Venetia should be ceded to him to transfer
o Italy. These very neat plans being disturbed by the
verwhelming victory of Sadowa, which served the Prussian
rms too well and not only threatened Austria with collapse
ut promised to allow Italy to win Venetia by her own effort,
e stepped in to stop the conflict, save Austria for his own
urposes, limit the progress of Prussia, and check Italian
elf-assertion.

The threat of alliance with Austria, though it may have
een bluff, seemed a serious menace to the Italian authorities
—and one which their long habit of deference to France and
ar of the Emperor had not fitted them to ignore; but La
Marmora, backed by Ricasoli, now Prime Minister at Florence,
as unwilling to conclude peace while their army was intact,

[1] This promise he more than kept. Bolton King says, quoting from
a Marmora in *Un po' piu di luce*, that "he had done his best to help the
ustrians by suggesting to the Italians that the Venetian campaign should
t be conducted with too much energy."

even though smarting under a preliminary set-back. T consent to defeat, to renounce the opportunity offered to th young Italian kingdom of winning its laurels on the field, an to allow Italy to accept from the left hand of her arrogan patron the gift of a province while with his right he threatene her if she refused it, was felt by honourable spirits both i the government and the army to be a disgrace. Moreover it was impossible to give the Emperor the answer which h so imperiously demanded, until their ally had been consulted But instead of hastening to recover prestige by pressing forward into Venetia and consolidating their progress in the East, where the movements of Garibaldi and the triumphant advance of Medici had caused the Austrians to evacuate the lower Tyrol and were immediately threatening Trento, the Italian army spent the first ten days after Sadowa in mysterious inaction. They then moved forward. Austria had withdrawn a large number of her troops to guard Vienna, and by the middle of July the whole of Venetia between Venice and the Quadrilateral—still in Austrian hands—was held by the Italians, while Cialdini's army of one hundred and fifty thousand men were ready to cross the frontier into Carniola.

Meanwhile, however, the Emperor's desire for peace was growing stronger; he was already negotiating an alliance with Bismarck on the basis of territorial concessions, but was no less secretly resolved that Prussian development should cease; for this Austria's continued existence as a great Power was necessary. His determination, therefore, that Italy should submit, hardened, and his insistence on peace, with an instant evacuation of the enemy's country, became more peremptory. In vain Ricasoli urged the retention of the Trentino and the Southern Tyrol; Napoleon had returned to the policy of buttressing up Austria, and would maintain neither. Austria, aware of his backing, made the surrender of both a condition of peace. So the Tyrol was evacuated and Medici and Garibaldi were recalled, at the moment when an enveloping movement was about to give them Trento. On the 26th Prussia was persuaded to sign the preliminaries of peace with Austria. About the same time the Italians sustained an inexplicable naval disaster at

issa, the causes of which—excluding the appointment of a eeble, irresolute and dissolute commander who was most nwilling to fill the post—have been much debated. Shortly fterwards the Italian authorities surrendered to the pressure f events and peace was agreed upon.

CHAPTER XIII

Louis Napoleon and Italy—The King and Ratazzi encourage the popular demand for Rome—The French *veto*—The King yields—Ratazzi resigns—Garibaldi's march on Rome—French interference—Mentana—French army of occupation again in Italy—Italian anger—Menebrea and reaction—Growth of republicanism—Mazzini seriously ill—Franco-Prussian war—The Emperor seeks Italian help in vain—Declaration of Papal Infallibility—Entrance of Victor Emmanuel into Rome—Mazzini's political attitude since the Convention—Rising in Sicily—Arrest of Mazzini and imprisonment in Gaeta.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S behaviour to Italy at this time reveals his real aims with unhappy distinctness. He was irritated at the failure of his plans; he expected a humbled and complaisant Prussia willing to barter the Rhine provinces for something that he could supply; he found instead a greatly strengthened State with a rapidly developing German rather than Prussian consciousness, which declined to part with a single field of the Fatherland. Italy had offended his vanity by her persistent refusal to regard him as the angel of her deliverance, by her dislike to the peace he had tried to force upon her, and by the reluctant way in which she had accepted his ostensible gift of Venetia, refusing to annex it unless the Venetians expressed their will by a *plébiscite*. As a matter of fact it was only in appearance that he was the donor, as the province would have come to Italy at the close of the war by the provisions of her Treaty with Prussia. The prestige he had hoped for had escaped him, and he seems to have vented his mortification on Italy. "The Emperor," says a historian who cannot be suspected of an anti-Napoleonic bias, "perhaps from sheer petulance, seemed to wish to humilate Italy as much as possible." It was a strange comment on the sincerity of his professed desire that she should possess Venetia that he started a propaganda in that province to persuade its people to demand a French protectorate. But there were only sixty-nine votes out of

ix hundred and forty-two thousand against the union of Venetia to the kingdom of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel entered Venice amid universal rejoicing on the 7th of November.

The war added to the dislike with which Louis Napoleon's name was increasingly regarded in Italy. All through the long history of his association with her he had treated her as the instrument of his policy and his desires, attacking not her material well-being, but her self-respect, her aspirations, her liberty to dispose of herself, her right to win her own freedom. He wanted to feel that Italy was his creation. *L'Italie*, said his minister Rouher, contemptuously, *est l'invention de l'empereur.* He wished to keep her conscious of her dependence upon him, of his right to control her; he never realised that his attacks on her national feeling, the indignities he offered to her pride, the spiritual affronts that she received at his hands, were resented with enduring if inarticulate passion in the heart of her people. As a well-fed, well-clothed, and—when her lord pleases—a petted wife, might at last come to hate the husband for whom she has no spiritual significance, no responsible, independent being, so Italy was to come to hate Napoleon. He had used her, sometimes sentimentalised over her, had been by turns superficially kind and callously brutal, but she had never been to him more than the means to his ends, and many times he had clipped her wings and wounded or shamed her struggling soul, whose existence indeed he ignored. This was the unforgivable sin, and this he expiated at Sedan. For the long negotiations with Victor Emmanuel which both he and the King hoped would result in the close alliance of Italy and France against Prussia, were destined to break on the rock of the refusal of the Italian people, who were more sensitive than their rulers to the manifold shame of the long bondage.

With strange obtuseness France continued to increase the indignation with which she was regarded, by resolutely declaring that Rome should never belong to the Italians. The French Government repudiated the postscript to the September Convention by announcing that even if the Pope were forced to fly from his dominions by internal revolt,

France would interfere, and in view of this possibility stationed forty thousand troops at Toulon, who were prepared to start at any moment for Cività Vecchia. The Chamber was passionately hostile to Italy. M. Thiers declared that she was "a historical parasite which lived on its past and could have no future." M. Rouher, Liberal though he called himself, declared that "France will never allow Italy to seize Rome." The country was exasperated by the Italian attitude to the Roman question, and at what they loudly proclaimed to be ingratitude of Italy after French aid had helped to win her Lombardy. It was ignored that they had insisted on Savoy and Nice as a *quid pro quo*, and that though French blood had been shed in the Lombardy campaign, Italians had died uncomplainingly, year after year, to serve the ambitions of the first Napoleon; ignored, too, were the years of Venetian servitude due to Napoleon's betrayal of Italian interests at Villafranca and the bitterness that sprung from it. The flame of resentment was still further fanned in Italy by the discovery that although according to the terms of the Convention the French troops had left Rome after the expiration of two years, one of the Pope's legions was largely composed of French Regulars posing as volunteers. This was proved by an indiscreet confession of General Dumont, and the exposure of the Emperor's trickery in thus violating his Convention pledge was not unnaturally felt to constitute an argument for breaches on the Italian side. Demands to occupy Rome grew in number all over the country; many of the more patriotic Moderates sympathised with the rising wave of feeling. Ratazzi—now again Premier—after much alternate veering between the winds that blew from Paris and the vigorous breezes of revolutionary Italy, finally trimmed his sails to the latter and determined, even though it seemed to risk a breach with France,[1] to encourage the simmering elements of revolt in Rome, and to urge forward a rising of the National Committees. He lent a favourable ear to the petition of twelve thousand Romans who demanded Italian intervention in the interests of order, and connived at Garibaldi's departure for the Roman frontier.

[1] At this time he declared "there are times when a nation does not think of danger, but of its right."

So far Victor Emmanuel had seemed to agree. When Napoleon sent a threatening message that if the Government were unable to guard the Papal frontier he would intervene, the King replied that in that case he would at once occupy the Papal States. Staggered at this unwonted show of spirit, Napoleon hesitated to take further measures until pressed by his Cabinet, when he repeated the ultimatum. Ratazzi and the majority of his colleagues rose at last to courage and decision, and declaring that they would not submit to French dictation, urged the occupation of Rome at any cost. Had the decision been carried out and acted on at once, there is little doubt that Rome might have been won. The Emperor at that time was weakened by one of his frequent bouts of indecision: the *fait accompli* would have been a strong argument to himself and his Cabinet against armed intervention, and for reasons of European policy a war with the King of Italy, in order to restore at the point of the bayonet a mediæval tyranny to a people who loathed it, could not have commended itself to the prudence of a monarch who cared for English opinion. But at the critical moment Victor Emmanuel's courage failed him, and he opposed an obstinate *veto* to the proposals of his Ministers. Whether the irresistible fascination exerted over him by Louis Napoleon reasserted itself; whether some secret communication changed his plans; or his spiritual muscles, weakened by long surrender to personal self-indulgence, could no longer respond to the call for initiative and steadfast purpose, we do not know. Against his *veto* Ratazzi argued in vain, and sick of his fruitless efforts, perhaps feeling bitterly that he had been too late courageous, he resigned.

On the 22nd of October a rising, which had been slowly but resolutely matured, broke out within Rome itself. Garibaldi—who had escaped from his island home of Caprera, whither, after a fruitless raid at Terni, he had been sent by order of the Government and closely guarded by ironclads—was approaching Rome with an army of ill-equipped volunteers. The news of the double peril to the Pope of the revolt in the city and of Garibaldi's approach, stirred the Emperor to action, but his irresolution even then showed

how uncertain his Roman policy was, and how good an opportunity of influencing it by determination, courage and rapid action, the Italian Government had missed. Three times in twenty-four hours he changed his embarkation orders to the troops at Toulon, who did not sail till the 26th. This was followed—for no practical purpose to judge by subsequent events—by the march of Italian troops to the Papal frontiers, which they crossed both north and south. Meanwhile Garibaldi captured Monte Rotondo, an important post thirteen miles from Rome, and occupied Velletri and Viterbo, which were evacuated by the Papalists on hearing of his success. But the French, who had in the interim landed at Cività Vecchia, reached Mentana, where Garibaldi was more than holding his own against the soldiers of the Pope, in time to turn the course of events, and in spite of courageous fighting against double their numbers, the volunteers, decimated by the murderous fire of the French guns, lost the day. The Italian troops hastily abandoned the Papal frontiers, and the Government, anxious to conciliate the Emperor, refused to accept the unanimous vote of Velletri and Viterbo for annexation, and arrested Garibaldi, begging that in acknowledgment of these steps the French troops should withdraw from Italy. But the petition was unheeded, and after a couple of months spent in Rome, the French army of occupation settled down at Cività Vecchia. Small wonder that Italy was still described as a "prefecture of France."

Shame and wrath filled the country—anger at the humiliation to Italy at French interference, at the crushing of the Roman revolt, at the arrest of Garibaldi, at the presence of the hated French army on Italian soil. But while the people raged, a conservative "Moderate" Government under Menabrea pursued a reactionary policy in every department. It deprecated the desire for Rome, broke up the democratic societies, sought reconciliation with the Papacy—even interdicting the meetings of the Liberal clergy—coerced the Press, and restored the inquisition of the Police. An inevitable hostility to the Government ensued. The old popular devotion to the person of the King was weakening; recent events struck at their loyalty, and the

immorality of his private life appeared an outrage even to the far-from-austere Italian public. Discontent and disillusion were everywhere prevalent, caused in the main by the absence of any heroism, any idealism, in Crown or Government. No state ever had its foundation laid on deeds of purer, more self-forgetful devotion than the young kingdom of Italy.[1] Deeply, if obscurely, woven into the strands of the pleasure-loving Italian nature is a faculty of self-regardless surrender to high ends—a capacity for all that is connoted by the much abused word idealism—which is a priceless national heritage. To this quality in some of their popular leaders during the *Risorgimento* Italians yielded a swift and splendid response, for "deep called unto deep." Its absence in the Government stirred a fundamental, if perhaps unconscious, resentment and dissatisfaction. The generation which had learned of human duty and human hopes from Mazzini's lips, however much it fell away from his teaching, could not rest content with a Government devoid of any faith in the greater values, and incapable of any spiritual appeal to the nation. A dull despondency and oppression seemed brooding everywhere, flaring up here and there into anger at the open sore of a corrupt mediæval system—the avowed enemy of freedom and of progress—maintained in their midst by foreign bayonets, and made possible by the spiritless acquiescence of Italian rulers. Republicanism became more prevalent; even in the army it had a considerable hold; the deputies of the Left were sympathetic, and the majority of the extreme Left joined the Republican Alliance, of which Nicotera was a conspicuous member, in 1869.

Meanwhile, in 1867 Mazzini himself had been gradually maturing a secret Roman enterprise of his own. His plans were known to none of his English friends except in a general way. He told Emilie Venturi and Mrs. Hamilton King that it depended on a rising in Rome itself and on the absence of any attempt in the provinces that could awaken suspicion and put the enemy on his guard. He was therefore deeply anxious that no premature operation in the Papal States

[1] Let the doubter read Countess Evelyn Martinengo-Cesaresco's *Italian Characters during the Epoch of Unification*, amongst other works.

should prejudice the position. He longed to work with Garibaldi, but the latter was too open to the plots of those interested in separating them to listen to his persuasions. In August of this year he went to the Continent to organise his party and examine conditions, penetrating into the Papal States, where, had he been discovered, he would have been cast into a Papal dungeon and heard of no more. Mrs. King quotes in her *Recollections* some letters of Emilie Venturi to her which throw some light on this period :—

September 4, 1867.—I have this moment received a welcome line from Switzerland, which I cannot help sending you. I have been quite overwhelmed by the deep shadow of the danger he was in. I cannot write more ; there are so many to whom I must say " Safe so far."

September 16*th*.—Only to-day did I receive another note, and I had grown so uneasy at the delay. . . . I fancied all sorts of dreadful reasons, but it was only that he was in a specially dangerous place from which posting a letter might destroy him. Thank God he is now with good and devoted friends, and as safe as he can be out of England. His note is short and sad, feeling that Garibaldi's attempt on Rome—should it take place—will be a failure. Yet he himself is longing for action and I think believing that if Garibaldi and he worked together they might make of it a truly National movement ; divided, neither is strong enough.

To Mrs. King he wrote on October 13th :—

We are slowly going on. I cannot tell you what the positive result of the actual movement will be. Our monarchy is watching, and is resolved to interfere and invade should the movement grow stronger ; then the provinces would remain to the Italian Government ; they would leave Rome to the Pope, and to us the task of beginning a new movement a little later.

In the end of October and the first days of November Garibaldi's advance on Rome, as we have seen, brought the French and Piedmontese troops into the field of action ; Mentana was fought and lost, the foreigner was again established in the Papal provinces, and Mazzini's hopes were dashed to the ground. It was then that he fell seriously ill in Lugano ; for some time increasing pain from neuralgic gastritis had been attacking him, which with his usual effort of will he had succeeded in partially surmounting. In October he had

written to Emilie : " I am ill with those old pains—only one word therefore. Don't be uneasy. The only tormenting thing is that it has come on whilst I need all possible activity." But the *débâcle* before Rome, and his profound grief at the result, broke down his already overtaxed powers of nervous resistance, and a serious illness followed. It was the culmination of years of suffering. Jessie White Mario, who went to Lugano to see him as soon as possible, hardly recognised him, so much had suffering changed his face ; only the eyes and smile seemed the same. In December, accompanied by a devoted Italian friend, he was able to return to England. But in 1868, when at Lugano with his faithful friends the Nathans, illness again seized him of such a serious character that Emilie Venturi went out to him, and his friends summoned Dr. Bertani, the man who worked so devotedly in connection with the Sicilian expedition.

Every morning (wrote Emilie to Mrs. King) we all know what sort of night it has been by the first sight of this affectionate face, upon which Mazzini's pain or comparative relief are reflected as in a glass. There is no need to say, *Come sta ?* We read it without words in his look. . . . I am very glad I came, for though he is surrounded by love and care, I think he likes my being here and finds a certain comfort in it. . . . He has a Milanese gentleman who sleeps in his room and waits upon him in all personal matters.

The storm was weathered once more, and he recovered. Emilie remained in Italy till the summer of 1869, and in the spring of this year Mazzini was expelled from Lugano. He took refuge on the other side of the Alps, where he lived for some time in hiding, unable even to go to the window of his room. Emilie at this time was occupied with the reproduction of some of his writings, and on sending him questions on the matter he replied sorrowfully that she had full powers from him—a kind of dictatorship over his writings—but that he could not in these critical days give a thought to them, and felt inclined to despise them all and their writer as well, for not having produced a shadow of the Italy he had dreamed of. Early in 1870 he was in Genoa, seeking to discountenance an attempt which he felt would fail, trembling at every post lest letters or papers should announce a premature attack. " I am morally and physically weary," he wrote

to Emilie Venturi, "and want to rest immovable as an Egyptian mummy within its Pyramid tomb"; or he was "dreaming by night of nothing else than of perfect solitude during one last year or six months, among pine-trees and night-birds in some secluded spot in the Alps." But the difficulty became greater of restraining from ineffective and harmful risings the more eager spirits of his party, whose anger was hot with the Government's supine foreign policy and domestic tyranny. "Action," he said to Emilie, "has become a sort of art for art's sake affair; the aim is forgotten in the fever of protesting action. Even in the best souls—Quadrio for example—anger has taken the upper hand."

In 1867 France had opened negotiations with Austria and Italy for a triple alliance against Prussia, whose treaties with the southern German States greatly irritated Napoleon, to whom the idea of a united Germany was most unwelcome. The negotiations were resumed in 1868 by private correspondence with Victor Emmanuel, who eagerly embraced the prospect of alliance with France. His Government were for a time ignorant of the proceedings; when they learned of them, Menabrea and a number of his associates, in spite of their knowledge that the country would be hostile to it, cordially supported the idea of the Triple Alliance, on the condition, however, that the September Convention with its mutual pledges should be restored, and the French leave Cività Vecchia. Even this Napoleon refused to grant. It was well for Italy that he was so blindly obstinate.

On the 20th of July war was declared between France and Prussia. The day after, the dogma of the Infallibility of the Pope was proclaimed from the Vatican. Each declaration was in its own way fatal to its promulgator. The more long-sighted of the members of the Cabinet were opposed to the suggested alliance, for they saw that a French triumph would probably fasten more firmly on to Italy the shackles of the Temporal Power and the doctrines of the Syllabus. As soon as the country knew of the negotiations it broke into open hostility, and anti-French demonstrations took place in the great cities. But the King did not give up hope, and as late as August 14th he and his Ministers engaged themselves afresh to observe the dishonouring terms of the Con-

vention. On the 20th, after the disasters of Worth and Gravelotte, the Emperor, ready at last to sacrifice the Pope to save his throne, sent Prince Napoleon to Victor Emmanuel to promise the Italians *carte blanche* in Rome if they would come to his help. But it was too late. The wiser of his Ministers had long warned the King that a French Alliance would so offend the sentiments of the nation as to jeopardise his crown and dynasty, and ordinary prudence now warned him not to link the fortunes of Italy with an evidently falling Empire. Ratazzi, who a little while before had urged the French Alliance on the ground that if Italy took no part in the ensuing conflict she would probably fall a prize to the victor, now told Prince Jerome Napoleon that "Mentana cried aloud for vengeance." It was true; Mentana and much else had been crying aloud, unheeded, for a long time, but one could wish that this moment of deep humiliation for the French had not been the occasion of the taunt; and it came ill from a Government who had been worse than deaf to the "cry" in the day of Napoleon's power.

Even now it required the vigorous demonstrations of the country and the threats of the Left that they would abandon the Government and rouse the people, to decide the Cabinet to action. Their preliminary move was to blockade Garibaldi in Caprera and to arrest Mazzini. It seemed extremely desirable to the existing Government that the Prophet of Unity, who alone, forty years ago, had declared that Rome must be the capital of a free Italy and had never ceased to work to that end, and the Soldier who had won nearly half the country for the new kingdom, should have either part nor lot in the entrance into the City. The occupation, they felt, must be free from any revolutionary taint. The French troops, needed now at home, left Cività Vecchia on the 19th of August; the news of Sedan reached Florence on the 3rd of September. Still the Government hesitated; again the Left threatened to resign. Some of the Ministry still hoped that the question of the Temporal Authority would be settled by a Congress of the Catholic Powers. But at last they could no longer resist the tide of events; encouraged by Europe's indifferent acceptance of the proposed occupation, alarmed by the fear of popular initiative,

and pressed by the angry impatience of the country, th
still partially reluctant Government took action. On th
20th of September, 1870, after a nominal attack of a fe
hours, Italian troops entered Rome, and were enthusiastical
hailed as deliverers by the rejoicing population.

* * * * *

The preceding glance at Italian history is necessary i
we are to understand Mazzini's political attitude—at whic
we must now take a retrospective glance—in the years follow
ing the Convention and the war of 1866, and his convictio
that not under her present rulers would his beloved lan
find her way to honour and progress. The signing of th
Convention which recognised and supported the Tempora
Power and the enslavement of body, mind and conscienc
which it represented: later on the war; its half-heartedness
and disgrace, with the abandonment of Italian soil in th
Trentino and Trieste: the acknowledgment of the right o
France to dictate to Italy: the reactionary tyranny of th
post-war rule, and the servility and insincerity which ha
become a tradition with the Italian Government—all thi
and much more made Mazzini feel himself justified in agai
raising the republican flag, and in organising a *Republica
Alliance*. He wrote publicly: "The *Plébiscites*, the Govern
ment, the Parliament, the Country, pledged themselves t
make Italy one nation and Rome her capital. The Con
vention cancels that solemn collective decree, and sets us fre
to act. We swore that we would create Italy with, without
or against the existing Power; if the two first methods ar
made impossible by the Convention, we will take the third."
His programme was clear: Italy must make common cause
with the other nations in bondage to Austria by attacking
her in Venice; Rome must be won in the name of nationa
right; liberty of conscience must be proclaimed in the
centre of religious despotism; a national constitution must
be framed which should be the true expression of the will o
the whole united people. "Do this at any cost," he wrote
"and to the overthrow of every obstacle in our path; i
among the obstacles monarchy prove one, let us not draw
back, but rise up a republic." The war of 1866 seemed to

ffer a possibility of acting with, instead of against, the Government, and, as we have seen, Mazzini urged the people o supplement the royal troops by large bodies of volunteers; inety-five thousand offered themselves to the ministry of war, of which about a third were accepted and not half of hose equipped. By August he had again reached Italy, nxious to watch the development of the war. Already in April he had in correspondence with a French friend expressed is fear that if it should be undertaken it would end in nother "Peace of Villafranca," and when the Emperor ppeared again upon the scene he wrote to Emilie Venturi hat "nothing would be done except weakly accept peace." He was profoundly moved by the disgrace of Custozza and Lissa and by the abandonment of the Trentino and Trieste, lhough not surprised. Long before, when in communication with Victor Emmanuel about the possibility of united action n order to free Venetia and the Tyrolean provinces, he had frankly stated to the King that he could feel no reliance upon a policy which followed the dictation of the French Emperor, as there was always a danger that the warlike disposition of the Government would be suddenly frozen by a telegram from Paris. He was not alone in believing hat in the operations of 1866 the schemes of Louis Napoleon privately communicated to some members of the Italian Government had far more to do with the lukewarm prosecution of the war than ever reached the public ear.[1]

A public declaration he made to the Government at this time expressed his views of the political and national situation :—

Since 1857 Sicilian Republicans have actively assisted and upheld the Government with an abnegation worthy of all praise, sacrificing even their right of apostolate to the great idea of Italian Unity, and

[1] Both Italian and English writers speak of treachery at Custozza and Lissa, and in the other happenings of the war. W. J. Stillman, author of *The Union of Italy* (Cambridge University Press), who was correspondent of *The Times* in Rome at this period, says: "It is now well known that Napoleon III by pressure on the King induced him to abandon a movement on Vienna and direct co-operation with Prussia, and to adopt instead a less energetic plan," and speaks of Custozza and Lissa being the result of a combination of incompetence, bad faith and treachery. The Duke Litta-Visconti-Arese speaks of "the ineptitude and treachery that did their shameful work on the Mincio and in the Adriatic."

patiently awaiting the result of the trial which the nation chose
give to monarchy, which had declared its intention of initiating a w
to regain our own territory and our own frontier—a war which the
knew to be the supreme and sole condition of Italy's security ar
honour, and which, had it been conducted from a truly national poi
of view, would have wrought the moral unity and redemption of o
people. The monarchy had five years to prepare for this war, a
obsequious Parliament, and the whole of Italy—as facts have proved
ready for every description of sacrifice in blood or money. Wha
has been the result? Our monarchy, which took the field with thre
hundred and fifty thousand regular troops, one hundred thousan
mobilised National Guards, thirty thousand volunteers under Garibald
and the whole nation ready to act as reserve, abruptly broke off th
war, after the unqualifiable disasters of Custozza and Lissa, at
signal from France, basely abandoning our true frontier, the hero
Trentino, and accepted Venice as an alms. . . . I would not wea
out the last uncertain remnant of life left to me for a question mere
political. . . . I would leave it to time and your errors to do th
work for us. But though a question of internal liberty may be le
to the slow development of progressive ideas, a question of honou
may not. Dishonour is to a people a gangrene which, if not combate
in time, is fatal to their national life. A people which, though ab
to do otherwise, resigns itself to foreign insult, which, though stron
enough to be free and master of its own destiny, consents to drag o
in a semblance of freedom so far as others allow and no further, is lost
it abdicates its power and its future.

He appealed to the Government to grant a free press
liberty of association; individual freedom unhampered b
the domiciliary visits of the police, preventive imprisonmen
and violation of correspondence; to grant, in short, th
right which obtained in England to freedom of thought an
the recognition of the inviolability of ideas. "We will the
promise to abstain from all secret organisation, from a
preparation of what you call rebellion."

After the war the people of Messina had elected him a
its deputy to Parliament for the third time, and for the thir
time the Government had annulled the popular mandat
During this period it received a petition with forty thousan
signatures praying for his recall. But he would receive n
amnesty that "pardoned" his life's activity or laid hi
under an obligation to the Government; and even if hi
election as a deputy had been confirmed he could not hav
reconciled it to his conscience to swear fidelity to a monarch

whose aims were not his, and in whose policy he saw the degradation of Italian honour.

It was inevitable. But one is permitted to wish that it had been possible for him to have had the opportunity of communicating his own high faith and heroic purpose to the representatives of the nation, of influencing, perhaps transfiguring, their counsels. It was no wonder that his presence was dreaded there, that the Government feared the persuasive power over the souls of men wielded by unconquerable conviction and a lifetime's undivided love. The triple refusal to recognise the man who for forty years had stood unwaveringly for all that was noblest in the Italian soul reminds us of another triple denial. Its results to the Government seemed to be a further deterioration, a more unscrupulous departure from the principles of freedom, for it not only started a fresh campaign of calumny against him, accusing him of organising a vast conspiracy of assassination and pillage, but demanded his expulsion from Switzerland. This was granted by a too timid Government. A rising in Milan, with which he had nothing whatever to do, and Garibaldi's courageous but reckless attack upon Rome with a mere handful of ill-equipped volunteers, which he had condemned as ill-judged, were both laid to his door, together with all the other immature and disconnected risings of this period, which he sought to prevent. In 1864 he had been able by the pressure of his personality and the earnestness of his appeal to them "in the name of Unity," to dissuade the Sicilians, who were increasingly disaffected towards the Crown, from a separatist revolution, and this had been only one of the many such successful endeavours to quell the resentment of a disappointed people.

But in 1870, alienated by the severity of the representative of the Crown, they again resolved on a rising in the name of a Sicilian republic, and urged Mazzini to lead it, informing him at the same time that with or without him it would take place. Anxious to maintain the unity of Italy at any cost, he determined to journey to Sicily in order to use the whole of his influence against a Separatist, as opposed to an Italian movement. He had, however, no faith in success, and more than one of his friends thought

he cherished the hope that death might meet him there. But it was not to be. Betrayed by a spy to the Government whose desire to capture him was particularly acute at this period owing to the near prospect of an occupation of Rome, he was arrested at sea and conveyed in a vessel of the Italian fleet to Gaeta. Here once more, as forty years previously, he was imprisoned in a massive tower between sea and sky. The jutting rock on which the fortress stood bristled with guns and swarmed with troops, and five ironclads watched the waters of the bay. He was treated with every courtesy and consideration, though no one was allowed access to him; his guards had to be changed constantly, we learn from one of them, Colonel Fassio, "because they all in turn became his devoted worshippers."

CHAPTER XIV

Mazzini's later years—The Balkan Emancipation Society—His correspondence with "Daniel Stern"—Swinburne—Death of Carlo Venturi—Joe Stansfield—Maurizio Quadrio—A letter to Mrs. Hamilton King—Emilie Venturi goes to Gaeta—Release—His feeling about Rome—At Genoa—In England—Returns to Italy—The last phase—*Roma del Popolo*—Working Men's Societies—Anti-materialistic campaign—Socialist abuse—His last letter to Mrs. Hamilton King—Illness and death—His last message to the working men of Italy.

MAZZINI'S later years had been a struggle with much physical as well as spiritual suffering; shame for Italy's lack of nobleness was a constant and wearing grief to him, and his incessant attacks of severe pain had culminated, as we have seen, in serious illness. But for neither form of suffering would he relinquish the energy of his altruistic activities. In 1866–7 he had associated himself with Mr. Boyd Kinnear, a member of the Scottish and English Bar —who had at one time served as a volunteer under Garibaldi —in strenuous efforts to found a Balkan Emancipation Society. The object of this was to advocate the liberation of Roumania, Bulgaria, Serbia, Bosnia, Herzegovina, Albania, and half Greece from the tyranny of Turkey, and to urge the withdrawal of Britain's support of Ottoman dominion in these countries and her duty to give them moral assistance in their efforts to free themselves. It also proposed a federation of the small States anxious to maintain friendship with Great Britain as a basis of defence against the aggression of stronger neighbours. It was before Gladstone had roused the conscience of England on the Bulgarian atrocities, or Carlisle had begun to talk of "the unspeakable Turk," that Mazzini concerned himself about the right of these little nations to freedom and development, and recognised the essentially stagnant character of Moslem rule. But he was before his day: English consciences were still comfortably assured that they were in no sense their

brother's keeper, and the results of his efforts were not encouraging.

He had an exceeding love and reverence for Dante, and a year or two previously had begun a correspondence with "Daniel Stern," the distinguished Frenchwoman who had been the historian of the revolution of 1848, and had also contributed a striking article on Dante and Goethe to the *Revue Germanique*. This essay, and her profound admiration for his country's poet, called out his sympathy and interest, and he wrote to her. They never met, and on some points they differed greatly, but there was a deep harmony between them on many fundamental issues, and the correspondence continued till his death. In 1865 he had written to her that in the event of Italy going to war with Austria it would probably be ended by another "Peace of Villafranca." When his forebodings had been fulfilled and his correspondent sought to console him with the thought of Venice freed, he answered sorrowfully: "Yes, it is well that we have Venice . . . but while these people are giving us fragments of the body of Italy they are robbing us of her soul, which they are corrupting; they are inoculating the infancy of our nation with dishonour; they are doing everything possible to wall up the future. . . . It is moral unity that is the important matter; it is the soul of the nation that I want. It is from this point of view that I judge all that is done—the Convention—everything. Better half a century of bondage for my country than a national lie; the first produces rebellion, but the second corruption. . . . . It matters comparatively little that Italy should eat cheaper corn and cabbage—it matters infinitely that she should be great and good, that she should fulfil a mission. . . . that she should render noble service to humanity. . . . But to-day the child so lately born is being taught opportunism, cowardice, hypocrisy. That is my chief charge against the monarchy." His last letter written to her a few weeks before his death acknowledged sorrowfully the materialistic outlook of the working class movement, but was accompanied by a refusal to despair: "as to the working class, your judgment of its tendencies is the same as mine; it is not, however, by abdicating our responsibilities that we

an hope to modify them, but in placing ourselves resolutely n the breach." [1] He deeply loved, he was deeply loved by he working men of Italy, and had done much to strengthen nd unite their unions from one end of the land to the other; ut he never ceased to impress upon them that the solution f the economic problem was but the means to an end, not he end itself. That it was considered the goal and not he road he felt to be the fatal flaw in the theories of socialism urrent in France and England.

In 1867 he first met Swinburne, who has left an enthusiastic account of his interview with the man whom, though personally unknown, he had long called Master. It was owing to his advice that the poet did not accept the pressing offer of the Reform League to run him for Parliament, paying all his expenses—a fate surely which would have been as barren for poor Swinburne as it would have been unedifying for the House of Commons! It must have been with some amusement that Mazzini answered his eager request for advice, with the assurance that his gifts lay in another direction.

In 1866 his close friend, Emilie Venturi, lost her husband, after hardly five years of happy married life. "As we stood by the open grave," wrote Mazzini, "a stream of thoughts rose within me, fresh and insistent. In our rare moments of supreme joy or of supreme grief, when unconsciously all the powers of the soul are focussed, the sense of Immortality arises within us. And can God, who placed the conception of Love, of the Infinite, within our being, lie? A faith more potent than any appearance of death moved within the widow's heart and mine." His profound belief in continued life and love on the other side of death had very gradually communicated itself to the brilliant woman to whom he was the dearest and most trusted of brothers, and it was one of the deep consolations of his lonely life that in her time of desolation she shared his faith, and could answer in response to his murmured reminder at the freshly made grave that Carlo still lived and loved her—"I know it." In the inevitable hours when life seemed reduced to a void, peopled only by an overwhelming grief,

[1] From *Lettres de Mazzini à Daniel Stern.*

his sympathy was always there, to fortify as well as t
support: "You are at home, dear one, and God know
with what a heart! I wish I were near you, though I coul
scarcely do you any good. . . . I dread loneliness very muc
for you—doing good is the only thing. Do not, for Carlo'
sake and mine, sink into mere thinking; try to *do*. Kee
strong and brave. Let me reckon on yourself and on you
belief for that. . . . I understand your state, and had not—
how could I?—a single thought of blame for it. I onl
repeated, and must from time to time repeat to you, m
old saying: '*Souffrez, mais souffrez debout.*' Struggle—
and work. Try to master the all-absorbing idea. . . . I hat
the thought of your loneliness in the house without anything
really useful to do or try for some great purpose. Thinkin
and living as it were in contemplation of grief, is below a
noble grief; inertness is moral suicide, and you must shrink
from it, for your sake, for ours and for his own." He begged
her to find some good work, linked if possible with her
husband, and to devote herself to it. On the anniversary
of Carlo Venturi's death he sent her a quotation from Lam-
menais: "There is only a veil between you and him—let
this certainty console you. We are all travelling towards
our true country, towards our Father's house; but at the
entrance there is a narrow passage where two are unable
to walk abreast, and where they lose sight of one another
for a moment. That is all." In 1869 she was still visited
by moods of deep gloom in which effort seemed impossible:
"Do not, dearest Emilie," he wrote, "allow yourself to fall
into the desponding fits you allude to. They would be
disapproved and grieved at by Carlo, as they are by me.
Front the short life in a way worthy of him, of love, and of
yourself. Have you no faith in God and the future? You
are capable of strength; summon it out as a duty to your
faith and to all those who love you and whom you love."

Later on Emilie Venturi wrote to Mrs. Hamilton King
of those sorrowful years that "while there was his smile
and his approval for every little effort life could not be all
barren." His solitary and deeply burdened life with its
international responsibilities never dulled or diminished his
delicate perceptions and sympathies. A touching example

of this was his tender comprehension of Caroline Ashurst's feelings when she first sent her little son to school. She wrote to him about it—he was at the time abroad weighted with political anxiety, yet nursing "a desperate hope" about an imminent movement—and it is an indication of his nature that she could thus unburden herself to the childless man without fear of being misunderstood. "About your feeling," he wrote, "I know, without being told." Something of his own denied fatherhood showed itself in his affection to Mrs. Stansfield's little son. Amid all the pressure of public affairs the thought of this little child was "like a drop of dew in the desert." "Tell me always something about him when you write," he begged his mother, "and kiss the darling, unconscious, ungrateful baby for his absent friend."

I am sad when I think he will soon forget me—nearly at least, for I trust to you that he shall not absolutely do so. I have been relating proudly to Quadrio all the little peculiarities of his loving ways with me, his smiling first, then seeking in my pocket, then uttering, very musically, "Ma-a-a." Does he improve his vocabulary? I fancied the day before yesterday that he had come to visit me under the shape of a little swallow which came straight forward into my room. You have never examined or had in your hand a swallow, I dare say. The grasp of the little paw or hand—for it is very decidedly like a hand—on my finger, a warm, small, soft, yet very firm touch, reminded me instantly, I don't know how, of little Joseph. . . . Kiss Joe for his joyful little cry—which I fancy I hear—when he found the letter was from me, and thanks to you for having told me; there is such a love in my heart for that South End House. . . . Tell him that, though other people may amuse him more, no one outside his own home can love him more deeply than I do. I wish to have something ready as usual on New Year's Day for my darling little Joe.

His babyish illnesses were followed with deep anxiety. In some unpublished letters kindly lent to the writer by Mrs. Richards, his distress, the torment of his suspense when news did not reach him in his distant hiding-place, his joy when they did and were good, is what a father might have felt.

The Quadrio to whom Mazzini alluded was a very old and faithful friend, an exile and stanch fellow worker from

the earliest days. For years he dwelt concealed in the tiny underground room of an artisan's house in Genoa, plotting freedom at the risk of his life—for a price was on his head—and superintending the issue of Mazzini's and other revolutionary writings by the clandestine press. In this cell "Quadrio's horrible place," as Mazzini called it in one of his letters, he was secretly visited by his friends. The picture of the two dangerous conspirators, anxiously sought for by the Government, in close and eager confabulation about a little baby's winning ways, is a very human one. It would have been as disappointing to a listening spy as his letters to Giuditta Sidoli.

Such indications help us to realise something of what Mazzini gave up when he renounced the most intimate home affections for Italy's sake. Mrs. Hamilton King [1] says of him in her *Recollections* :—

> He was the most domestic man I ever knew. His love, his clinging to home and family were beyond all others, and yet it was these precisely which he had denied himself for life. It is impossible to estimate what this sacrifice was to him. . . . He attached himself with touching affection and devotion to the home and family of his friends ; to all the Ashurst family he was a brother ; their joys and sorrows were as his own, and every little incident of their lives was reflected in his heart. His extreme love of children was very marked. He took as much pleasure in all my family life as if it had been his own.

This friend asked him at one time whether he believed in Eternal Life, and he answered her in the following words : "I do believe—could you doubt it for one moment ?—in Eternal Life. The belief is the very soul of all my political, social and religious ideas. The earnestness with which I have endeavoured to look at our own terrestrial place of existence, and the feeling of duty which has accompanied me through it, have their root in that belief. The task is here, and the end, or rather the gradual approach to it, cannot be won except by the task being fulfilled. Thence the importance of all the questions concerning our Earth, which is a step on the Jacob's Ladder leading to Heaven, a landmark on the journey-road through the Infinite."

His expedition to Sicily in 1870 was a great anxiety to

[1] Author of *The Disciples*.

his friends, and perhaps it was a lesser one to know him safe, at any rate, in the fortress of Gaeta. But the accounts of his ill-health which appeared in the English papers brought his faithful friend Emilie to the far away spot as fast as rain and steamer could carry her, having first ascertained from the Italian Government that she would be permitted to see him. Before her arrival no one, not even a doctor, had been allowed to visit him. She stayed in a small inn immediately opposite the fortress, and during the three weeks that passed before he was released, saw him at intervals. She found him very weak, confined to his rooms, and not often able to walk on the terrace on the top of the highest tower, where he had permission to go, because of the roaring winds and the blinding sun. The windows had no grating, but the walls were of such massive thickness that "one seemed to see both sea and sky at the end of a narrow stone cave." On the 12th of October he was released under a general amnesty, Rome having been secured to the Italian Kingdom, and he left Gaeta with Emilie Venturi amid the homage and enthusiasm of the crowds. A letter she wrote to Mrs. Hamilton King tells us something of the journey: "I travelled the first day from Gaeta with Mazzini as far as Rome. It was—notwithstanding the joy of seeing him free—a very painful journey. Never shall I forget the expression of his face as the train drew in sight of St. Peter's —and indeed all along the Campagna. I could not have spoken to him for my life, but there was no need for words. He gave me one look with a smile, but such a smile! God forgive these new Israelites who imprison their Deliverer as soon as they come in sight of the promised land. We did not, of course, go into the city, but stopped the few hours we had to wait at a hotel close to one of the gates; then I went to Bologna to take some letters and papers for him, and he went alone to Leghorn to see the Nathan family. I saw him twice again, at night, in the house of a working man at Genoa. He came there only to see his mother's grave, and went on immediately to Lugano."

He was anxious to avoid all popular demonstrations, whether of sympathy or congratulation. Rome was free, it was true, but her freedom had been brought about by a

series of outward circumstances, not by an Italy resolut for her birthright, not by the steadfast effort of her sons To the end her rulers had waited ignobly on the nod o Louis Napoleon, and accepted his decision on the nationa destinies. It had only been his irremediable ruin, and th fear of popular initiative, that had urged their slow feet t the gates of the city. Faith, love, purpose, willed endeavou all that transmutes human experience from a poor tale o accepted happenings to a noble drama of resolve and achieve ment, had been absent from her deliverance. The monarch that possessed her without having dared to win her—almos like a timid and half-reluctant lover forced into a wealth *mariage de convenance* by the stress of circumstances—had Mazzini felt, not only no real right to her, but could no bring her the gifts she needed, for how should a bridegroom without spiritual greatness bestow spiritual splendour on the bride? So he could not bring himself to enter Rome, and he was determined to avoid the demonstrations in his honour which, he had been told, the working men of Genoa desired to give. They would be to him, he said, only a source of shame. At Genoa for a day or two he lived in hiding, only going out by night to visit his mother's grave. But the custodian of the churchyard had evidently recognised him, and as he left, a number of poor people, a priest among them, were drawn up in a line by the gate, bowing low as he passed. In silent sympathy they greeted the mourning son and the exiled Italian. "Not a smile, no absurd attempt at applause—they felt my sadness and contrived to show that they were sharing it," he wrote home; "it was the only thing that greatly touched me."[1] The sense of failure was very heavy upon him. The Italy he had dreamed of—"the great, the beautiful, the moral Italy of his heart"—she had not come to life. "I want to see before dying another Italy, the ideal of my soul and life, start up from her three hundred years' grave; this is only the phantom, the mockery of Italy. And the thought haunts me, like the incomplete man in Frankenstein seeking for a soul from its maker."[2]

He hoped to spend New Year's Day 1871 with the dear

[1] *Letters to an English Family*, E. Richards. [2] *Ibid.*

shurst circle, but heavy snows and intense cold made the rossing of the Alps impossible until later, much to his isappointment. As usual, careful lists of gifts for his riends were drawn up, and the name of a special book which e had found whilst hunting in a publisher's catalogue sent rom England for something that would please his boy riend Joe. "It is illustrated, and mentioned as a beautiful hristmas gift," he wrote to Emilie, who undertook most f his commissions. Early in January she wrote to Mrs. King: "We have had a telegram showing that he has rossed the mountains, so that the most dangerous part of he journey is over, and we may soon hope to see the beloved ace amongst us." But the journey was followed by a week's llness, and no one who saw him during that last short visit o England could fail to observe how frail and worn was the ody that held his still dauntless spirit.

He knew that he could best serve Italy now by concenrating his energies on educative work, and to that he devoted imself, starting at very much cost of energy and effort, and n a state of great weakness, a newspaper, *Roma del Popolo*, which he hoped to make the medium of truths which he elt to be vital to his people. He returned to Italy in time o publish the first number on the anniversary of his proclamation of the Roman Republic in 1849. As he had refused to accept the amnesty—for he wished to be hampered by no obligation of honour in speaking freely to the Government—he still had to live in concealment, never going out except when he changed his dwelling-place to put the police off the scent, which he always did at midnight. During his last year of his life, suffering acutely as he was from mischief in both lungs, he concentrated his energies on the task of leavening the middle classes with the faith by which he lived, and seeking to save the working classes from the principles of materialism and anarchy which had honeycombed the "International" and embodied itself in the French *Commune*. Besides the writing which he undertook towards this end, he organised a Central Direction for all Italian Working Men's Societies, which were to be officially separated from the International, and established a weekly working men's paper in Rome. These efforts,

and his general attitude to materialistic Socialism, stirred up bitter antagonism to him in some republican circles, sections of whose Press now opened against him a regular campaign of abuse: he had become a reactionary, an apostate, he was moved by vile personal ambition, he was enfeebled by a recrudescence of religious feeling resulting from the fears of old age, and so on! It is sorrowful to see how complete the misunderstanding of his life and principles must have been to allow any who knew him, even slightly, to speak of the *recrudescence* of religion—when it had been the originating and directing impulse of his whole life and activity.

He had succeeded in a scheme—dear to his heart—of a Congress of workers at Rome, where he hoped that a majority of Italian workmen would stand for vital human interests as against merely materialistic aims defined by class antagonisms, and would clearly distinguish between the Italian movement and the purposes and procedure of the International. Unfortunately, Garibaldi, with his unconquerable tendency to range himself in the opposite camp from Mazzini, had openly adopted a hostile position. It was a deep grief to the elder man. The separation of the interests of one class from those of another, latent or active in Communism, the initiation of a kind of civil war between them which would base the triumph of one section of the people on the ruins of another, was an utter denial of that principle of association and human brotherhood which he felt to be the key-word of the future, as well as being a repudiation of the common faith in God, in Duty and Progress, which to him was the very foundation of human relations. He was in this last year working at the same high pressure as in the earlier years, being responsible not only for the editorship of the *Roma del Popolo* review—a difficult and exacting task in the existing lack of finances and of suitable contributors[1]—but for regular articles in the new Roman paper; and although the output of correspondence on party organisation had greatly diminished, it had increased in connection with the Working Men's Movement, and on

[1] Once he lamented to Emilie that so much of his time was wasted in writing tactful letters of rejection of unsuitable material.

oral and political matters; his campaign, too, against aterialism always pressed, so that his whole day was ccupied in ceaseless writing, in spite of illness. "But ings and ideas are going so wrong in our party that I must y to give it a better tendency," he wrote to Caroline Stansld. "Still, we are conquering ground." A large mass eeting of three thousand men had recently declared their ith in his anti-materialistic principles and their desire to llow his leading. "But I think, rather sadly, that all is comes too late for the help which I feel I might have iven. What can I do except write a few articles—weak, hattered, breathless as I am?" "Materialism is growng and threatening to prove fatal," he wrote again. Desecration of names and ideas is everywhere; and I ave really occasional fits of discouragement. However, et us go on to the end as well as can be done." And so, in pite of ever encroaching mortal disease, he fought on to the nd—certainly not less heroically than in earlier days he ad fought for Italian freedom and unity—for the validity f the spiritual in human nature. But he felt "terribly issatisfied with himself"; he despised his writings as the dequate expression of his thoughts "from the bottom of is soul," and was "at a loss to understand" any admiraion given to him, seeing that he whose chief message had een the necessity of expressing thought in action, their ssential oneness if the former was to be vital, had failed o see his creed embodied in national deeds. Swinburne's omage in the *Song of Italy* moved him by its genuine feeling, ut he wrote sorrowfully to Emilie: "Who am I whom e praises?"

About this time he wrote a letter to Mrs. Hamilton King n answer to one of hers on religious questions, and we may ope that the ideas he expressed to her were his own comfort n the hours heavy with a sense of failure which so often confronted him; in fact, we may be sure they were, however many were the battles he had to fight, for if ever a man lived by his faith it was he:—

In God thought is identical with action; every thought in Him s a creation. It is not the same with us, imperfect beings as we are. We attempt where He achieves; we wish when we cannot attempt,

and I write the word *wish* because wishing is action too. Surrounded as we are by an overwhelming atmosphere of materialism, we are too ready to think we do nothing when we wish, and that when we cannot transform (outer) realities we are powerless. We speak of the oneness of the universe and still forget what the power of an unuttered, fervent, and sacred wish may be. But does not the last wish of the martyr, the strong, silent, unheard belief of the fettered prisoner, reach God and affect the fate of Humanity? Is not true deep love—although seemingly a fruitless one in this world of ours—an agent, a power towards the next? I want to impress upon you this: action is always possible; your organism may fail, and the manifestation, the visible results of your action, may be cancelled by the medium in which you live and which you feel incapable of transforming. But is there not a kingdom of the Soul? Is a thought, a fervent wish arising in a pure soul powerless on other souls because it does not embody itself in a terrestrial reality? Does not the spiritual world exist?

I fear, dear friend, that you are bent too much on self-analysing, on thinking of your own salvation. Let God think of it; your task is to act for the fulfilment of His law whenever and as much as you can, to pray and wish fervently for it whenever action is forbidden, and to trust Him without any terms. Love Him in a simple, unexacting, unscrutinising way, and remember that self-torturing has in itself an unconscious hidden taint of egoism.

This was his last letter to Mrs. Hamilton King.

In July he wrote his last letter of birthday greeting to Emilie Venturi, and with the little gift which accompanied it came an earnest assurance that must have comforted his correspondent on many another birthday when no greeting from him could reach her: "Nothing of what I have felt, loved, sympathised with in England is lost to me; it is treasured up in my soul, and there it will remain for ever. . . . Will this reach you on the 6th? Whenever it reaches it carries a most fervent blessing." Shortly afterwards he wrote to her in answer to a plea that he would come to England for a while, that his health made travelling across the Alps impossible, but that he certainly would see them all again in the spring if winter did not hurry him to a very different journey. It is strange, he says in another letter, that he should outlive so many friends younger than himself."

"E sento gli anni bisbigliar passando:
Perche canta costui?" [1]

[1] "And I hear the years whisper as they pass,
Why does this man sing?"

The answer does not seem difficult to those who follow the literary and other work of his latter years.

In the last months of 1871 he became dangerously ill, and from then on suffered acutely and incessantly, though he refused to give up his work, writing still for every number of *Roma del Popolo*, and sending, as ever, letters to his friends of the same living sympathy with the details of their lives. For two months "his life hung by a thread," and was only kept from snapping by "the iron energy of science illuminated by love" in the person of Dr. Bertani.[1] A change of abode from Lugano to Pisa was advised, in the hope that the milder climate would check the inroads of the disease, and as soon as he was able to travel two friends[2] came to fetch him to their home in Pisa until the rooms he had previously occupied there were ready for him. This change was carried out in February, but though he rallied from the acuter symptoms induced by the journey, he became steadily worse. His last letter to Emilie Venturi, a few days before the end, was an appeal to her to help to find work for an exiled Italian officer, "exceptionally good and honest," who was in London in great poverty. Having been in the regular Italian army which he left to fight under Garibaldi, there was no amnesty for him. Of himself there is only the most casual mention: "About myself there is nothing to be said. I am as I was, certainly not flourishing." A day or two afterwards double pneumonia declared itself, or, according to other accounts, pleurisy.

"For the last ten years that always so fragile frame had been gradually becoming so wasted that neither he nor the loving family whose guest he was, realised how near he was to the day that has no morrow. Intense pain, cruelly increased by incessant cough, tormented him for two days. . '. on the morning of the 10th of March three doctors agreed that the last stage of the illness had been reached. Always serene, grateful and affectionate to every one, he never spoke of himself—the last brief words he murmured at intervals were of Italy and her working men."[3]

[1] *Della Vita di Mazzini*, J. W. Mario.

[2] Gianetta and Pellegrino Roselli, daughter and son-in-law of the Nathans.

[3] *Della Vita di Mazzini*, J. W. Mario.

Before the end that serenity was broken. There had been intervals of unconsciousness and delirium, and "on the last day he suddenly appeared to enter into some tremendous conflict with an invisible enemy. There seemed a terrible struggle against a mortal foe, with incoherent and broken words of agony. All at once he sat up strongly in bed, and in a loud voice cried out 'Si, si, credo in Dio!' [1] and fell back." They were his last words. So culminated Giuseppe Mazzini's long and lonely fight of faith.

* * * * *

The blow was not less severe to his friends because it was not altogether unexpected. Poor Maurizio Quadrio had not been able to reach Pisa before the end; he had been sent to Rome to help with the management of the new workman's paper, and in his last letter to Emilie Venturi Mazzini had spoken of his devotion. From the day of his beloved chief's death "he too began to die." "What energy I had for good," he wrote to a friend at this time, "was derived from him; the body has vanished, let the shadow vanish too." [2]

In a message from Mazzini to the working men of Italy, which proved to be his last, he urges them "to love, by working for her, this great, unhappy country of ours, called to high destinies, but delayed upon the road by those who neither can nor will understand the way. Do your utmost to win for her true liberty, morality, education—a greatness worthy of her place in Europe, of the mission to the world that she has more than once accomplished. This is the best way in which you can love me. I will help you on the road as far as my poor strength will allow, and as long as I have a breath of life left in me." [3]

He was buried at Genoa in the cemetery of Staglieno, where lie the mortal remains of his mother. And standing by the grave of the Lover, the Servant, the Martyr, too tardily recognised by his country, the heart echoes the last words of Carducci's epitaph :—

O ITALIA
QUANTO DEBITO PER L'AVVENIRE.

---

[1] "Yes, yes, I believe in God!" Mrs. Hamilton King's *Recollections*.
[2] *Della Vita di Mazzini*, J W. Mario. [3] *Ibid.*

CHAPTER XV

MAZZINI'S POLITICAL AND RELIGIOUS FAITH

The charge of atheism made by his enemies—His repudiation of scepticism in a letter to Melegari—The necessity of Faith to man—The divine revelation not closed—The supremacy of Christ—The significance of His promises of the coming Spirit of Truth—Mazzini's views on the Fall of Man, the Miraculous, Grace—His belief in Prayer and Love as effective spiritual agents—The divine law of progress—The same law obtains after death—The survival of love—Two letters to bereaved parents—Faith and Action—The divorce between these two disguised atheism—His insistence on Duty—The identity between thought and action the soul of religion—The individual and national obligation to embody the idea of progress—M. Loisy on the same themes—Mr. Julian Huxley on the testimony of science to the fact of progress—The continuous life of Humanity—Mazzini's democratic hopes—The nature of his republican faith

THIS is a large subject, and can be but slightly treated here. There has been sufficient in the preceding pages to show that Mazzini's religious convictions penetrated and dominated his whole life. They burned with the same steady intensity in spite of every denial the years brought to his hopes, and seemed to gather strength from every attack upon his confidence. It was fitting that his last words should have been a re-emphasis of the deepest inspiration of his being—his unconquerable faith in God as the spiritual basis of the universe. His was not the conventional belief of his day; many of the dogmatic accompaniments of the Christian faith, in its Protestant as well as its Catholic setting, he could not accept. He felt also, on grounds that may appear less adequate to Christian thinkers of to-day who have a better opportunity of judging the forces that lay latent in the Christian germ than offered itself then, that Christianity ignored the collective life of the race and man's innate capacity for progress. There existed, he says, at that time no atmosphere in which such conceptions could flourish. This is, of course, true. Equally is it true that Christ offered

to mankind vital spiritual principles which were not meant to replace the slowly developing common sense and social experience of mankind, or the scientific light that the centuries would bring. He introduced a fresh spiritual and moral dynamic into the world. Such forces may confidently be left—by virtue of that very capacity for racial progress which was not specifically taught—to clear away obstacles and make fresh roads in regions whose very existence was hardly guessed at then.

But although Mazzini did not call himself a Christian his soul nourished itself on the immortal essence of Christianity, and he fed countless other men and women on that secret and imperishable bread. The men of yesterday did not call him Christian, but many religious thinkers of to-day with deeper vision, will do so, and the men of to-morrow—disentangling still further the faith of Christ from its ages long accretions—may wonder that he was ever denied the name.

It is not probable that the epithet of atheist hurled at him by his political adversaries disturbed him in the least except in so far as their misrepresentation could weaken his influence with his countrymen. But when those whom he loved and trusted turned from him with the reproach of scepticism on their lips, he tried earnestly to explain his position, for he could never lightly relinquish the hope of maintaining that fellowship of heart and spirit which he always felt was the most precious personal gift life had to offer. So to his friend Melegari, who had charged him with being a sceptic, he wrote as a young man :—

My beliefs may not be those of others ; they are not yours ; but they spring in me from an inward inspiration. Far above all creeds there is God. . . . If my heart is conscious of impulses that carry me beyond the sphere of faiths we share in common ; if I seem to grasp the link that binds all religions to the successive and ever vaster evolutions of the Divine plan ; if I seem to behold beyond all Churches, Catholic, Protestant, or others, a vaster fane, which, resting on them all, embraces them all ; if I seem to see not merely man as an individual, but humanity as a whole, bowing down in unity and devotion in this temple, am I less religious for that ? One day perhaps I shall be able to express my ideas, give utterance to what I imagine and foresee, point out the course that I have followed, and you will then

erceive with what tenderness I have weighed the various religious orms and expressions, which I reject as exclusive because I have ound in myself something that comprehends and explains them all s a great educational plan of God for humanity. Meanwhile do not udge or condemn me on the strength of a phrase . . . do not call ne proud any longer . . . continue to love me.

It was not that he denied the value of creed and dogma. "There is no life in the void," he wrote. "Life must be aith in some thing. It should possess a system of secure elief—grounded on an immutable foundation—which efines the end, the destiny, of man, and embraces all his aculties to point them to that end." But he felt that reeds should be reduced to the most fundamental and niversal elements, and that if—as he conceived was the ase with many outworn dogmas of the Church (in common vith Modernists to-day)—the developing human conscience nd intellect could no longer assimilate and live by octrines that had, in a lower stage of human progress, een morally and spiritually valuable, these should be iscarded, and the remaining permanent truth should be arried on as an element in the wider religious synthesis waiting humanity. It is obvious that infallibility, whether f Church or Book, could have no place in his thought. The revelation of God to man was to him eternal, progressive, continuous: including, but not originating with or exhausted by the message of Christianity; it was communicated also by nature, by art, by the forward march of cience and the progressive development of man on his pward way; for to the race, line by line as they are able o apprehend it, and epoch by epoch, a fresh fragment of he divine law is revealed.

For Jesus Christ his reverence and devotion were unimited, although he charged the Church with "denying he continuity of creation and the universal diffusion of the reative spirit by attempting to imprison the Deity in one ole corner of the universe and in one brief period of the mmensity of time." In his letter to the Œcumenical Council, 1870, he wrote: "I can well understand the origin f the belief in the Godhead of Jesus in times when it alone as able to secure the doubtful victory of Christianity;

when the idea of progress was unknown, and consequently unknown the conception of the gradual manifestation of divine law. It was inevitable that there should be attributed to the announcer of Truth a character which should compel mankind to obey his precepts. But though we venerate in Jesus the Founder of the epoch that emancipated the individual, the Prophet of the equality of human souls though we reverence in Him the Man who loved mankind as none has ever loved, whose life—an unexampled instance of harmony between thought and action—promulgated as the eternal basis of every future religion the sacred dogma of Sacrifice, we do not cancel the woman-born in the God; we do not elevate Him to a height where we may not hope to follow Him."

* * * * *

"Jesus came. The soul the most full of love, the most sacredly virtuous, the most deeply inspired by God that men have yet seen on earth—Jesus. He bent over the corpse of the dead world and whispered words of faith till then unknown—Love, Sacrifice, a heavenly origin. And the dead arose. A new life circulated through the clay which philosophy had tried in vain to reanimate. . . . He preached in God's holy name certain truths unknown to men, which now after eighteen centuries we are striving to realise. A single spark of faith achieved what all the sophisms of the philosophic schools had never caught a glimpse of, a forward step in the education of the human race."

He believed that Christ Himself had definitely taught what the Christian Church had so long denied—the absence of finality in His own message, the continuous and progressive revelation that should come to humanity after He had left the world. For any Church to declare itself the depository of the last pages of divine revelation was to Mazzini to "give the lie to the sublimest previsions of Jesus, to the prophetic words recorded in the divinest of the four

[1] "We" is used by Mazzini when speaking of his religious convictions to denote the little band of those who shared them with himself, whom he believed to be the nucleus of the coming Church.

gospels, words which alone would suffice to constitute the superiority of Christianity over all anterior religions :—

> 'God is a spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth' (John iv. 24).
>
> 'And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth; for He dwelleth with you and shall be in you' (John xiv. 16–17).
>
> 'It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you' (John xvi. 7).
>
> 'I have many things to say unto you, but you cannot bear them now. Howbeit when He, the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth, for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will show you things to come' (John xvi. 12–13).

One of those rare intuitions, which make of Him a type hitherto unique among men, inspired the words above quoted, linking His own faith to the faith to come. It seems as if the symbolic forms of religion, the transforming work of time upon them, the sanctity of universal tradition, and the continuous revelation of the Spirit of God through humanity, were all foreseen by Him on the eve of the sacrifice He had accepted; when the darkness of the future was illumined by the immense love He bore to His fellow men."

Amongst the dogmas which Mazzini rejected were those of the Fall of Man with its corollary of Original Sin, and salvation by faith in the expiatory sufferings of Another. The former he characterised as "Evil profanely made the baptism of life"—though he saw in it, nevertheless, a significant presentiment of the solidarity of mankind—and he opposed to it the idea of man as an undeveloped and imperfect creature, the law of whose being was progress; the human race had not lapsed from a lost Eden through the sin of its first parents, but was a pilgrim towards a hitherto undiscovered one. And this law of progress represents to us not only a scientific or historical fact limited to one epoch,

one fraction or one series of the acts of humanity, having neither root in the past nor pledge of duration in the future but offers us a religious conception of life, a divine law, a supreme formula of the eternal creative Force.

The conception of miracle current in his day, as of something violating the natural order, an infringement by the Creator of the laws regulating the universe which He had Himself ordained, was equally repudiated by Mazzini: "We believe in the Unknown—to be one day perceived—which now encompasses us on every side; in an unforeseen power of action belonging to man in certain rare moments of faith, love, and supreme concentration of the faculties; . . . analogous to the power of revelation which the increased concentration of rays in the telescope communicates to the human eye. But we believe such power of vision or of action to be the pre-ordained consequence of laws hitherto withheld from our knowledge."

"Grace" as a special and arbitrary state of privilege accorded to the elect without their co-operation was another dogma which he denied; though spiritual support and strengthening as the divine response to reliance on spiritual laws, as the result of the active thought, desire and prayer of those who love us and of the confident drawing upon the secret reservoir of power lying latent in the hidden places of the soul, was one of the beliefs on which his life was based. "Let those who love me pray for me, and let us strengthen one another. We can help one another by faith, affection, and prayer. Perhaps each one of us has need of the faith of another in order to withstand. Perhaps—and the idea has often occurred to me—the ray of vitality and strength which sometimes cheers me is but the prayer of some loving heart thinking of me at that moment." This faith in the actual efficacy of love and desire as a "means of grace" is very marked in his letters, and grew with his years. To one who doubted it he asked with an accent of surprise: "Are we not living in a spiritual universe?" Not less real was his conviction that the ungauged power of the spirit within us honours drafts upon its resources. "You are capable of strength," he wrote to an overwhelmed friend; *summon it out.* To "Daniel Stern" in different words

he gave the same advice, assuring her that in his own hours of threatened spiritual paralysis or physical collapse he had found that resolute reliance on the inner forces of the spirit met response and justification. These views were the natural result of his faith in God as the indwelling Educator and Inspirer of man. This inner Presence was the true "grace," a universal gift, of which no man was disinherited, limited only by the individual capacity to respond to it and co-operate with it. "Grace," he wrote, "is the tendency and faculty given to us all gradually to incarnate the Ideal; it is the law of progress which is God's ineffaceable baptism upon our soul. . . . We can hasten or delay the fulfilment of the law, in time and space; multiply or diminish the trials, struggles and sufferings of the individual . . . but Humanity is destined slowly and gradually to discover and fulfil it throughout the immeasurable future."

His faith in continued personal existence beyond the grave was, as we have seen, one of the most powerful levers of his whole being. Not for a moment did he believe "that we shall forget in the next life the ideas and affections that caused our hearts to beat on earth." He had confidence "in the continuity of Life, in the eternity of all noble affections that had been maintained in constancy . . . in the progressive development of every germ of good gathered by the pilgrim soul in its journey upon earth and otherwhere. "For we do not believe," he wrote, "that the soul can pass at one bound from its human existence to the highest beatitude; our human life is too distant from the supreme ideal, and too full of imperfections to allow that we should be suddenly capable of this." Death was to him the portal of the next stage of existence in an ascending series, "the soul's wings never furled," each stage representing an advance on the previous one, each bearing within it the result of previous experiences, struggles, sacrifices, achievements, each being thus both harvest and seed; each containing "the connecting links which unite all the various periods through which life is transformed and developed." And he believed that faithful and devoted love won the right of watching over and aiding those left on earth. "The

ladder betwixt earth and heaven of Jacob's dream symbolises for us the beneficent influences exercised over us by the beloved beings who have preceded us upon that path." Thus he wrote in a deliberate public pronouncement shortly before his death; thus he believed through a long life of complete renunciation and incessant suffering; to this faith he sought with passion to lead the hearts he loved, and with it he endeavoured to comfort those for whom death had dug an unbridgeable chasm between their hearts and any hope. The account of such an effort, permission to reproduce which has been kindly granted me,[1] is typical of the living sympathy which translated faith into action in Mazzini's character.

"During his life in London he met at a friend's house a follower of Robert Owen, a Mr. Joseph Foreman of Halifax, in whose conversation he was much interested. A few weeks afterwards he learned that this man was in great trouble, having lost by death his only son. He was much moved by this, and going quietly away from the circle of his friends to another room, he came out after a while with this letter, requesting that it might be sent. After Mazzini's death the recipient, who was not well off at the time, was visited in his shop by a wealthy man who sought to purchase the letter from him. The shopkeeper replied, "Sir, if you were to cover my counter with sovereigns you should not have it."

MY DEAR SIR,

Although we saw one another only once, there was still something springing from the heart in our shaking of hands which I have never forgotten; and now that you are plunged deep in grief I remember it again, and feel as if I wanted to shake hands again and to tell you: I do grieve with you. Be strong in soul: death is a sacred thing, and ought to be felt as such; keep sorrowful for the one you love; but let not your sorrow be the dry, barren, atheistic sorrow of those who cannot look beyond this earth: it would be a degradation of both yours and his own soul.

I do not know what you believe or disbelieve in. I do not believe in any existing religion, and cannot, therefore, be suspected of blindly following some tradition or educational influence. But I have been

[1] From *Essays by Joseph Mazzini, most of them translated for the first time by Thomas Okey.* J. M. Dent & Co.

thinking, deeply as I was capable of, all my life about our law of life. I have been looking for it through the history of mankind and within my own conscience, and I have reached a conviction, never more to be shaken, that there is no such thing as Death; that indefinite progression is the law of life; that every capability, every thought, every aspiration given to us must have its practical development; that we have ideas, thoughts, aspirations which go far beyond the possibility of our terrestrial life; that the very fact of our having them, and of our being unable to trace them to our senses, is a proof that they come to us from beyond earth, and may be realised out of it; that nothing except forms of being perish down here; and that to think that we die because our form dies is the same thing as to think that the worker is dead because his implements have been wearing out.

Since that belief came to me, tested likewise by intellect and heart, by mind and love, I have lost all—a sister excepted—that was dear to me in my own country. I grieved, and grieve still; but never despairingly. I felt the sacredness of Death. I felt new duties of love arising before me. I felt that I was never to forget the dear lost ones; that I was to grow truer, more loving towards others, more active in fulfilling duties, for their sake and mine. I felt that they would grieve if I did not do so. I felt that my doing so would probably hasten the moment in which we would meet again and fulfil the pledge contained in true, earnest, terrestrial love. Before every grave I tried to improve, I kept faithful to the departed, and therefore sadder and sadder at their leaving me one after the other, but firm and faithful to the feeling that love is not a mere sensation, but a higher and holier thing—the budding of the flower, and a promise and a pledge that it will bloom out elsewhere, just as the flower has its roots under the soil and expands above.

I wish that the same feeling was in you. I cannot pretend to awaken it within you if it is not there, although a noble tradition of the most powerful souls on earth has proclaimed it. But let my having ventured to express it now to you prove, at least, that I have never lost the recollection of our meeting, and that I deeply sympathise with you and your wife in your loss and sorrow.

Ever faithfully yours,

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

2, ONSLOW TERRACE,
FULHAM ROAD, S.W.,
May 8th.

The following letter was written to Mr. John McAdam of Glasgow, and emphasises his belief in that consciousness of continued personal identity without which any life beyond death would be too unrelated to life on earth, and the

claims of individual love, to enter into the practical consideration of humanity:—

October 17, 1857.

My dear Sir,

I feel very grateful to you for your having written about your domestic sorrows to me; I take it as the highest proof of friendly feelings, not only of political sympathies. I feel your loss deeply. I have lost one by one, and, what is worse, from afar, all those I love in Italy, a sister excepted; and I know the deep, irreparable, everlasting grief such losses impart. I have no word of comfort to give you, except the one which has made me survive those losses and hardened me to my task. I believe in Immortality as I believe in Life. . . . I believe in *conscious* Immortality. Without a consciousness of identity it would be a lie; and the conscience of Humanity does not utter lies. I believe in a progressive life for the individual, as I believe in a progressive life for collective mankind. Life is one; there is only one law for it under whatever aspects it manifests itself. I believe in the progressive development of our affections, when we live and die in them; they are the best part of our life. I believe in the meeting of those who love; without that, affection, a thing of God, would be nothing but a bitter irony. I believe that meeting to be granted first to constancy in love, secondly to constancy in our task. There is a whole belief and a whole guidance in this; and I live and walk, sad but composed and firm, as if I was surrounded by the dead I love, and as if any change in me, any withering, barren egotistical grief, would not only grieve them but prolong the separation. Every death has left its stamp on my soul, and taken away for ever a smile from my face, because I am a man, whatever I believe in, and we feel heavily even a temporary separation from those we love; but it has strengthened me in the fulfilment of what I believe to be my duties and has kept far any atheistical sorrow. Life is a mission, but not without a consolation—the immortality of love. I have no other words to utter to you; and I must limit myself to feel with you till you go, and stretch from here a sympathising friendly hand to you and to Mrs. McAdam.

Ever yours affectionately,

Joseph Mazzini.

Mazzini's belief in the law of Progress was no academic faith adopted as an antidote to the spiritual discomfort caused by the observation of human imperfection and misery; no fatalistic optimism which enabled its possessor to watch in comfortable inaction the working out of an inevitable law. Of all attitudes, this one of sterile acceptance of truth, while acknowledging no corresponding obligation to realise it in action, was the most abhorrent to him.

"Faith and Action" was one of his moral battle cries. It was the lack of harmony between creed and deed in England —the first Protestant Power in Europe—that made him doubt the vitality of the Protestant position. For England —believing in religious and intellectual liberty—had no word to say to the Italians in 1849, who had escaped from the stifling despotism of Rome, except "Reinstate the Pope"; without a protest, she saw the new liberty crushed by the brute force of France. In the Crimean war, though she stood pre-eminently in Europe as the enemy of tyranny and the champion of free institutions, she sought to ally herself with Austria and with Turkey; both, the incarnation of despotic force; both, the oppressors of enslaved nationalities, while the latter imposed a stagnant, anti-progressive and fanatically cruel Moslem rule upon millions of constantly revolting Europeans. "The soul of religion," he wrote, "is the link between thought and action; it is an incessant, everlasting battle fought for truth, justice, God's universal law, against lies and iniquities; it is the felt necessity of attuning external deeds to your heart's belief. Whenever the two point in their development to two different directions, there is no religion; there is only disguised atheism." The law of Progress was to him the trumpet call to individuals and to nations—which they ignored at their peril—to co-operate for its fulfilment with the divine spirit expressing itself through men. "Thy will be done on earth" must be the steady aim of all. As progress is the soul of religion, so must it be the soul of politics, of education, and of all that concerns the life and activity of man. The execution of the divine will meant the richest possible development of all human faculty, artistic, scientific, social; no devotion to beauty could be too deep; no search for truth too keen; no love too ardent; but in every department of life and activity "the devotion of each must be for the development of all." In order to carry out these aims the first and indispensable condition was freedom. But freedom was a means, not an end, the necessary basis for that development of faculty which raises man to his true dignity, first as an individual, and then as a member of a social organism. Hence his life-long insist-

ence, from his cell in Savona to that of Gaeta, and in the last working hours of his strenuous life, on Duty, on existence as a mission, on that devotion to the general good which should be alike the emancipation of, and the check on, individual activity.

He believed that the time had come when the brotherhood of man taught by Jesus Christ should develop into actual fraternal association between the peoples; that to the terms family and nation should be added that of humanity; that as the individual is the unit of the family, where it first learns the meaning of love and service, so the family is the unit of the nation, whose progress it assists, and the nation is the unit of humanity, each people bringing its own special contribution to the common store. In each case the collective term is the more richly served by the finest and completest development of its unit. And this conception, with its intensive and extensive application, provides the noblest goal and the widest scope for national ambition, delivering it from selfishness and narrowness, and claiming its ever accumulating treasure for the more splendid service of advancing humanity.

And then—one asks—if ideal humanity ever exists as a unit of aspiration, love and wisdom—what next? Well, the universe is large enough for vistas, and the question offers a field for speculation in which at any rate the fear of finality of service need not trouble us. Meanwhile, we are very far indeed from the realisation of fraternity, even within our own borders, and there is a spurious variety about, whose conception of the relation bears a curious resemblance to that of "Cain who slew his brother." Nevertheless, we have heard the call; we grant, however feebly and theoretically, its claim. And it will be better heard, and not the worse heeded, if we listen to another call, fainter, farther, less familiar. But not less valid. For we are all members one of another, and if one member suffer all the members suffer with it.

Mazzini's views on Progress as a law of life and its willed achievement as a universal human duty—both the very substance of religion—his prophetic conviction that the whole human society must be organised for co-operation in order

realise it, are not strange to-day. M. Alfred Loisy writes
Progress as a Faith and a Duty with the same fervour,
d is stirred by the same hopes as he contemplates "la
ociété des Nations".[1]

> Le progrès . . . est l'object de la réligion. Il est matière de la
> igion parce qu'il est matière de foi et matière de devoir. Il est
> vant nous comme une réalité invisible—c'est notre foi ; a réaliser
> siblement—c'est notre devoir.[2]

nd in a still more recent work[3] he writes of nationalities
d their relations to humanity, of the individual, and his
lation and his debt to society, and of the ideal humanity
the universal goal, in terms that might almost be Mazzini's
vn.

And science, through more than one of her latest ex-
nents, is coming to recognise that in spite of the pheno-
ena of stagnation and degeneration observable in biological
volution, the main stream of life, greater than its bewilder-
g backwaters or occasional pools caught to stillness by
prisoning rocks, is flowing onward in a movement that
n only be described as progressive. And in the discussion
the progress of the human species some statements—
otable as coming from the severely scientific camp—have
en recently made by Mr. Julian Huxley :—

> We see revealed, in the fact of evolutionary progress, that the forces
> nature conspire together to produce results which have value in
> r eyes, that man has no right to feel helpless or without support
> a cold and meaningless cosmos, to believe that he must face and
> ht forces which are definitively hostile. Although he must attack
> e problems of existence in a new way, yet his face is set in the same
> rection as the main tide of evolving life, and his highest destiny,
> e end towards which he has so long perceived that he must strive,
> to extend to new possibilities the process with which, for all these
> illions of years, nature has already been busy, to introduce less and
> ss wasteful methods, to accelerate by means of his consciousness
> hat in the past has been the work of blind unconscious forces. "*In
> sua volontade è nostra pace.*"[4]

---

[1] *La Paix des Nations et la réligion de l'avenir*, Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry.
[2] *La Réligion*, Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry.
[3] *La Morale Humaine*, Alfred Loisy. Paris: Emile Nourry.
[4] In His will is our peace.

The fact of progress emerging from pain and battle and imperfection—this is an intellectual prop which can support the distressed and questioning mind, and be incorporated into the common theology of the future.

There is no theoretical objection whatever to the idea that new types of mind, new modes of thought, new levels of attainment could be reached by life. . . . But this will not take place until the community-environment is made as favourable as possible for such development.

The modern rise of arbitration as a method of settling disputes between whole units and large groups within units is another important step in the same direction. Nevertheless, it is here that the most drastic change of method will have to be brought into being if man's development is to continue progressive. . . . Once an efficient federation of communities has come into being, Progress can knock at the door with some chance of being admitted. . . . It is necessary to organise the community and plan out life in such a way that human beings, released from the unnecessary burdens of hunger, poverty and strife, are not only free but helped and urged to attain to the Delectable Mountains. Spiritual progress is our one ultimate aim but it is inevitably dependent upon progress, intellectual, moral, and physical. . . . [1]

It is obvious that this vision of progress, these practical ideas as to its further achievement, are in striking harmony with the system of thought promulgated by Mazzini. To him, as we have seen, progress was not only a conception illuminating the past, but a practical programme for the future: he never ceased to urge that community-environment, social equally with political, must be made favourable for the utmost possible human development, and that voluntary association between "whole units and large groups within units"—"an efficient federation of communities"—was the only basis of continued progress. But one great positive addition inspired his life and characterised his teaching. He believed with confidence that while the education of the Race, of Collective Humanity—the Being whose infancy in the dim past is meant to grow by the service of all the generations into a noble maturity—is to be carried forward through successive ages on earth, the individual, whose brief span of life here is so pitifully incommensurate with his hopes, his visions, his possibilities, continues his education in that other life to which death is but the door.

[1] *Essays of a Biologist*, by Julian Huxley.

"By the side of individual man is a Being whose life is ntinuous, whose faculties are the result and sum of all individual faculties that have existed for ages; a Being o, in the midst of the errors and crimes of individuals, ever advances. This Being is Humanity. . . . Each of is born to-day in an atmosphere of ideas and beliefs which s been elaborated by all anterior humanity, and each of brings with him—even if unconsciously—an element, re or less important of the life of humanity to come. . . . e pass along, the voyagers of a day, destined to complete r individual education elsewhere; but the education of manity is slowly, progressively, and continuously evolved ough humanity. . . . The spirit of God manifests itself ough it in greater purity and activity from epoch to och. From labour to labour, from belief to belief, manity acquires a clearer perception of its own life, of its n mission, of its God, and of His laws."

Mazzini's republicanism, his democratic ideals, were e logical outcome of his principles. He loved the people th unwavering devotion to the last hours of his life—ough, it must be confessed, with a sadness absent in his rlier years—and filled his last years with exacting work their behalf. The mixed elements of human character, e confused motives of human enterprise, the difficulty of eping the people's flag unstained by the cruelty of egoism the baseness of materialism, became more and more vious as years went by, and weighed even more heavily his heart. "We have torn," he exclaimed with grief, he great and beautiful ensign of Democracy—the progress all through all, under the leadership of the best and sest." Those words represented his hopes for the Demo-atic movement, to which he saw the future was inevitably mmitted. Its programme he conceived to be concerned th Ends as well as Means. The suffrage, a juster distribu-n of the proceeds of industry, co-partnership of Labour d Capital, shorter hours, better remuneration—all these d much else he felt to be necessities, and to economic estions he gave his keenest practical attention; the aterials for living must be multiplied and their distribu-n re-organised, comfort and leisure must be increased,

the instruments of Life must be perfected. But Life itself must not in the process be ignored or mutilated. And this must result if the movement were governed by a theory of Rights divorced from Duty. Rights exist, but when the rights of one individual or group clash with those of another how can they be harmonised without reference to something higher than themselves? The theory of Rights may arouse men to overthrow the obstacles placed in their path by tyranny, political or economic; but it is impotent for permanent constructive achievement, and will only produce egoists who will carry the same old passions into the new order, and corrupt it. Material interests are not only legitimate but necessary objects of effort, but to seek them exclusively, as End and not Means, is to sacrifice Life itself to its instrument, to mistake the scaffolding for the building. "We wish man to be better than he is. We wish him to have more love, more feeling for the beautiful, the great, the true; that the ideal he pursues shall be purer, more divine; that he shall feel his own dignity, shall have more respect for his immortal spirit." "The doctrine of individual rights has played a noble part in the history of the world which can never be denied. *But is it enough?* Can it, if laid down as the basis of education, political or moral, guide men to their truest ulterior ends? The doctrine is essentially only a great and holy protest in favour of human liberty against oppression of every kind. Its value, therefore, is purely negative; it is mighty to break chains; it has no power to knit bonds of co-operation and love. The doctrine leaves untouched what is the vital question to human creatures: what use will they make of their liberty? In what way will they employ their faculties? Whither and how will they direct their march? This is the problem whose solution we are seeking. And it is an educational problem. As the value of all education depends on the truth of the principle on which it is based, the ideal future of democracy is engaged on this question."

He goes on to quote the idea of Tacitus, *civitas generis humani*, the City of the human race, as a symbol of "the association of all intellects, all love and all forces," towards whose creation every one of us must devote his energies,

" we are all pledged to and for one another. We all k the law of our life ; and with us, as in all that exists, e law of the individual is found only in the species . . . can only accomplish our task by joining all our hands, aiding ourselves with our united strength. Herein, in s necessity, lies the legitimacy of democracy, of its aspira- ns after the emancipation, the elevation, the co-operation all ; herein also lies the secret of its power." But its n must not be less than this. And he therefore insists, article after article, journal after journal, both in English d Italian, that the future of humanity is an educational oblem, and that the pivot on which that education must rn is religion. Religion, he said, is the highest educational inciple ; politics are the application of that principle to e various manifestations of human existence. He had no mpathy with state socialism or communism, and was enly alive to the dangers with which it threatened human ture and society : the substitution of one kind of tyranny another far more penetrating, and more difficult to over- row : the discounting of what is most valuable in human culty and personality : the imprisonment of man's spirit a mechanical organisation wherein " his free will, his dividual merit, his never-ceasing aspiration towards new ms of life and progress, entirely disappear." Mazzini nstantly uses the term " the equality of man," but he is reful to explain that he does not mean absolute equality, nich is folly, and which, even if it were possible to produce to all appearance to-day, would inevitably disappear -morrow. He means that equality of filial relationship God, and of fraternal relationship to man, which con- tutes, or ought to constitute, a claim to equal opportunity nongst all men of developing each to the fullest extent s own nature, moral and intellectual ; and physical so far it serves truly human ends. This is not *similar* oppor- nity—though he believed that the education of all citizens ould proceed from one indispensable basis of moral aining—because obviously what would be a perfect oppor- nity for one type of mind and temperament, would be ne at all for another. He also constantly alludes to the uperiority of genius and virtue " as that alone which

constitutes a claim to leadership. So that fervently as he held to the doctrine of human equality, the content of the term was a very different one than might be supposed by a superficial reader. He believed that such opportunities as would further to the utmost the possibilities of the individual were the right of all, and that given these, an unguessed amount of faculty of every sort would come to life amongst the people, fitting them in due time to be the wise electors of their own rulers.

On such beliefs was his republicanism based, not on any abstract preference for a special form of government—"No form of government," he said, "is right *per se*"—but because he believed that the progress of the race is safer in the hands of collective man than in those of a privileged caste, and that government is too solemn and too responsible a matter to be determined by the accident of primogeniture instead of by the deliberate choice of the best and wisest men known to the nation. Moreover the question, he considered, is not only that men should be well governed but that they should learn to govern themselves well. For self-government educates them in the use of their own moral and intellectual faculties, in wisdom, foresight, decision, co-operation; and freedom and responsibility create a higher type of man and a maturer and more reliable type of morality than a despotism, however paternally benevolent. Compulsion creates no vital goodness.

Ever since Mazzini's early youth he had witnessed betrayal after betrayal of the patriotic party and the Italian cause at the hand of kings; most of the European kingdoms of his day were conspicuous for misrule and tyranny, except England, which, owing to her popular institutions, he hardly placed in the monarchical category. One of his objections to monarchies was the extreme probability that their foreign policy would be determined by dynastic and family considerations; and dynastic interests are not identical with national ones. He also believed it very difficult for kings to initiate progressive movements or vigorous social reforms; there was something static, inert, in the very principle of monarchy. But though he did not believe in the necessary rightness of any form of government, and expressly stated the

nger, until men were educated to a wise use of the suffrage, at might accompany "the tyranny of majorities," felt a strong belief that justice and progress would better served, and true co-operation towards great and mane ends more swiftly arrived at, under a republican rm of government than under any other. "But I pay tribute to forms," he wrote, and constantly repeated at government is valid only in proportion as it follows hteous ends: "the simple vote of a majority does not nstitute sovereignty if it contradicts the moral law, or ses the road to progress." "A republic is not a mere rm of government; it is a principle of love, of civilisation, fraternal progress by all for all, of moral, intellectual, d economic improvement for the entire body of the izens. . . . There must be no war of classes . . . but a nstant disposition to ameliorate the material condition of ose least favoured by fortune." Thus he wrote in the official *ogramme of Principles* published in the Roman Republic 1849. "The brotherhood of Christ cannot be founded," wrote elsewhere, "where the ignorance, misery, and vitude of some, and the knowledge, riches, and domina-n of others, prevent men from mutually esteeming and ving each other." It was this mutual esteem and love at he felt to be the goal of democratic government, as well its ever more powerful means. "By love serve one other" was in simple truth the motto of the flag he served, d under which he wished his countrymen to enlist. He ped that the effectual diminution of the causes of in-uality would come about gradually and peacefully by the sorption into the national conscience of a growing sense the criminality of self-regarding egoism, which would be e basis of the education administered in the national nools.

"Sovereignty is in the Ideal. We are all called to do work," he wrote in the opening article [1] of the *Roma del opolo*, the founding of which was almost his last public ork.[2] Thus simply and sublimely he called his people in

[1] "To the Italians."

[2] The last was "M. Renan and France," finished one week before he died. arizio Quadrio called it his "Swan Song."

the name of the highest service, believing that their hearts would respond more ardently to such a claim than to any argument of mere self-interest. He followed the general statement by a carefully thought out practical scheme of the way in which he believed such service could be best rendered by the nation at that time. But he believed in no stereotyped rules for the conduct of human affairs; he wished forms to be fluid to progressive thought, organisation to be plastic to the aspiring and creative human spirit. Only in essential principles he was uncompromising. To the end he proclaimed the same conviction that had conquered his boyish heart at home in Genoa, when he first heard the call to live for the regeneration of Italy, and through her for help to all men :—

Sovereignty is in the Ideal : we are all called to do its work.

INDEX

ERDEEN, Lord, 76.
QUASOLA, Piazza dell', 175.
TION, Party of, 166; 167; 170; 192; 200; 224; 225.
VOCATE, the little, 27.
ESSANDRIA, 36; expels Jesuits, 95.
LIANCE OF THE PEOPLES, 43.
ERICAN, Consul, 130; Ambassador, 163; Mazzini's admiration for, and his hopes of Anglo-American alliance, 216.
CONA, threatened by Austrians, 126; anti-papal revolution in, 184.
NTOLOGIA," articles in, 29.
TONELLI, Cardinal, 202; 209.
OSTOLATO POPOLARE, 65.
MELLINI, 116; 117.
REST OF MAZZINI, 244.
CENDENCY amongst fellow students, 27.
HLEY, Lord, 65.
HURST, Mazzini's first introduction to family of, and lifelong friendship with, 79; William, first trustee of International League, 89; the consolation of their friendship during the assault on Rome, 124; death of Eliza, 137; death of Mrs., 160; Caroline, see Stansfield; Emilie (Ashurst) Venturi, 24; 60; 110; 142; 143; 157; 158; 161; 168; 169; 193; 196; 219–20; 236–8; 248; 251; 253; 256.
PROMONTE, 212; 223.
SEMBLY, Roman, early indecision of, 114; vests power in Mazzini after Novara, 116; decides to surrender Rome, 130.
SOCIATION, the controlling idea of the new epoch, 67; fraternal, between the peoples, 270; (see *International League*); "of all intellects, all love and all forces," 274.
SOCIATIONS, of Young Italy (see *Young Italy*); Young Europe, 43; Italian National, 86; 92; a great, for the nationalities, 171.
STRIA, tyranny of, 20; 21; 22; Princess of, Queen of Piedmont, 21; Archduchess of, rules Parma, 22; underpins Papal tyranny, 23; crushes Piedmontese revolt of 1821, 27; preparations for general rising against, 35; betrayal to, of the Bandiera plot, 76; revolution in, 95; Emperor of, compelled to grant reforms, 95; driven from Milan, 96; inhumanity of, 97; re-enters Milan, 106; besieges Venice, 107; held at bay for a year, 107; occupies the Romagna, 121; and Bologna, 126; besieges Ancona, 126; revenge in Milan and Venice, 134; crushes revolt in Mantua 151; declares war in 1859 with Piedmont, 184; is defeated at Solferino, cedes Venetia to Louis Napoleon, and signs peace at Villafranca, 185; banished from Germanic federation, war against, declared by Prussia and Italy, 225; defeat of, at Sadowa, 226; previous arrangement of, to cede Venetia to Louis Napoleon, 227; peace with Prussia, 228; and Italy, 229.

BACCHIEGA, 21.
BALBO, Cesare, views of, 83.
BALDACCONE, 65.
BALKAN PEOPLES, 171; Emancipation Society, 245.
BANDIERA brothers, 73–75.
BARING, Lady Harriet, 69.
BASSI, Ugo, chaplain to Garibaldi, 119; his testimony to Mazzini's rule, 120.
BASTIDE, M., 122 (note).
BEGGAR, the child Mazzini and the, 24–25.
BERGAMO, 109.
BERSAGLIERI, the, 129.
BERTANI, refuses leadership of Sicilian expedition, 173; joins Mazzini in equipping unit for freeing of Venice, 204; brings action against promulgator of forged letter, 213; attends Mazzini in 1868, 237; and in 1872, 257.
BIRTH of Mazzini, 24.
BISMARCK, 225.
BIXIO, 225.
BLANC, Louis, 134.
BOLOGNA (capital of the Romagna), resistance and surrender of, 126; three thousand conspirators in, 153; Austria abandons, 184; holds out against Papal troops, and offers herself to Victor Emmanuel, 187.

Bolza, 97.
Bomba, origin of nickname, 113; protects the Pope, 113; marches against Rome, 121; driven from Roman territory, 126.
Bonnet of Comacchio, 129.
Bourbon, cruel despotism of, 23.
Brigandage, professional, encouraged by Pope, 209.
Brotherhood, Mazzini's practical belief in, 61; "Brotherhood of Christ," the, 277.
Brownings, the, 69.
Brunetti, Angelo, 112.
Buller, Charles, 69.
Buonaparte, Jerome, husband of Princess Clotilde, 181; sent to Tuscany in command of fifth army corps, 187; agents of, preach claims to Tuscan throne, 190; Mazzini's hostility to scheme, 191.
Byron, Lady, 65.

Calumnies against Mazzini, 34; 37; 76; 133; 153; 154; 156; 175; 179; 180; 206; 243.
Capponi, Gino, 22.
Caprera, 207.
Carbonari, secret organisation of, 29.
Carlyle, his friendship and that of his wife with Mazzini, 67; 68; letter to *The Times*, 77; warm greeting on return from Rome, 141; Jane Welsh, 68; 145.
Castelfidardo, battle of, 204.
Cattaneo, Carlo, leader of Provisional Government in "Five Days of Milan," refuses armistice with Austria, 96; persuades Milanese to spare Bolza, 97; his character, views, and faith in Charles Albert, 98.
Cattolica, the, 192; 193; 200.
Cavour, Count Camillo, becomes Prime Minister of Piedmont, his character, late belief in Unity, 162; difference between his aims and Mazzini's, 167; sends Piedmontese contingent to Crimean war, 171; hopes for alliance with Emperor and seat at Peace Conference, agrees to Emperor's plans for cousin to reign in Sicily and Naples, but secretly encourages revolt there, and hopes to annex it to Piedmont, 172; sentences unsuccessful conspirators to imprisonment and death, and begs French aid to find Mazzini, 175; secret interviews with Secretary of National Society, 179; accuses Mazzini of plot to assassinate Victor Emmanuel, and signs compact with Emperor at Plombières, 180; duel with him over the provisions of Plombières, 183–4; refuses Austria's ultimatum and prepares for war, 184; rage at treachery of Villafranca, 185; resigns Premiership, 186; hostility to operations of Central Military League, 192; recalled to Premiership in 1860, and signs secret treaty for barter of Savoy and Nice in exchange for permission to annex Tuscany, 195; secretly encourages patriots to Sicilian enterprise, draws back, and seeks to dissuade Garibaldi from leadership, orders Admiral Persano to arrest him, sends La Farina to urge immediate annexation of Sicily to Piedmont, 199; hostility to programme of Party of Action, mistrust of Mazzini and Garibaldi's disinterestedness, urges King to invade Papal States, 200; avowed reasons for this action the need to crush Garibaldians, 201; 202; his overture to King of Naples, entangled and dangerous policy, 203; attempts to persuade Pope to give up Temporal Power, 208–9; consents to guarantee Papal territory from attack on condition of evacuation of Rome by French army of occupation, 209; death, 209.
Ceccopieri Legion, 101; 103.
Censor prohibits early writings, 29.
Central Direction for all Italian Working Men's Societies, 253.
Cesaresco, Countess Evelyn Martinengo, *preface*.
Character, efforts to destroy prestige of Mazzini's, 179.
Charles Albert, early sympathy with Liberals, and vacillating character, 21; reactionary cruelty, 22; duplicity of, in revolt of 1821, 27; Mazzini's open letter to, 35; crushes revolt against Austria, 37; becomes hero of the Moderates, 85; assumes direction of war after "Five Days," 98; apparent motives, 99; inefficiency and timidity, 102; recalls volunteers, 103; offer to Mazzini, 104; surrenders Milan to Austria, 106; again declares war with Austria and is defeated at Novara, 115.
Childhood of Mazzini, 24–6.
Children, Mazzini's love of, 148; 149; 249; 250.
Christ, Mazzini's belief in, 261.
Chrzanowsky, 115.
Cialdini, 103; 226.
Ciceruacchio, 112.
Cipher, police discover secret, 36.
Cività Vecchia, French land at, 121; army corps at, imprisoned by Oudinot, 127; Mazzini arrives at, 132; French land at, settle in, 234.
Clotilde, Princess, 181; 184.
Colonel of artillery, letter of, 26.
Commissioners, Royal, prohibit barricades in Milan, 106.
Committee, Central European, 137.

COMMITTEE OF DEFENCE, organised, 105; superseded by Piedmontese Commissioners, 106; strive to reanimate revolt, 110.
COMMITTEE, Italian National, 136.
COMMUNISM, 254; 275.
CONFALONIERI, Count, 21.
CONGRESS OF WORKERS in Rome, 254.
CONTEMPORARY descriptions of Mazzini, 141; 142; 149; 150.
CONVENTION signed by Lesseps for France, 126.
CORRESPONDENCE, Mazzini's, violated by English Post Office, 75–6.
CORSICA, Mazzini escapes to, 33.
CORSINI, Villa, 128.
COSENZ, abandons Pisacane just before Sicilian expedition, 173–4; joins Regular Army, 225.
COSENZA, Bandiera brothers shot at, 75.
COUP D'ÉTAT, 136.
COWEN, Joseph, 81.
CRIMEAN WAR, 150; 168; 171.
CRISIS, spiritual, in Switzerland, 44–8.
CRISPI, leader of, suggested Sicilian rising, 192; again at work, 196; in Palermo, 202.
CROWN AND ANCHOR INN, first home of International League, 89.
CUSTOZZA, 226.

DALL' ONGARO, verses by, "Where is Mazzini?" 177.
DANDOLO, Enrico, 129.
DANTE, love of, 29; Mazzini's ironical comparison of self with, 159.
D'AZEGLIO, Massimo, views of, 83; pronouncement on September Convention, 223.
DEATH, Mazzini's views on, 137; 138; 145; 146; 161; 248; 265–8.
DEMOCRACY, Mazzini's conception of, 273.
DEODATI, translation of Bible by, 21.
DE TOCQUEVILLE, 133.
DICKENS, Charles, 147.
DISGUISES, 132.
DUMONT, General, 232.
DUNCOMBE, Sir Thomas, 75.
"DUTIES OF MAN," 65; 216–18.

EDUCATION, in Piedmont controlled by Jesuits, 21; Mazzini's, of Italians, 81; 253; pivot on which it turns religion; highest principle of religion, 275.
ENCYCLICAL, Papal, of April 1848, 112; of December 8, 1864, 224.
ENGLISH sympathy with Italy, 151; 189; 218.
ETERNAL LIFE, 250.
EQUALITY OF MAN, Mazzini's conception of, 275.

FABBRI, 112.
FALLOUX, 133.
FANTI, 103; 192.
FARINA, LA, 179; 192; 197; 199.
FARINI, 135; 188.
FASSIO, Colonel, 244.
FATHER, Mazzini's, 24; 59; 111.
FAZY, 139.
FEDERATION, under Papal Presidency planned by Louis Napoleon, 185; danger of, 187; again insisted on, 188.
FERDINAND of Naples, rule of, 23; re-enslaves Sicily, 93; wins nickname Bomba, 113; (see *Bomba*).
FLORENCE, deposes Grand Duke, 111; Mazzini in, 190; 205.
FORBES, Commander, 207.
FORGERY used against Mazzini, 179.
FORSTER, John, 143; G., 143.
FRANCE declares war against Prussia, 238.
FRANCESCO IV. of Modena, fiendish cruelty of, 22.
FRANCHISE, French, narrowed by three million, 136.
FRANCIS, King of Naples, rule of, 23.
FREEDOM, spiritual, cannot be enforced, 120.
FRENCH foreign policy, 122; (and note).
FRIEND, Mazzini as, 142–3; 160; 161; 168; 169; 219–20.
FRIENDS OF ITALY, Society of, 143.
FRIENDSHIP, essential of, 160.
FULLER, Margaret, helps in Italian school, 66; nurses wounded in the siege of Rome, 131.
FUSION, Act of, between Piedmont and Milan, 105; between Piedmont and Venetia, 107.

GAETA, Mazzini confined in fortress of, 244; Emilie Venturi at, 251.
GARIBALDI, Mazzini prepares way for, 81; returns to Italy, and is appointed head of volunteers, recalled from passes of the Alps, 103; joined by Mazzini as foot soldier, 106; 109; commands a legion for the defence of the Roman Republic, 119; expels Neapolitan army from Roman territory and re-enters Rome, 126; appointed by Victor Emmanuel to command of volunteers, 184; encouraged to Umbrian enterprise by King, 192; recalled, 193; receives Mazzini's letter urging Sicilian enterprise, 197; decides, after much hesitation, 198; escapes intended arrest by Admiral Persano, frees Sicily and disobeys Cavour's orders through La Farina to annex island, crosses to mainland and frees Naples, plans to march on Rome frustrated by Piedmont, 199; royal instructions, 204; welcomes Mazzini, 206; lays down his dictatorship, does homage to Victor Emmanuel, and returns to Caprera, 207; is invited by King and Premier to attack Austria through Dalmatia, 211; recalled, and expedition stopped, 212; appears

at Palermo announcing intention to free Rome, disaster of Aspromonte, arrested and imprisoned, 212; Mazzini's appeal to ministry on his behalf, starts subscription for him in England and in Italy, 213; visit of, to England, 218; views of September Convention, 223; offered command of volunteer corps by government, 225; sent to Tyrol, 226; recalled, 228; marches towards Rome, defeat by French at Mentana, 234.
Garrison, William Lloyd, his regard for Mazzini, 80.
Gazetta di Milano welcomes Mazzini, 101.
"Gazette, Official," calumnies published in, 37.
Geneva, Mazzini goes to, 32; returns after siege of Rome, 133.
Genoa, birthplace of Mazzini and Columbus, 24; funds for refugees collected in, 26; Mazzini's career in University of, 27; Governor of, objects to young thinkers, 30; revolt of 1833 planned in, 40; expels Jesuits, 95; Signora Mazzini dies in, 145; Mazzini lives in a cellar in, 169; again in, 237.
Germanic Confederation, 225.
Germany, her dangerous surrender to a military caste, 89.
Gioberti, Vincenzo, views of, 82.
"Giudizio Statario," 95.
Gladstone, 189; 245.
Graham, Sir James, 76.
Grave, Mazzini visits his mother's, 252.
Greco plot, 213.
Gregory XVI, tyranny of, 23.
Greeks, 88; 171; 245.
Guerazzi, member of Florentine Provisional government, 111; accepts Republic nominally, 112.

Herzegovina, 245.
Hudson, Sir James, British Ambassador at Turin, 195; 205.
Hugo, Victor, Mazzini's criticism of, 63.
Humanity, a continuous and progressive being, 272; 273.
Hungarians, 88; 171; 214.
Huxley, Julian, *preface*; 271.

Illness of Mazzini, 182; 210; 236; 237.
Immortality (see *death*).
Inquisition, Holy Office of, 23; buildings of, converted into dwellings for the poor, 119.
"International," the communistic, 253; 254.
International League, foundation and principles of, 86–91.

Jacks, Dr., 166.
James, William, 166.
Jesuits, Ferdinand's confessor sells office to, 23; interest in Sidoli children, 50; Swiss Diet demands expulsion of, 89; their sympathy with Austria and expulsion by popular demand from many towns, 95.
Journal of Young Italy (see *Young Italy*).
Jowett, his view of Mazzini, 147.

King, Bolton, *preface*.
King, Hamilton, Mrs., *preface*.
Kinnear, Boyd, 245.
Konarski, 65.
Kossuth, 137; proclamation of, 154–6.

La Marmora, Prime Minister of Piedmont, afterwards head of army, 225; 226; 227.
Lamartine, 122 (note).
Landor, Walter Savage, 143.
Lanza, Prime Minister of Piedmont countenances patriotic risings, 224–5.
Leadership, difficulties in the way of Mazzini's, 193.
League of Nations, 90.
Leghorn, Mazzini in, 111; 132; 251.
Legnago, Radetsky entrenches himself in, 104.
Leopold II, Grand Duke of Tuscany, flies from Tuscany (1849), 111.
Lesseps, negotiations with Mazzini, 125; 126; recalled and repudiated, 127.
"Letters to an English Family," *preface*; 79.
Letters, Mazzini's open, to Charles Albert, 35; to hesitating Romans, 114; to Victor Emmanuel, 192.
Lewes, G. H., 143.
Liberalism, Papal antagonism to, 23; 224.
Lissa, defeat of, 228–9.
Lithograph of Mazzini's writing made for Italian Postal authorities, 196.
Loisy, Alfred, *preface*; 271.
Lombardy, Austrian despotism in, 20; annexation of, to Piedmont, 184.
Lorraine, House of, 20.
Lugano, Mazzini waits in, for news of Garibaldi, 212; 213; ill in, 236; expelled from, 237.
Luzio, Alessandro, *preface*; 70 (note); 73.

Macready, 143.
Magenta, victory of, 184.
Malmesbury, Lord, 183.
Mamiami, 112.
Manara, 127; 129.
Mandrot, Mdlle. de, story of her relation to Mazzini, 53–7.
Mameli, 129.
Manin, Daniele, leader of Venetian revolt against Austria and Head of the Venetian Republic, 99; is against the Act of Fusion and resigns, 107; again called to the helm, 107; capitulates, 108.

MANTUA, Radetsky entrenches himself in, 104; conspiracy in, crushed by Austria, 151.
MANZONI, 112.
MARCHES, THE, anti-papal revolution in, 184; submits to Pope, 187; suggested attack on, 192.
MARIO, Jessie White, *preface*; 69; 170; 237; Alberto, 170; 213.
MARONCELLI, 21.
MARSEILLES, life and labour of exiles in, 33; first meets Giuditta Sidoli in, 49.
MARTINEAU, HARRIET, 65.
MASSON, Professor David, 143.
MATERIALISM, 253; 254; 255; 274.
MAXIMILIAN, Archduke of Austria, 215 (note).
MEDICI, Colonel, his legion joined by Mazzini, 109; in Geneva with Mazzini, 132; abandons Party of Action, 167.
MELEGARI, Luigi, 53–8.
MELLARA, 127.
MENABREA, Moderate Premier, pursues reactionary policy, 234; supports French alliance, 238.
MENTANA, 234; 239.
MESSAGE, Mazzini's last, to working men of Italy, 258.
MESSINA, Bomba's vengeance on, 113.
METTERNICH, Prime Minister of Austria, 20; utterances of, 21; 81; compelled to resign, 95.
METZ, 140.
MIALL, Edward, 143.
MILAN, "Five Days of," 93–6; Mazzini returns to, 100; arrival of Ceccopieri Legion in, 101; disaster to, 104; 105; surrendered to Austrians by Charles Albert, 106; Austrian brutalities in, 134; rising in, 151–3; Austrian expelled and Victor Emmanuel annexes, 184.
MILITARY LEAGUE (of four free central provinces, Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Romagna), attack of, on Umbria and the Marches arranged and broken off by the King, 192.
MILL, John Stuart, 69.
MINCIO, 185.
MODENA, Giulia, 130.
MODENA, Austrian rule in, 22; Duke of, flies, 184; offers itself to King of Piedmont, 187; joins Military League, 192.
MODERATE party, views and position of, 82–86; policy during and after the "Five Days" (see *Provisional government*); description by, of Rome after Pope's return, 135; apparent conversion to Mazzini's views, 170; apathy of, 178; refuse to believe Mazzini's information, 183; influential members of, in Tuscany support Jerome Buonoparte's intrigue, and are hostile to Mazzini's unitarian hopes; best men of, desire prince of Sardinian family, 191-2; recognise Emperor's overlordship, 193; charge made by, regarding Mazzini's following, 193; engineer demonstration against him in Naples, 207; forge letter in hope of separating Garibaldi and Mazzini, 213; patriotic members of, are ashamed of the September Convention, 223; agree with Party of Action, and combine to prepare rising in Venetia, 224; sympathise with popular desire for Rome, 232; reactionary members of, under Menabrea, 234; arrest Mazzini, who is treated with great consideration at Gaeta, 244.
MOLTKE, 226.
MONARCHY, Italian, 240; 252; general principles with regard to, 276.
MONEY, its significance to Mazzini, 220.
MONTALLEGRO, Mazzini at, 135; 136.
MONTANELLI, 112.
MONTE MARIO, 127.
MORO Domenico, 74.
MOROSINI, 129.
MOSCHELES, Felix, writes of Mazzini, 149; 150.
MOSLEM rule, essentially stagnant character of, 245.
MOTHER of Mazzini, her character, 24; his tribute to her, 59; her help in early poverty in England, 59; her understanding of her son, 60; meets him while in Milan, 111; devotion to him, 144; death in 1851, 145; English and American tribute of respect, 145.
MUSKETS, subscription for 10,000, 170.

NAPLES, Bourbon tyranny in, 23; expedition against tyrant of, 73; plans for attack on, stopped by La Farina, 192; freed by Garibaldi, 199; Cavour's overtures to, 203; Mazzini in, 206.
NAPOLEON, Louis, Elizabeth Browning on, 165; Mazzini's mistrust of, justified, 166; secret treaty at Plombières, 180; regrets promise of assistance and determines on withdrawal, 183; forced by Austria's false move into war, 184; treachery of Villafranca and results in Italy, 185; causes of his *volte face*, and failure to read signs of the times, 186; intends to seat French prince on throne of Central Italy, 187; forbids Victor Emmanuel's acceptance of Central Provinces, 188; encouraged by Piedmontese obsequiousness to renew claim on Nice and Savoy, 188–9; becomes possessor of both provinces in exchange for permission to annex Tuscany, 195; agrees with Cavour to withdraw French army from Rome on condition that Italy guarantees Papal territory from attack, 209; breaks his word on Cavour's death, and urges cession of Sardinia from

fresh Premier Ricasoli, who refuses, 210; seeks to buy Italian help for conquest of Rhine provinces, 210; urges Victor Emmanuel to replace Ricasoli by Ratazzi, 211; wins acceptance of September Convention from Piedmont, 221–3; forces armistice on Italy after Sadowa, 226; his schemes disappointed by course of war, 227; his propaganda for French protection in Venetia, 230; disliked in Italy, 231; refuses Rome, 232; trickery in violating pledges of September Convention, 232; sends troops to guard Papal frontier, 234; refuses Victor Emmanuel's petition that, success achieved, they should withdraw from Italy, 234; again refuses, 238; declares war with Prussia, 238; offers Rome in exchange for Italian help against Prussia, 239; Sedan, 239.
NATHAN, the, family, 237; 257 (note).
NATIONALISM, narrow spirit of, substituted for spirit of nationality, 87.
NATIONALITIES, 88.
NERO, the modern, 133.
NEWMAN, Professor, 143.
NEW ROME, 140.
NICOTERA, Bomba's treatment of, 174; discovers origin of forged letter, 213.
NICE, part of inheritance of princes of Piedmont, 21; to be bartered to France, 181; Emperor resigns claim on, 188–9; actual cession of, 195.
NIGRA (Italian Ambassador in Paris), Cavour's letters to, 201.
NOVARA, battle of, 115.

OKEY, Thomas, *preface*.
ORGANGRINDERS, Mazzini's work for young Italian, in London, 64; 65.
ORSINI attempts to assassinate Emperor, 179.
OUDINOT, his attack on Rome, 123; his despatches to Paris, 124; seizes Monte Mario, disarms and imprisons an army corps during truce, 127; further ill-faith, 128.
OXFORD, Count Saffi Professor at University of, 117 (note).

PADUA, struggles between University and Austrians, 94; throws off Austrian yoke, 99.
PALERMO, 202; 203; 212.
PALLAVICINI, 206.
PALMERSTON, Lord, urges Swiss Diet to resist action of Sonderbund, 90; praises Mazzini's diplomatic notes, admires his rule, advises reopening of negotiations with Pope, 121; speaks openly in favour of Italian freedom, 189; satisfied of Mazzini's non-implication in Greco plot, 214.
PAMFILI, Villa, 128; 129.
PAPACY, Mazzini's attitude to, 84.
PAPAL INFALLIBILITY, decree of, 238.
PAPAL STATES, misgovernment of, 23; 135; in revolt, 111.
PARMA, Government of, 22; Duke of, flies, 184; offers itself to King of Piedmont, 187; joins Military League, 192.
PARETO, Marchese, 133; conceals Mazzini, 176.
PASSAGLIA, Father, 209.
PATHOGRAPHY, 139.
PAVIA, Austrian massacre of students, 94.
PELLICO, Silvio, 21.
PERSANO, Admiral, 199; 203.
PERUGIA, anti-papal revolution in, 184.
PESCHIERA, Radetsky entrenches himself in, 104; Piedmontese prepare to invest, 185.
PHILIPPE, Louis, behaviour to exiles, 32; 33; dethroned, 92.
PIEDMONT (see *Charles Albert*, *Victor Emmanuel, and Turin*).
PILO, Rosalino, joins Pisacane's expedition, 174; liberated from prison on account of illness, 197; comes to London to consult Mazzini, returns to Italy to persuade Garibaldi to head Sicilian enterprise, undertakes it alone and keeps revolt alive till Garibaldi's arrival, 198; death, 199.
PISA, Mazzini's last illness and death at, 257–8.
PISACANE, Carlo, president of war committee, 115; testimony to Roman Government, 116; plans for Neapolitan revolt, 170; for revolt in Sicily, 173; abandonment by Cosenz, failure, death, 174.
PIUS IX, accession, early liberal tendencies and popularity of, 81; 82; denounces war with Austria, 112; seeks refuge with Bomba, 113; popular anger with, 129; character of his restored rule in Rome, 134–5; crushes revolt of Papal States with ferocity, medal struck to commemorate massacre in Perugia, 187.
PLOMBIÈRES, secret meeting at, and provisions of, 180–2.
POLAND, 88; 171; 214; 215.
POVERTY, early struggles with, in London, 58–60.
PROBLEM of democracy an educational one, 275.
PROGRESS, Mazzini's religious belief in, 32; 47; 48; 263; 268; 269; 270; 271; 272.
PROGRESSIVE character of Christianity taught by Christ, 263.
PROTEST, Mazzini's, to Europe, against French army of occupation in Rome, 208.
PROVISIONAL governments, of Milan, 99; 100; 102; 103; 104; 105; of Tuscany, 111; 112.
PRUSSIA, treaty of Italy with, declares war against Austria, 225; victory of, over Austria at Sadowa, 226; signs peace, 228.

UADRILATERAL, fortresses of, 104; 228.
UADRIO Maurizio, in Geneva with Mazzini, 133; anger of, with governments, 238; Mazzini talks to, about Joe Stansfield, loyal service of, 249; 250; sent to Rome to manage new working-man's paper, devotion to chief, 258.

ADETSKY, evacuates Milan, 96; entrenches himself in Quadrilateral, 104; again master of Milan, 106.
AMORINO, 40; 41; 115.
ATAZZI, becomes Premier of Piedmont, 211; encourages patriotic risings, 232; unable to persuade King, resigns, 233; attitude to French alliance, 239.
ELIGIOUS convictions (additionally treated in last chapter).
ELIGIOUS liberty, place of, in Mazzini's programme, 207.
EPUBLIC, French, established, 92; promises help to Italy in any hour of need, 92; attacks Rome, 121; Roman, established, 114; government of Roman, 118; siege of, 127; fall of, 129; Venetian (see *Venice*).
EPUBLICAN Alliance, 240.
EPUBLICANISM, Mazzini's conception of, 276; 277.
EPUBLICANS, increase after September Convention, urged by Mazzini to lay aside minor differences in struggle with Austria, 225; increase after French action at Mentana, 235; Sicilian, 241; 243.
EVIEWS, Mazzini obtains work in English, 62.
HINE provinces, 181; 210; 227; 230.
ICASOLI, Baron, chief Minister of Tuscan government, ignores Emperor's wishes after Villafranca, 188; induces King to break up enterprise of Military League, 192–3; becomes Prime Minister of Piedmont, 209; views on September Convention, 223; commends Moltke's plan of campaign, 226.
ICHARDS, Mrs., *preface*; 79.
OLLIN, Ledru, 93.
OMA DEL POPOLO, 253; 257.
OMAGNA, patriots of, 113; Austria occupies, 121; Austria abandons, 184; offers itself to King of Piedmont, 187–8; joins Military League, 192.
OME, Mazzini's entrance into, 114; Republic of, government of, siege of, fall of, 114–131; misery of, after Papal reinstatement, 135; hopes for liberation of, 204; Italy's need to possess her capital, 208; Cavour agrees to maintain Pope in, and Emperor to evacuate, 209; nucleus of brigands and anarchists, 215; Turin government agrees to give up Italy's claim to, 221; what the pledge involved, 222; France continues to refuse right of Italy to, 231; 232; Ratazzi encourages revolt in, and urges occupation of, 232–3; Victor Emmanuel refuses, 233; rising in, 233; Garibaldi marches towards, and is defeated by French at Mentana, 234; Louis Napoleon offers, to Italy in exchange for help; Victor Emmanuel enters, 240.
ROSELLI, Gianetta and Pellegrino, 257 (note).
ROSSI, 112–3.
ROTONDO, Monte, 234.
ROUHER, 231; 232.
RUFFINI, Jacopo, Mazzini's friendship with, 37; arrest, betrayal and death of, 38; 39; Giovanni and Agostino, Mazzini charges himself with welfare of, 48; life in London, 61; Agostino finds work in Edinburgh, 67; Giovanni in Paris, 69; Signora, and Mazzini, 69–73.
RUSSELL, Lord John, Italian sympathies, 189; 190; indignation at sale of Savoy and Nice, 195; surprise at Cavour's change of policy, 203; famous despatch to Sir James Hudson, 205.

SADOWA, Prussian victory at, 226.
SAFFI, Count, Aurelio, member of Roman Triumvirate, 116; character and career of, 117; in Geneva with Mazzini, 133; his account of Mazzini's influence at Montallegro, 135–6.
SAND, Georges, friendship with Mazzini, 133–4.
SANGFROID, Mazzini's, 94; 133; 176.
SAPRI, 173.
SARDINIA, included in Kingdom of Piedmont, 21; expels Jesuits, 94.
SAN PANCRAZIO, Porta, 128.
SAVONA, imprisonment at, 30; convictions of, unchanged, 32.
SAVOY, ancient inheritance of Prince of Piedmont, 21; to be bartered to Louis Napoleon for help against Austria, 181; Emperor resigns claims to, 188–9; actual cession in exchange for permission to annex Tuscany, 195.
SEPTEMBER CONVENTION, 220–3; 238.
SERBIA, 88; 168; 245.
SHAEN, William, 65.
SICILY, government of, 23; rising and recapture of, 93; 113; plan for rising under Crispi paralysed by La Farina, 192.
SIDOLI GIUDITTA, relation to Mazzini, 49–53; his anxiety about, 60.
SILVA, Pietro, his view of Mazzini, 147.
SIRTORI, 225.
SISMONDI, 32.
SLAV movement, importance of, 89.
SMUGGLING of prohibited literature, 33; 81.

Socialism, 247; 253–4; 275.
Society of Friends of Italy, 143.
Solferino, victory of, 185.
Sonderbund, Catholic League of, 89.
Spain starts hostilities against Roman Republic, 121.
Spezia expels Jesuits, 95.
Stansfield, Joseph, 148; 249; 253; James, 171; 190; 195; 213–4; Caroline, 144; 148; 156; 158; 159; 249.
"Stars and Stripes," 130.
"Stern, Daniel," 246.
Students, fellow, describe Mazzini, 27; 28.
Survival, human (see *death*).
Swinburne, 147; 247; 255.
Switzerland, coercion of, by European governments, 43; imprisons and expels refugees, 44; scene of spiritual struggle, 44; Mazzini again in, 100; expelled from, but returns, 110; 111; settles in, after fall of Rome, 133; 135; Federal Council of, allows ruthless hunt for Mazzini, 163; sympathy of country people with him, 163.
Syllabus, Papal, or Summary of False Opinions, 224.

Talleyrand, 200.
Tancione, Susannah, 62; 182.
Taylor, P. A., 89; 143.
Terni, 233.
Thayer, W., 203.
Thiers, 232.
Thouvenal, 201.
Tobacco riots, 94; 95.
Tommaseo, 95; 107.
Toulon, 234.
Toynbee, Joseph, 65; 89.
Toynbee, Arnold, his view of Mazzini, 147.
Transcendental factor in Italian question, 166.
Trastavere, 129.
Trento, 228.
Trevelyan, George, *preface*.
Treviso throws off Austrian yoke, 99.
Trieste, 241.
Triple Alliance against Prussia, French hopes of, 238.
Triumvirate, Roman, 116.
Turin (capital of Piedmont), expels Jesuits, 95; faintheartedness and obsequiousness of government of, 188; 189; government of, ask Emperor's desires about annexation of Central Provinces and accept his ruling, again consult wishes about Tuscany, 188; persuade King to break up enterprise of Military League, 192; popular rage in, at September Convention, 223; reluctant to occupy Rome after Sedan, 239–40.
Turkey, 245.
Tuscany, government of Duchy of, 22; in revolt, 111; Duke of, flies, 111; declares for Victor Emmanuel, 184; refuses to recognise treaty of Villafranca and recall Duke, 187; resolves on annexation to Piedmont and is refused by King, 187–8; discouragement amongst patriots in, 190; Jerome Buonaparte's claim to Tuscan throne urged, 190; forms part of Military League, 192.
Tyrol, 226; 228.

Umbria, anti-papal revolution in, 184; submits to Pope, 187; suggested attack on, 192.
Unpublished letters, a group of, 156; 157; 158; 159.
Unwin, Fisher, *preface*.
Usedom, 226.

Vaillant, Engineer-General, 127.
Velletri, 126; 234.
Venetia, Austrian rule in, 21; abandoned to Austria at Villafranca, 185; refuses to send representatives to Austrian parliament, 224; preparations for rising in, 224; emancipation committees of, approved by Lanza, 225; promised by Austria as price of Louis Napoleon's neutrality, 227.
Venice, revolts against Austria and proclaims republic, 99; consents to annexation to Piedmont, 107; abandonment and betrayal by Charles Albert, 107; resistance and siege, 108; capitulation, 108; Victor Emmanuel enters, 231; Mazzini writes on, to Daniel Stern, 246.
Venturi, Emilie, see *Ashurst*; death of Carlo, 247.
Verona, Radetsky entrenches himself in, 104.
Vicenza rises against Austria, 99.
Victor Emmanuel, succeeds to throne of Piedmont on his father's abdication after Novara, 115; his aims for Italy, 167; his daughter, 181; appoints Garibaldi to command of volunteers, and annexes Lombardy to Piedmont, 184; signs Villafranca treaty under protest, 185; accepts Cavour's resignation, 186; refuses crown of Central Provinces, his answer to their desire for unity, again consults Emperor on future of Tuscany, 188; refuses to arrest Garibaldi at Cavour's desire, 200; invades Papal States, 200; defeats Papal troops at Castelfidardo, 204; enters Naples and receives homage of Garibaldi, 207; satisfied of Mazzini's non-implication in Greco plot, 214; resumes hope of attack on Austria, corresponds with Mazzini, 214; abandons idea, 215; popular anger with, at transference of capital

to Florence, 223; commands army in Austrian war, 226; favours alliance with France against Prussia, 231; seems to agree with Ratazzi's patriotic measures and sends spirited reply to Emperor's insolence, courage fails, submits to Emperor, 233; popular hostility to his government, eager for alliance with France and resumption of September Convention, 238; refuses help to France after Worth and Gravelotte, 239; his Ministry hesitate to enter Rome, 239; Rome occupied by, 240.

VILLAFRANCA, treaty of, 185.
VITERBO, 234.
VOLTURNO, 199.

WARSAW, Russia's brutalities at, 215.
WOMAN, Mazzini's views on, 216; 217; and on Woman's Suffrage, 217; 218.

"YOUNG ITALY," Journal and Association of, ~~31~~; ~~32~~; ~~33~~; ~~34~~; ~~36~~; ~~38~~; ~~67~~; ~~70~~; ~~82~~; 86.

ZUCCHI, 112.

Printed in Great Britain by
UNWIN BROTHERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND WOKING